JUNE
1926

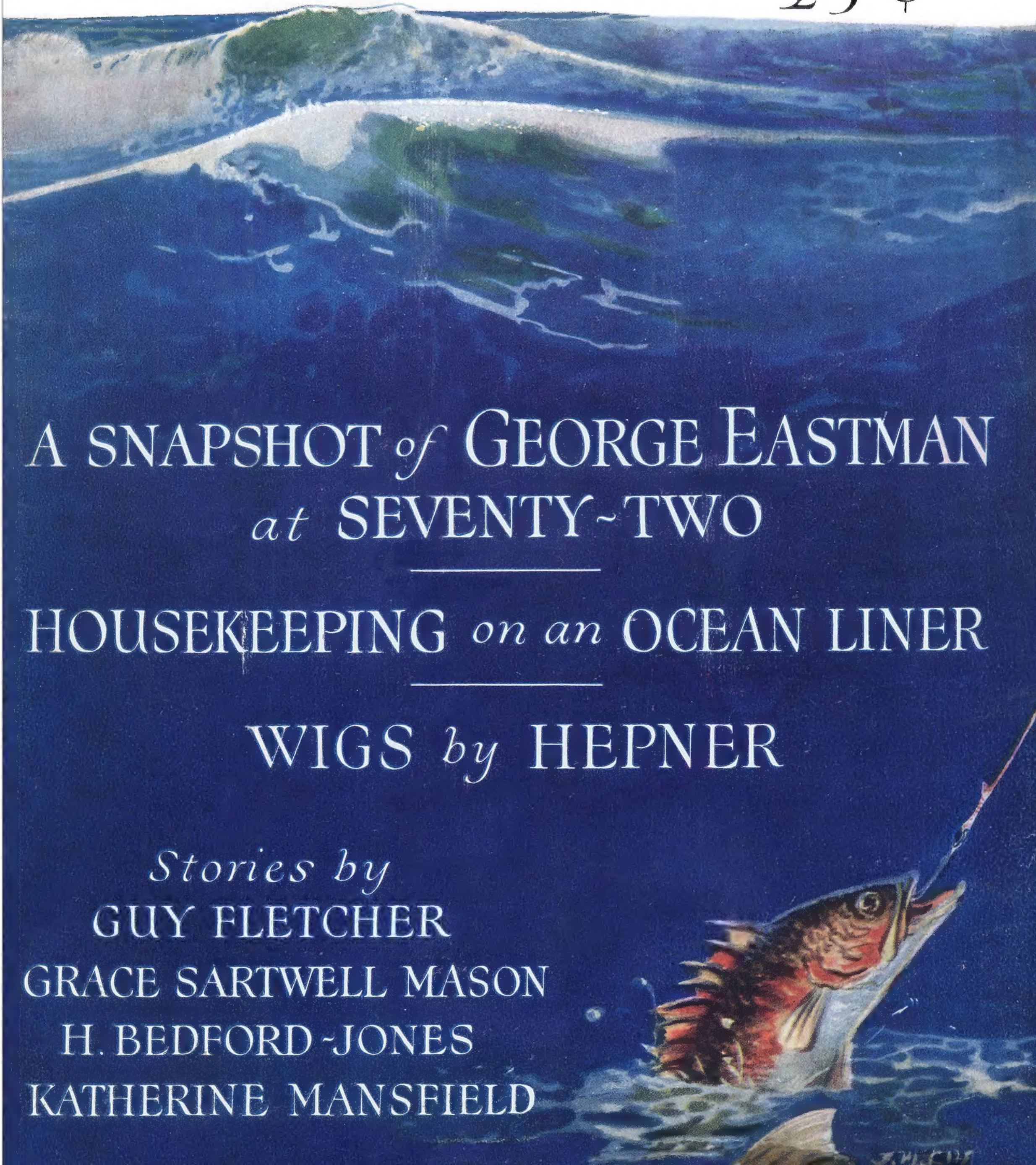
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

NUMBER
322

Everybody's

JUNE 1926

25 ¢



A SNAPSHOT *of* GEORGE EASTMAN *at* SEVENTY-TWO

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WIGS *by* HEPNER

Stories by
GUY FLETCHER
GRACE SARTWELL MASON
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What's Back of the "B.V. D." Label?

A *quality* as unique as the fame of the trademark! From its specially treated nainsook, woven in our own mills, to its last lock-stitched seam, "B.V. D." is an underwear with *differences that count.*

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Sole Makers of "B. V. D." Underwear

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Training Association

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"I'm now President, and my earnings for 1925 will easily exceed the five figure mark, thanks to your training."

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-If You Think These Big Pay Records Are Due to LUCK!

But don't take my word for it! When I tell you that you can quickly increase your earning power, I'LL PROVE IT! FREE! I'll show you hundreds of men like yourself who have done it. And I'll show you how you can do it, too.

I'LL come directly to the point. First you'll say, "I could never do it. These men were lucky." But remember the men whose pictures are shown above are only four out of thousands and if you think it's luck that has suddenly raised thousands of men into the big pay class you're fooling yourself!

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But let's get down to your own case. You want more money. You want the good things in life, a comfortable home of your own where you can entertain, a snappy car, membership in a good club, good clothes, advantages for your loved ones, travel and a place of importance in your community. All this can be yours. And I'll prove it to you. Free.

First of all get this one thing right, such achievement is not luck—it's KNOWING HOW! And KNOWING HOW in a field in which your opportunities and rewards are ten times greater than in other work. In short, I'll prove that I can make you a Master Salesman—and you know the incomes good salesmen make.

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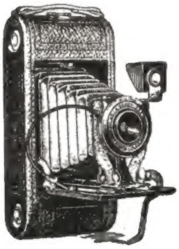

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June, 1926

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Volume LIV
Number 6

One Dollar

Like Finding Money

THOUSANDS upon thousands of men buy Topkis and say it is like finding money.

These are men who once paid high prices for underwear.

They wanted fine fabrics. Soft to the touch, yet durable and long wearing.

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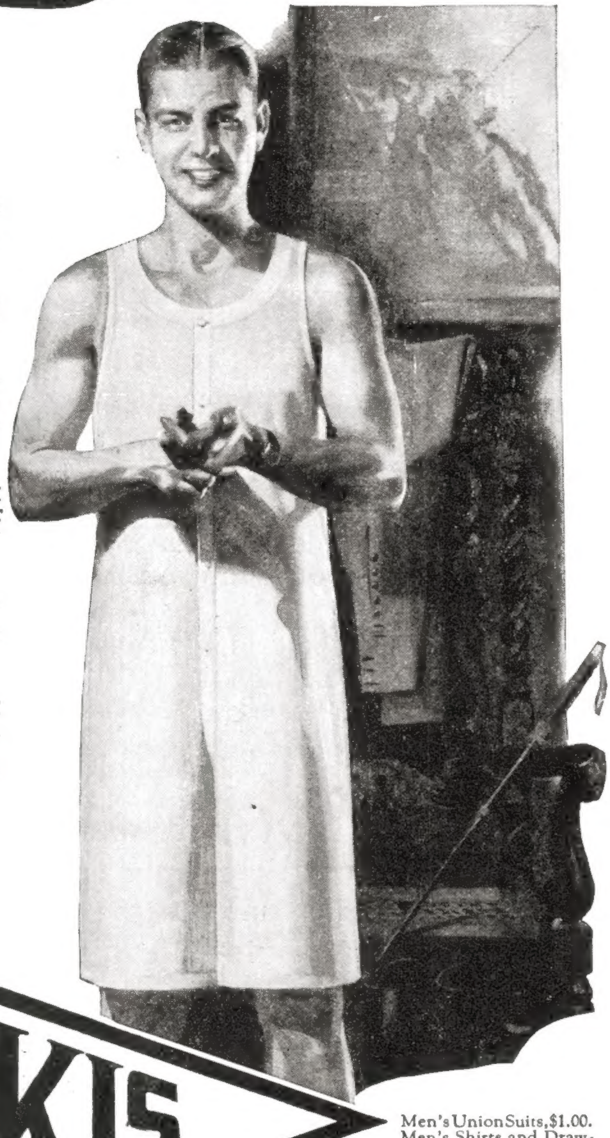

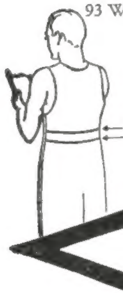

Topkis Flatlock Seam, at the waistline, made by nine needles, forms the strongest part of the garment.

TOPKIS

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Men's Union Suits, $1.00. Men's Shirts and Drawers, Boys' Union Suits and Children's Waist Union Suits, 75c each. In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50.

Write for free illustrated booklet.

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DO YOU KNOW

HOW the big business men of today reached their high positions?

HOW to meet the servant problem in your home?

WHERE workers and employers have succeeded in solving their problems?

WHO wrote "Advice to the lovelorn" and what is she like?

WHAT the leaders in this nation are thinking and planning?

HOW to find greater success, better pay, more pleasant work?

WHEN your food is likely to shorten — rather than lengthen—your life?

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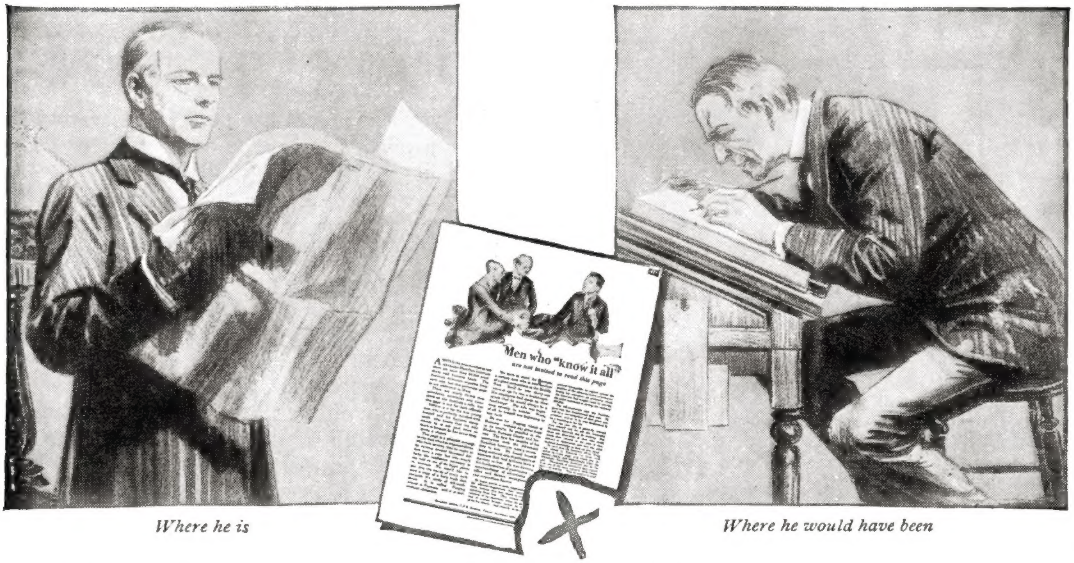
Men who "know it all"
are not invited to read this page

Where he is

Where he would have been

To the man who is climbing and doesn't want to fall

How can you protect yourself against the ups and downs of business?

THERE are many men in the United States who will go up the hill and down again before they are forty-five.

They will be executives in their thirties, and clerks in their forties.

They will have investments in their thirties, and nothing at fifty.

They will have high plans for their children in their thirties; and only struggle, skimping and regret in the years when they should have success and a competence.

Here is a true story that is very much to the point.

A man in St. Louis started his business career as a clerk and went forward by gradual promotions until he had reached a minor executive position. He had saved money, but, to quote his own words:

"Like many others, I was deceived by the false prosperity after the war and became heavily involved in industrial securities on a partial payment plan, with a seemingly reliable broker. Due to the decline in values, failures of brokerage concerns were numerous. I became alarmed. . ."

The value of his collateral melted; banks were calling loans; all around him, men in similar positions in business were becoming involved beyond their power to recover. It was a situation with which his experience had given him no familiarity. "I would have become a wreck financially," he says, "but for the help I received from your Course."

What was the help he received?

What had he done which saved him, in a situation which cost so many men their savings and forced them to the bitterest of all experiences—a fresh start at the bottom in middle age?

The answer is very simple. A few months before the crisis he had sent for the little book offered in the coupon below. Reading that little book, he had realized for the first time how much there is in modern business which lies beyond the horizon of any man's immediate experience.

He decided to enrol with the Alexander Hamilton Institute. Coming unexpectedly to this period of crisis he found in the Course precisely the information that he needed to solve his problem. In correspondence with the Institute he gained added counsel and guidance. At the suggestion of the Institute he made a strong and valuable connection with a first-class bank. In a word, the powerful forces of business which might have crushed him were turned to his advantage.

You are familiar with the Alexander Hamilton Institute as an organization which helps men to increase their incomes and shorten their path to executive positions. It *is* such an organization; 250,000 men have tested its training and proved it by their own experience.

But the Institute has another, and perhaps an even more important function. It helps men to plan wisely; and it is an insurance against those unforeseen but unavoidable crises which wreck so many careers midway.

Perhaps you feel perfectly sure, in your own mind, that no such desperate situation can ever confront *you*. Perhaps you are absolutely confident that your plan for your business career is as sound as it possibly can be. But isn't it worth while, at least to compare your plan with one which represents the successful experience of more than 250,000 men? You can do it by sending for this book. It *may* mean *everything* to you, as it did to this man, in a crisis.

Alexander Hamilton Institute
Astor Place New York City

Send me at once the booklet, "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without obligation.

Signature ....
Please write plainly

Business Address ....

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Modern Business

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Leather face

or baby face

Spreading the gospel of the Mennen Shave naturally makes me notice faces a whole lot.

I've been handed the keys of the city by men with faces as tender-skinned as a baby's and others with faces that looked like a Sunday roast-of-beef on Wednesday.

And they all swear by Mennen Shaving Cream. Here's a lather that can reduce the horniest whiskers to absolute and complete limpness. The great Mennen discovery—Dermutation.

If you're one of those 3-brush-dabs and 7-second-razor artists, it gives you a *shave*—a close shave—better than you've ever had before. A shave that stays all day.

And if you've got a tender, shave-every-other-day skin, your razor goes through literally without any pull or scrapy feeling. A clean, smooth de-bearding *every* day.

Next, a little squeeze of Mennen Skin Balm rubbed over the shaved area. Tingling, cooling, refreshing. Tones up the tissue—soothes any possible irritation. Greaseless—absorbed in half a minute—and as sensible as putting on a clean collar to go and see your best girl. Comes in tubes.

Same way with Mennen-Talcum-for-Men. Made so it won't show on your face. Dries the skin thoroughly. Antiseptic. Leaves a gorgeous silk-like film that protects against wind, rain, sun or a scraggly collar.

Step into your corner drugstore today and get the makings. It's a good habit to get habituated to.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
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Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. 14-P, Dayton, O.

JUNE, 1926
VOL. 54, NO. 6

Everybody's

FRANK QUINN
EDITOR

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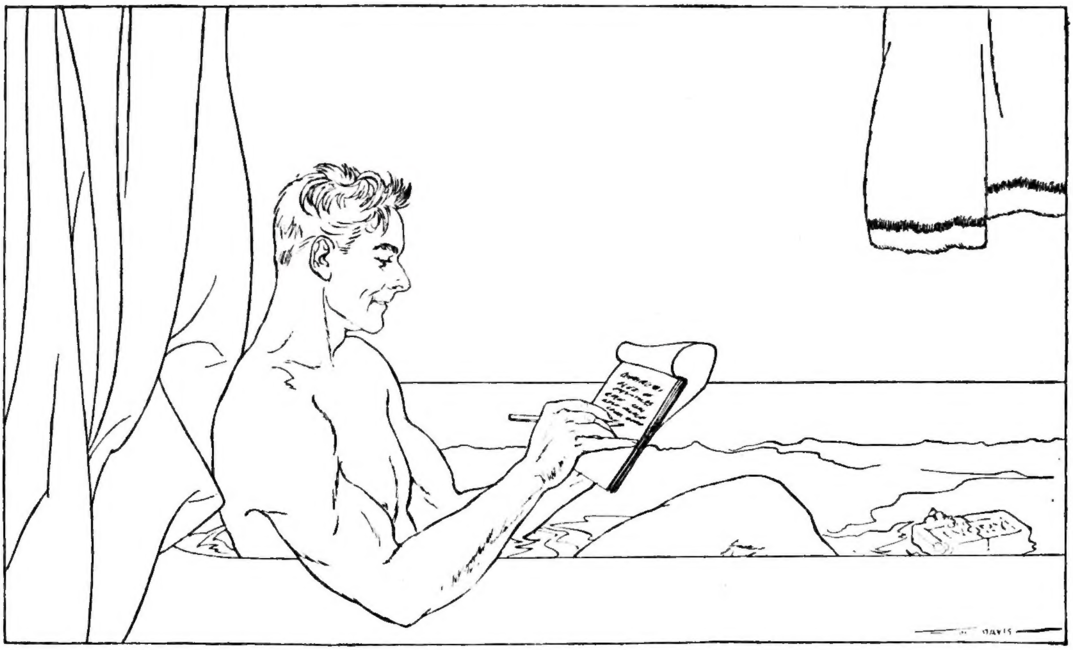

Spring final examination

COURSE: *Bathing* II (*Morning & Evening*)

INSTRUCTOR'S NOTE: *This examination is conducted under the honor system and answers may be written in the bathroom.*

1 If you waste 5 to 10 minutes in the morning chasing an elusive cake of sinker-soap along the tub-bottom, what happens to a soft-boiled egg for breakfast?

2 One man sings while he bathes; another sputters in wrath. What soap does each use, and why?

3 Of the 55 good reasons for using Ivory Soap in the bath, which comes next in importance after *"It floats"*?

4 Bathers for nearly fifty years have compared Ivory lather to (*a*) clouds, (*b*) foam, (*c*) whipped cream. Can you think of a better comparison? (A correct answer to this question insures a passing mark in the examination.)

5 If an airplane travels at the rate of 3 miles per minute, how much faster does Ivory lather rinse off?

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99$^{44}/_{100}$% PURE **IVORY SOAP** IT FLOATS

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buy one or ask your
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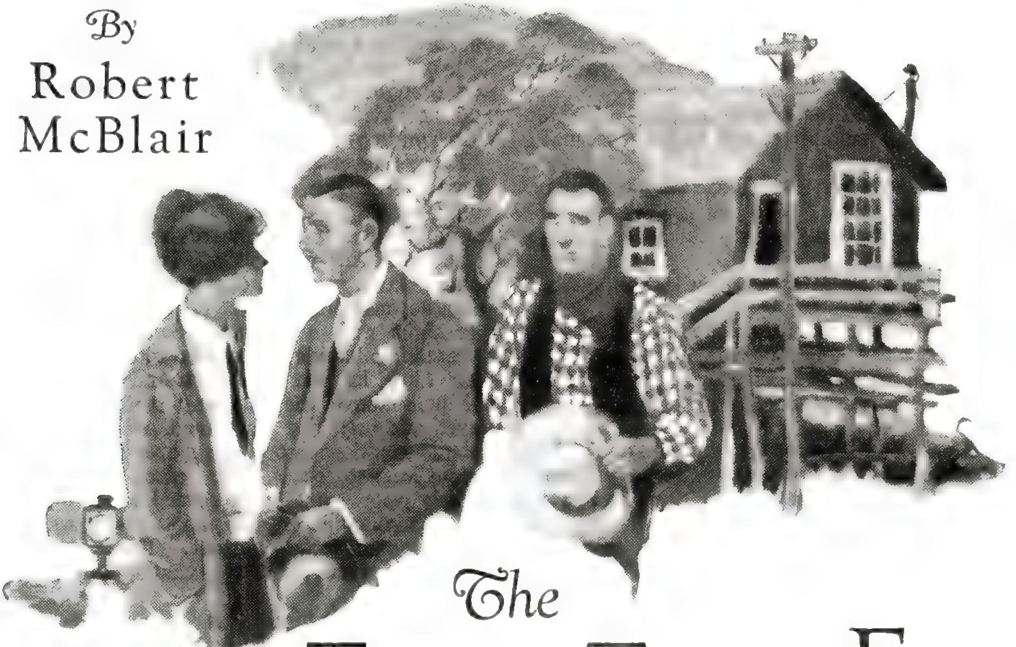
Advertising section continued in rear of book

Of an understanding man who dared to come between a woman and her folly

By

Robert McBlair



The Tryst at Tunnel Four

PHOEBE was standing in the morning sunshine with her hands in the pockets of her bright orange sweater, staring kind of bold and impudent like at the passenger train waiting to be let in the tunnel. Of course the men in the observation car were staring back at her; not only because she had a good figure, but because there was something about her. . . . I remember once I was stalking deer up at Twisted Gun Gap. A doe came walking along the ridge above me. She picked up her feet so daintily, she was so graceful against the sky, and her eyes were so alive, I didn't have the heart to shoot. I reckon I was a fool, all right, like the fellows said. . . .

Anyway, I had made up my mind this morning to bawl Phoebe out. She was the wife of Adam Mock, the contractor, and yet she'd been flirting with a fellow named Hallow. And here she was now, flirting again. Gosh, it made me mad!

The dummy engine came rattling out of the hole in the side of the low green mountain. On the high platform of the concrete car behind it, six sweating colored men crouched with their backs to the cindery smoke. The watchman gave the passenger train the "high-ball;" it blew for its flagman and puffed ahead. The observation car was swallowed by a cloud of smoke in the tunnel's mouth. Up to the last the men were staring at Phoebe. And she was staring at them.

As I say, she was married, and flirting, and it made me mad. I guess that was because I sort of understood her. We had been raised together in these West Virginia mountains; as neighbors, I mean. She had gone to Huntington to school while I was working my way up from rear-rodman to engineer in charge of the railroad tunnel construction. When she came back, she had notions. She had seen society women at the theater with low neck dresses and diamonds, and there were rich girls at her school. She felt cheated to be forced to come back to the lot of a poor school teacher in the mountains, never to experience the excitement, the travel, the things that go with wealth. And that's one reason she married Adam Mock. I don't mind saying this, because Phoebe says it herself. Of course at first she loved him, too.

I knew she was thinking how she would like to be on that observation car, perhaps as the wife of one of those wealthy men. She didn't have any business thinking this. If Adam Mock had turned out worse than she expected, that didn't change the fact that she was his wife.

She wheeled around, saw the way I was looking at her, and burst out laughing.

"Hello, cutie!" she said. "Who tied your tie?"

That was just her way of talking. My blue flannel shirt was unbuttoned at the neck, and I had no tie on at all.

"You know very well I haven't got any tie on," I told her. "And you know very well you've been talking entirely too much to this fellow Hallow."

"What's the matter, are you jealous again?" she asked me.

"Me? What business have I got being jealous?" Gosh, she could make me mad! "I mean, you've been making eyes at this fellow Hallow. You're married, and it isn't decent, that's all."

"Don't you love me any more, Tootsie?"

"Listen," I said to her. "I've never loved a married woman yet, and I don't expect to start with you. What I mean—"

"You mean you are a man of honor," she finished.

"Well, I wasn't going to say that. But I am."

"And your word is as good as your bond?"

"It is," I replied, "and you know it."

"Well," she said kind of soft, and looked up at me, "how 'bout that time you told me if you loved a person *once* you loved them forever? You loved *me* once," she said.

That was the way with that girl!

"Then it was different," I explained, "because you weren't married. Besides, it was a long time ago."

"Yes, that was a long time ago," she agreed, and looked far away across the valley.

A YEAR is a long time, sometimes. But she hadn't changed a bit. Her mouth still curled upward at the corners and was the color of those little red berries you find on the side of the hill. Her cheeks were like a maple in the autumn. She had enough hair for two or three women. The sunlight ran through it with threads and streaks of fire. Her neck was white and round and so slim that with her mass of hair her head seemed like a flower. She hadn't changed a bit since the times she and I had wandered these hills together, finding the first arbutus in the spring, the last chestnut in the fall.

"Tootsie," she asked me, changing the subject, "if you saw a bird in a cage, would you set it free?"

She calls me Tootsie. I'm six feet tall, with black hair and blue eyes, and kind of blue around the chin, too, when I haven't shaved right lately, and I guess with leather knee boots and corduroy boots and a five-year-old Stetson I don't look like any Tootsie. But she talks that way.

"Well," I told her, "a bird like a canary, for instance, or even a parrot, it is better off not let out, because a hawk or a cat would get it."

"No, Tootsie," she said, looking at me hard and thoughtful, "I don't believe you would," and she added: "Tootsie, you are more profound than you know."

There's never any telling what she is talking about. Just then, though, she began to smile, and I turned around to see the fellow Hallow coming from the store towards us.

I never did like that fellow. In the first place, nobody knew why he came to this camp, or when he was going away. He got off the train one night with a suitcase. Said he was interested in oil lands and wanted to look about a bit. Mock let him have room and board with the men above the company store. But he never said anything else about oil lands, and nobody could go prospecting over the hills in patent-leather shoes. He eased into the nightly poker games; was never known to lose, but was so polite to everybody, there wasn't any way of throwing him out. The boys kind of got even at last, however, kidding him about his clothes.

I tried to size him up as he drew near. It was hard to tell his age. A small round head on a long thin body; he kind of bent forward at the neck. He had pink cheeks and bright gray eyes, but his face was just enough bony and lined to make you think he was, say, a man of fifty who looked forty. The crease in the pants of his gray suit was as sharp as a razor's edge. His fuzzy gray hat was pulled on one side so you could see the high green band and the tiny red rooster feather stuck above it. His shirt and collar were purple, and in the big puffed Ascot tie sparkled a diamond horseshoe. What with gray gloves and gray spats and patent-leather shoes and a yellow cane, he was certainly dressed, there is no doubt of that.

"I guess you couldn't walk without that cane!" Phoebe said.

She didn't know how the boys had been kidding him about clothes. But he knew I knew, and this got him excited. He began talking in a harsh loud voice and moving both fists up and down together; all about spats and canes being what a gentleman wears.

I didn't get much of it. I had caught sight of Adam Mock coming down the road past the rock quarry. And Adam was on one of his rampages.

Adam had with him the brown satchel containing the pay-roll. Every Friday he brought that back from the bank at Naugatuck, but usually he waited till Saturday night to begin his drinking. He must have begun drinking at Naugatuck this Friday, because already he was chasing the guinea water boy. The boy was dodging the swings of the heavy bag and was almost scared to death; and Adam was roaring with laughter.

The kid managed to make the rock quarry without Adam hitting him, which is a good thing I guess, because a swing of that heavy bag would have killed an ox. The boy went up the slope of loose sliding rocks like a squirrel up a tree. He turned his thin white face over his shoulder only once; saw Adam standing on the road shaking his fist up at him; and scooted over the crest of the ridge and out of sight.

Adam turned and came lumbering down the road, carrying the brown satchel hooked over the stump of his elbow; he had lost his left forearm in a fall of tunnel slate some years back. He looked like a huge bear in his blue overalls and Stetson, the spurs jingling at the heels of his riding boots. I mean, he walked swayingly, like a bear. And when he hit at the fat mulatto woman he looked more like a bear than ever.

She had been laughing at him chasing the guinea water boy—laughing at the boy, I mean. She was supposed to be the wife of one of the colored quarrymen, but she was really a camp hanger-on. There wasn't much marriage or giving in marriage around that West Virginia construction camp; outside of the engineers and the upper men who worked for Mock, of course.

Anyway, I guess Mock thought she was laughing at him, because he hit her with his open hand and knocked her down. I figured she would maybe get up and knife him. But instead she seemed to like it; her teeth and eyes were shining up at him from her yellow face. Mock began laughing again; kicked and slapped at her. She rolled away giggling and shrieking and ran down the road. He chased her for a minute; then wheeled and came over to us, his square red face shiny with sweat.

Gosh, he made me sore. The foreman and the laborers in the quarry were looking on, and he ought to have known this sort of business made his wife seem cheap. Not that Phoebe showed how she felt. She must have heard the racket, but she didn't turn around and apparently was wrapped up in this fellow Hallow's chatter about spats and canes. But I've seen her wear the same expression when the dummy engine was blowing smoke in her face.

"I've been to Europe," this fellow Hallow was shouting, "which is more than these people around here can say! My clothes—these clothes I've got on right now," he shouted, "are the clothes of an English gentleman."

Adam Mock heard this. He stopped right behind Phoebe; I noticed her stiffen into that stony way she had whenever he was near her. I remember noticing it first when they came back from their honeymoon. Phoebe once had a great deal of influence with him; she persuaded him to start out with her for New York, and it was maybe they were going to Europe. Mock turned over the tunnel job to his foreman, who could handle it well enough, Mock said, except he was too blank honest. Anyway, the honeymooners never got any farther than Bluefield, where Mock dropped off for one drink and stayed for a spree. He's pretty uncivilized when he's drunk and I guess he must have done something, because Phoebe never acted human to him after.

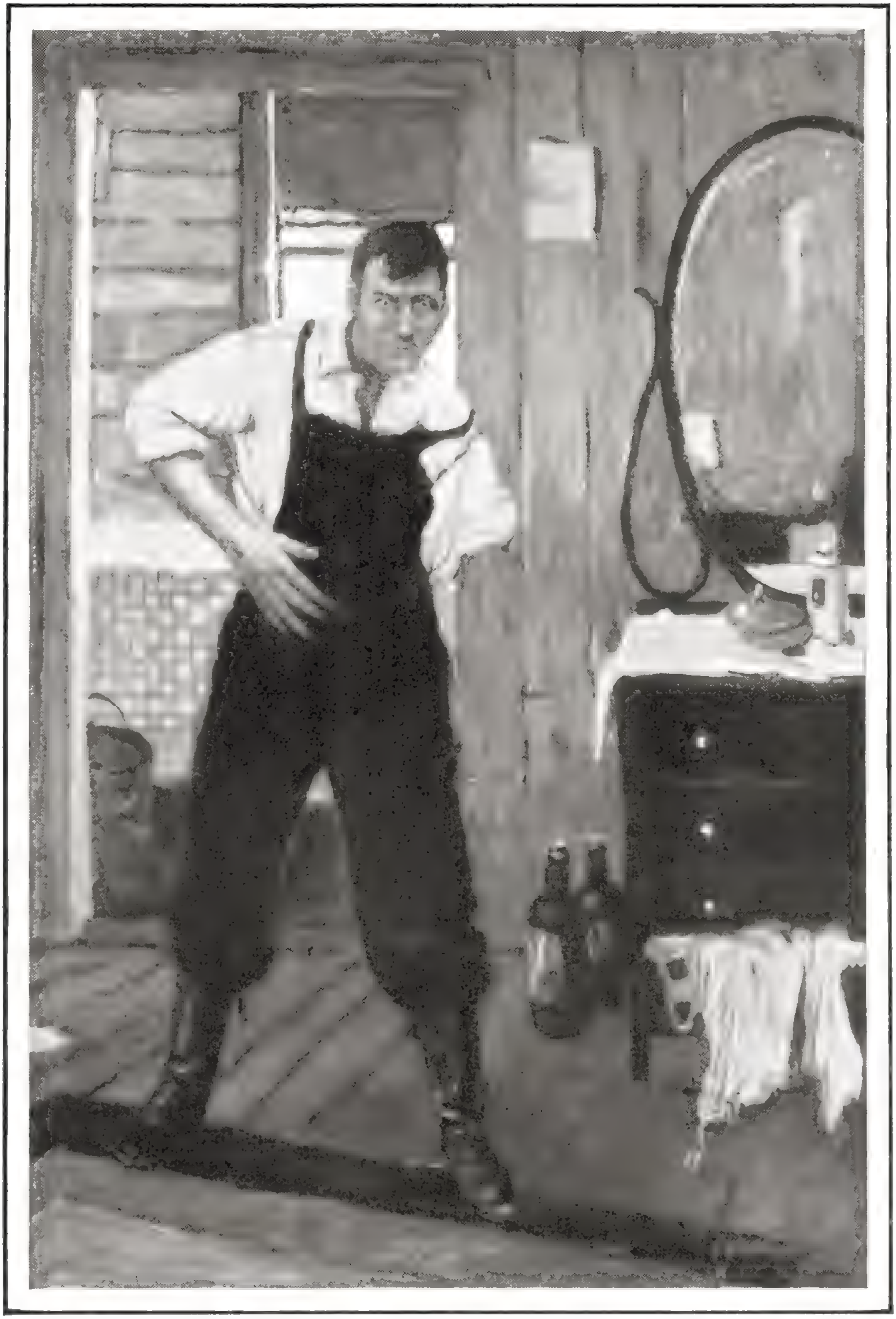
WELL, Mock stood there and looked at this fellow Hallow. And Hallow quit talking. Folks generally do when Mock comes up, unless they are pretty sure of what they're talking about. I don't mean in this case Mock knew anything about clothes. But he's something like a thunder cloud, if you can imagine a thunder cloud colored with the red of a sunset. I mean he's so big, and has so much force, he makes you think of something that if it busted loose could sweep the hemlocks off the mountain like they were wisps of hay. This fellow Hallow swallowed; moistened his wide fish mouth and kept his eyes on where the blue cotton shirt was sewed over the stump of Adam's arm.

"But you ain't a English gentleman," said Mock. His strong teeth were shining beneath his stubby red moustache, but it wasn't a pretty smile. "I reckon you disguise yourself as a English gentleman in America," says Mock. "Then when you go to England you masquerade as a American gentleman. That way, neither place can really find you out."

This fellow Hallow went white like a man that's been hit where he lives. But after a glance at Adam Mock's smile, he didn't even cheep. Only when Adam had turned away did he make a slight motion toward his hip pocket. It was hardly noticeable, though I noticed it, because of course I was watching to jump him. But he didn't pull the gun. Instead, his eyes lit on the brown pay-roll satchel in the stump of Mock's elbow; and he looked at Phoebe. Right then I knew that here was a chap who found his own way of getting accounts squared up.

It is the little things that change people's lives. Hallow just happened to be there when Mock went by, and if he hadn't of, Hallow wouldn't even have thought of taking the pay-roll and running away with Adam Mock's wife.

I don't mean he did it that night. The fact is it was three weeks later. I guess he waited to study the lay of the land, although that was simple enough. Every Friday Mock went to Naugatuck and got the cash for the pay-roll. Most contractors meet the weekly pay-roll with



Illustrated by Connie Hicks

There in the doorway was Adam Mock. He was leaning forward; his eyes frightened and searching like a child's. His hand was pressed to his side over the spreading bright red stain.

metal discs good for trade at the company store, and settle up with the men once a month. But Mock never did this. I think he liked the trip to town with his deposits; I think he liked the idea of carrying the money there and back himself and sort of daring the world to touch it. Anyway, Mock would bring the money back, sit up with the bookkeeper Friday night putting it in envelopes for the men, and on Saturday dole it out to the men himself, with jokes and curses. He kept the envelope money in the brown bag at his house over Friday night. He never bothered with a safe for it; used to say anybody who was a good enough man to come and take it could have it and welcome. The men called him Cap'n Adam. Our colored cook, Eppy, used to say, "Cap'n Adam ain't afraid of man, God, or devil." And I guess Eppy was right.

It was just an accident I happened to be sleeping at Mock's house the Friday night this fellow Hallow got the pay-roll bag. Sounds funny now, but the next morning I was going on my vacation to ask a certain girl if she would marry me. Probably for a year I had been nearly sick. Nothing the matter exactly, except I felt discouraged and kind of down and out and lonely. I figured I needed a wife; I mean some one to keep me from having this lonely feeling and this weight in my gullet as if I had swallowed a railroad spike. The Bluefield girl had always been pleasant to me and I was going to take the early train and ask her if she felt kind of sick and lonely, too.

What I mean by its being an accident, I had stopped by Mock's to ask him about some center-points. His house sets about half-way up the mountains and just above the entrance to tunnel Number Three. If you keep on up the path and over the ridge, you come down the other side at the further end of Tunnel Three; and about half a mile ahead along the track is the entrance to Tunnel Four. On the left runs the Tur River; the mountain rises on the right. Well, it began to rain like Old Harry, so Phoebe insisted on me staying to dinner. That dinner was the next to the last time I ever saw Mock alive.

I was sorry I stayed. My spirits were low enough anyhow, or I wouldn't have been going to Bluefield to ask that girl. On top of that, the wind was slamming the rain against the tarpaper roof until you thought the shack must slip off the mountain. Phoebe had hung the walls with dark green cloth to cover the old newspapers which Mock had pasted up. The room was not too bright in the light of the oil lamp, and the hanging green stuff would move in the air currents, as if something as tall as a man but not so thick was passing around the room without a sound. I don't know as I ever felt creepy like that before. And it made it worse to see the way Phoebe acted. Whenever the rain roared loudest, or a tree fell in the forest, she would pause in setting the table, look down and sideways with a secret smile. After I said I was staying to dinner, Mock never uttered a word.

I BEGAN to get so low in my mind, by the time Mock and I drew up to the table, I just had to say something about it to somebody. So when Phoebe came in from the kitchen with the coffee pot I told them I was catching the early train to Bluefield, and what I was going for.

Phoebe dropped the coffee pot down on the table, and looked at me. Her face was white, or seemed so in the dimness; her lips seemed thin and sharp, like blood on snow. She looked pretty, all right. The checked apron was close about her round slender figure. Her hair was loose in wisps of reddish light. But the blaze in her dark eyes made me jump.

"You fool!" she said in a low voice. "Hooked by that painted little hussy!"

She went suddenly back into the kitchen, slamming the door so hard the whole house shook. You see the unaccountable kind of person she was!

Mock sat there like a statue, his hairy forearm motionless on the table, his huge freckled fist clenched so the knuckles were white. I found him staring at me. His look made the hair crawl up my scalp. His reddish brows were raised enquiringly, his wide open blue eyes seemed waiting for me to join him in the joke. It was creepy, because his look, so shining and intimate, seemed to imply that I understood what he meant. And I didn't. To me his expression meant nothing at all, and I think at last he recognized this. He got up, went to the closet and poured out nearly a tumbler of whisky, which he drank at a gulp. Then he set down without a word and ate his dinner.

Pretty soon Phoebe came back to the table, calm and pleasant, her face fresh and soap-shiny. I couldn't make head or tail of the whole crazy business, but Phoebe talked to me, and presently I forgot all my troubles, even though we only talked about the trip to Huntington she was making the next morning. She affected you like that. It would cure your blues just to see her fingers dropping a lump of sugar into one of her thin blue cups; I mean, if the cup was for you. That's the kind of person Phoebe is.

Anyway, Mock went to bed right after dinner. The rain was still pouring down, and Phoebe made up a bed for me on the dining-room couch. I tried to argue with her, but each time she stopped me by putting a finger over my lips. "You talk entirely too much for such a silent young man, Tootsie," she said.

So what could I do?

After I had turned in, she came back into the dining-room and raised the window next to the kitchen L. I started to tell her she should have let me do that, but she stopped me as before. This made both of us snicker, because it seemed like I was talking too much again. She went back to her cot in Mock's room and I went to sleep feeling warm and happy, more hopeful than I had been that this Bluefield girl would maybe after all be curing my loneliness.

I mention these little things because they are the last I remember until I woke up to see that fellow Hallow's small round head at the window Phoebe had opened.

WHEN I awoke no rain was falling, but the echo of a tremendous thunderclap was thumping across the heavens. Before it had died, the window square was stained with the milk of reflected lightning. I caught the fluttering outline of a bony cheekbone and fuzzy felt hat. A hand was lifting a satchel over the sill. The next moment the room was black again with night. Before I could move, the lightning flashed again. And then I lay still. Because I had caught sight of Phoebe leaving the window and going back to Adam Mock's room.

If the lightning had struck me I couldn't have been more stunned. I was used to the unexpected from Phoebe, but this was different. I remembered her saying she was taking the five o'clock train in the morning for Huntington and I lay there quiet, trying to figure what I ought to do.

One thing was certain; I was going to stop it. Mock wasn't the best of husbands for Phoebe, but he was better than for her to be going off like this. I thought for a second of calling Mock and rounding Hallow up. But I saw that wouldn't do. It would mean a mess for Phoebe for her husband to kill a man, especially after she and Hallow had been seen together so much. There was only one thing to do, and that was for me to go after Hallow myself. Of course, if I'd known what I afterward knew, I wouldn't have gone at all.

The luminous dial of my watch I remember showed twenty-seven minutes of four. That was time enough. Evidently Hallow would take the same train as Phoebe. There wasn't any other way to get out of this camp, unless he caught the express freight for Bluefield, which went in the other direction at about the same time. It wasn't likely, if Phoebe was going to Huntington, that Hallow was going in the opposite direction. He would most likely cross the ridge above Tunnel Three and catch the Huntington train when it slowed up for Tunnel Four. He wouldn't board the train at the mouth of Tunnel Three, right below Adam Mock's house.

I lay quiet to give Phoebe a chance to get to sleep. The time went slow, and fast. It seemed that unless I got up at once, the five o'clock train would scoot by and carry Hallow away. And on the other hand. it didn't seem possible that Phoebe could have gone to sleep so soon. I made one or two starts to get up, and lay down again. Finally I fixed on six minutes past four as being the last second I could put it off, making allowances for having to find Hallow. When the lighted minute hand had covered the glow of that mark I got up.

My clothes were on a chair by the bed. I dressed, and carrying the socks and boots in my hand, crept through the dark, trying to avoid the squeaking boards. The door, I knew from previous visits, usually was locked, with the key of course on the inside. Tonight the door was locked; but the key was gone.

That was creepy, I suppose because of the other funny things. I began to wonder if I hadn't dreamed the small round head at the window, the satchel going over the sill. But just then, as if in answer to my question, a shimmer of vivid lightning gleamed through the open window upon the rain on the floor. And I saw returning toward Mock's room, the prints of two small feet. This woke me up. In the following rumble of thunder I crossed the room and climbed through the window to the sopping ground outside.

It wasn't raining. I walked along the hillside in the pitchy darkness until my bare feet found the trail that leads up over the ridge. Then I put on the socks and boots. A few steely stars showed through the foggy blackness of low-hanging clouds. Looking upward through the opening in the scrub hemlock branches, I managed in a general way to keep to the slippery trail. Every now and again I would stop and listen, but I heard no sound of Hallow. In the hidden dip of a ravine I struck a match and found in the wet needles the print of his sharp-pointed shoe. So I knew he was somewhere ahead.

It was a bit lighter on the crest of the ridge. I went down on the farther slope, following the curve of the trail against the side of the mountain. Pretty soon I could look back through the trees and see below me the light of a gas torch at the western end of Tunnel Three. Tunnel Four was only half a mile ahead. It would have been shorter and easier to go down and follow the railroad track, but I didn't want to take any chances of Hallow's seeing me.

I hadn't made any plans. The thing was merely to catch up with Hallow and take the money from him; then see that he and Phoebe did not go away. Walking with my hands ahead of me in the dark, the matter began to seem less simple. Hallow wouldn't go down to the lighted tunnel's mouth until the train was due. Meanwhile, he was somewhere along the trail that I was following. He packed a gun and I began to wonder if he would use it to keep from being caught. It seemed likely that he would figure it better to shoot his way out than to go back and face Adam Mock. I was sorry I didn't have a gun, although it would have been useless enough in this darkness.

In a hollow halfway between Tunnels Three and Four I lighted another match. There wasn't a sign of a footprint on the old unused trail. Hallow hadn't passed here, although the previous tracks had showed he was headed for the ridge.

Then the truth hit me suddenly. Hallow had told Phoebe he would join her on the five o'clock Huntington train. She was to get on at Tunnel Three, and he at Tunnel Four. But now *Hallow had the money*. He was going to travel light, without a woman as baggage. He had cut down the hill to this side of Tunnel Three, aiming to catch the express freight going to Bluefield. He would go east and let her go west. Adam Mock wouldn't miss the brown satchel till pay-roll time at noon. This fellow Hallow by then would be seven hours away.

Gosh, it made me sore, for him to be double-crossing Phoebe. I struck out down the hill in a bee line for the western mouth of Tunnel Three. The going was getting easier. Through the black tree of branches I could see the heavy clouds breaking and becoming smeared with the sick light of dawn. The dark gleam of tree trunks was different now from the dim bulge of rocks. I was hitting it up over the slippery hemlock needles, when out of a pit of shadow a pistol exploded into my face. I felt a burning blow against my head; stumbled and pitched head forward.

I was stunned. But when I fell on the other man's body, I must have grabbed at him, because I came out of a moment of dizziness to find my two hands holding his right forearm; and he was gasping in my ear as he squirmed to throw me off. When he felt my hands moving up to his wrist, he flipped the gun out of reach of either of us, and with a sudden heave rolled me over. I kept him rolling, and after a minute of wrestling we both climbed to our feet.

I must still have been giddy. I saw the small round head, the fist coming at me, but I was hit before I could dodge; staggered backward, tripped and met the ground like a log. The next minute Hallow had kicked me heavily twice, in the stomach and in the side. The second time I caught his leg. He went down on his haunches, and once more we scrambled up together.

This time my fist brushed against his skinny cheekbone. I followed it with a blow that snapped like a bladder against the cold fish mouth. The next moment my thumbs were in his throat; against a crooked birch I beat his little head till his face changed from spotted red to purple and the agate-gray eyes rolled up beneath lemon lids.

I let him slide to the ground, and stood up feeling cheerful. This was a job that had been put off too long. The dawn had broken rapidly. Near the groaning Hallow I found the small brown bag, and the automatic pistol beside the root of a dogwood. I brushed myself off as well as I could and sat down on a rock to think.

I didn't like the idea of taking Hallow back to camp. If the sheriff got him, there would be a trial. Folks would recall that Phoebe had started for Huntington the same time as Hallow. That wouldn't do at all. There seemed only one thing possible. Let Hallow jump the eastbound freight.

I FILLED my hat from a rocky trickle nearby and threw the cold water in the fellow's bunged up face. He came around at once, sat up and after a fit of coughing, showed his teeth at me like a rat.

"She put me up to it," he said. "You can't jail me without jailing her. I'll squeal, before God I will."

I would have choked him again, but I didn't have time.

"When Adam Mock hears that," I said, "you'll never live to squeal." He turned kind of green, and I knew that I had him. "I'm going to save you," I added, "by letting you hop the Bluefield freight."

He began to whimper like a lonely dog.

"I'm broke. And I've got to hide out. That's why I'm in this God-forsaken hole."

Luckily I packed with me the hundred and fifty I had aimed to spend on my vacation. I pulled the bills out of my wallet and threw them all to him; I wanted him to get a long way away.

"Take the eastbound freight," I said. "I hope it carries you to hell."

He snatched the money as if afraid I'd change my mind, got up and went staggering down the hill, wiping his face with a purple handkerchief and bending forward at his skinny neck. It sure irritated me to see that weasel go off with my vacation money in his pocket; but I figured this a cheap price to pay for getting Phoebe in the clear. I watched Hallow till he reached the tunnel, which he entered, I supposed, in order to keep his bruised face out of sight.

Before the freight train showed up, I heard the westbound passenger train whistle for Tunnel Three. All of a sudden I recalled that Phoebe would be boarding that train for Huntington. Possibly, I thought, she and Hallow had planned to meet at some point beyond—maybe even in Columbus or Chicago. Hallow now was headed east, and she didn't know it.

It was too late for me to get to the eastern mouth of Tunnel Three, but I might be able to make the train at Tunnel Four. I grabbed the satchel and ran along the trail around the curve of the hill. I was only fifty feet from the tunnel's mouth when the train got there, and I

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Prohibition Portia *and* Her Padlock

The name of Mabel Walker Willebrandt has become a terror to bootleggers, rum runners, and scofflaws. Fearless enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment seems possible in the hands of Uncle Sam's youngest Assistant Attorney General

by Mayme Ober Peak

PICTURE a charming woman, who was born in a sod house, bred in bleak Western homesteads, totally uneducated at thirteen, wed while young to an invalid with whom she set up housekeeping in a tent on the Arizona desert, at thirty-two one of the outstanding, brilliant legal minds of this country and the only woman Assistant Attorney General of the United States.

"IMAGINE being sent to prison by a woman you'd like to take to a dance!" was one society bootlegger's aggrieved comment after Mrs. Willebrandt had him sent to the penitentiary. Washington is still amazed at the soft-spoken young woman with the sweet smile whose ability, resourcefulness and independence have successfully withstood the opposition of powerful enemies. Behind the efficient lady at the big desk in Washington is the story of a plucky girl from Kansas who had her first glimpse of a schoolroom at thirteen.

That's Mabel Walker Willebrandt, whose fearless enforcement of the unpopular Eighteenth Amendment has won for her the picturesque title of "Prohibition Portia."

An inveterate clubman, prevailed upon to attend a dinner in her honor, commented thus enthusiastically to me the next day:

"Good heavens, I assumed she must be a smart woman, but I wasn't expecting to meet a perfect peach!"

What the average male mind does not comprehend as yet is the woman good to look upon and good for much else—certainly not capable of sitting in a seat of authority. Every day I hear surprise voiced that this ablest of woman lawyers, this fearless foe of rum-runners, should have old fashioned feminine loveliness—womanly dignity combined with girlish grace and sweetness.

As one society bootlegger put it, after Mrs. Willebrandt had sent him to the penitentiary:

"Imagine being sent to prison by a pretty woman you'd like to take to a dance!"

Those who do not understand her make-up and know nothing of her background find Mabel Willebrandt a puzzle. Even to the powers-that-be at Washington, her power, independence, and ingenuity are a constant source of wonder. Unhesitatingly she has attacked and assisted in the conviction of public officials and private citizens who believed themselves securely entrenched behind the bulwarks of politics and pull, has been instrumental in holding up political appointments of men unfit as law enforcement agents, and personally removed a number who proved so.

On the other hand, she has been as courageous and conscientious in her defense of those she believed innocent. When the famous "Daugherty Follies" was playing to packed houses in the House Judiciary Committee, Mrs. Willebrandt spiritedly defended her Chief. She "sassed" Senator Wheeler when he attempted to hurry her in her testimony, sparred with other members of the Committee about the disposition of men on Capitol Hill to interfere in criminal prosecution and law-enforcement matters, and gave an excellent performance of the matching of woman's wits with exceptionally keen witnesses.

All the time Daugherty was under fire, Mrs. Willebrandt was practically the boss of the Department of Justice although there were five other Assistant Attorney Generals. It was she who wrote the dryest brief in legal annals—the ruling drying up American ships on the high seas and foreign ships three miles from Lady Liberty. She padlocked bars and breweries, tightened the guard on seacoasts and international boundaries, and in general became the

[*Continued on page 158*]

NATIONAL prohibition enforcement is the responsibility of Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney General of the United States, who has an impressive record of convictions to her credit. Mrs. Willebrandt is thirty-two years old and a native of Kansas. Her adopted baby daughter is now in her second year.

GEORGE EASTMAN, who is seventy-two years old and a bachelor, has retired from the active management of the Eastman Kodak Company, of Rochester, New York, to hunt lions in Africa. His various philanthropies in the course of half a century of business life have amounted to sixty million dollars.

He Made This *an Age of Pictures*

When George Eastman was a youthful bank clerk he started out on his own with the sole idea of making money. As his point of view shifted, he found other incentives for the increasing use of his talents as inventor, scientist, manufacturer, and public benefactor

by Peter F. O'Shea

AT SEVENTY-ONE, George Eastman can look about him at a world that has been changed as a result of his inventions and business genius. When he began his experiments in his mother's kitchen, photography was almost as much a mystery as one of the black arts. He had to contend with the unaccountable behavior of tricky chemicals, solve seemingly impossible mechanical problems, surmount financial reverses and business set-backs. Had he been permanently discouraged, the amateur snapshot, the motion picture, and the pictorial pages of your newspapers might still be considered a visonary's dream of a far-off future.

THE inventor of a product and the organizer of an industry which has made this a pictorial age—summed up in the word he has coined and added to every civilized language—kodak, set sail the other day for the East African jungles to start rhinoceros and lion hunting at the age of seventy-one. George Eastman's only fear when he joins Carl Akeley, the explorer, at Mombasa this month is that African style hunting with all the retinue of a big safari will prove "too soft and luxurious" as compared with the simplicity of his usual hunting trips to Alaska or the Rockies. What a different voyage this is from that first transatlantic journey of his, undertaken at a totally unexpected crisis in his business career, which turned his hair gray before thirty! But like that first voyage, it typifies George Eastman, and marks another definite stage in one of the least known and most remarkable careers in modern America. It means that he has to his own satisfaction finally completed the organization of an industry and an institution which, with his resignation as president, he is virtually turning over to the employees and associates who have helped him build it.

In the generation between these two voyages of George Eastman lies the development of a whole era. If historians in the future are to describe our time as the beginning of the age of pictures, it is one man who has largely made it so. Without him it might easily have been postponed to the accidental development of some future century.

To people of the last generation it all seemed to happen suddenly. All at once the world broke out in camera clicks. People were everywhere taking snapshots of canyons, horse races, groups of people, and historic incidents. Then, with equal suddenness, the movies were upon us, and the world flashed into action before our eyes from surf riding in Hawaii to the trek of a nomad tribe in Asia. With the extension of our sight beyond every horizon have been built up with astounding speed some of the world's biggest industries. Now it seems as if these things had always been.

Though their development has been spanned by one generation, they have back of them one man's whole life work. He started as a young inventor. Lord Kelvin, the greatest scientist of the last generation, considered this man whose schooling stopped in the grammar grades, a chemist and scientific inventor of absolutely unique standing. But George Eastman would never have surmounted the innumerable difficulties attending his rise if he had not also made of himself, as only a few inventors like Edison and Westinghouse have ever done, a shrewd manufacturer and an able business man. Then he went on to become an organizer and a financier until the enormous growth of his industry made him a philanthropist as well. As a public benefactor he has already distributed over sixty million dollars.

"Just what has been Eastman's share of money in this vast new business? Did he earn it or was he merely lucky? Was the business itself just an accident? Why did he start it; was money the chief stimulus? Does he have a glorious time with all his money? No man can ride in more than one automobile at once, or have a real home in more than one or two houses. Why didn't this bachelor retire at forty or fifty when he was reasonably rich?" These are some of the questions which people have been asking for years about Eastman, and some are here answered for the first time.

George Eastman, white haired, quiet, genial, sensitive, sat back with twinkling eyes and proceeded to tell me how his ideas about money and life in general began to change when success came to him.

"Money making is no longer my most important purpose, but I started business," George Eastman said frankly, "to make money."

There was a special reason why he needed money.

Business colleges now populate the land with flying-fingered stenographers. But they were originated not so long ago by George Eastman's father, whose death in Rochester, New York, left to his young widow an active growing school. For several years the institution furnished her a comfortable income. Then it got into financial straits and George Eastman, fourteen years old, left school to support his mother.

He was old enough to remember prosperous years. So he could realize what the drop into extreme poverty meant, especially to the comfort of his mother. She was a cultured woman, brave and cheerful, but a semi-invalid. At the very outset the fourteen-year-old boy determined to set her free from the restrictions that always go with a lack of money. For years that semi-invalid mother of his was the underlying stimulus of his whole career. He would save part of every single dollar he made, he decided, until he had enough to do the things he wanted to do for her.

Saving on Three Dollars a Week

THUS into this boy was ground the gospel of thrift, without which no man can accumulate money for hatching out whatever ideas germinate in his brain.

"I saved thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents out of my first year at three dollars a week in an insurance office and put it in the bank," Eastman says. And that, though he has since made millions, is one of the achievements of which Eastman has a right to be most proud.

The most natural place to save is in a savings bank. He changed to a job there.

The youngster was not obnoxious in carrying out his principles of thrift. He was comfortable to live with, minded his own business, was smilingly serviceable in his contact with other people and enjoyed himself. He played baseball on a pretty good team and was a perfectly normal kid so far as any of his associates realized. But by the time he was twenty-three years old he had saved the somewhat miraculous sum of three thousand dollars out of a bank clerk's salary, which was not so much a salary as a start on the sacred twenty-year track toward the remunerative jobs of cashier and president.

Three thousand dollars was not enough to assure a comfortable existence to a young man or his mother. But it was at least a healthy bat with which a young man could step into the game of business, provided he did not waste it swinging at bad balls.

The bank clerk, looking through his wicket at little and big depositors, observed their little and big successes. For real success, Eastman perceived, he must become proprietor of something new, convenient, and universal in its appeal. What should it be?

Eastman was planning as his well-earned first vacation a trip to the West Indies. His mother could not go, so he decided to bring back pictures of some of the beautiful tropic scenes. Accordingly he went to a local photographer and paid him five dollars for instruction in picture-taking. The first lesson showed how to pack upon his body, with straps and harnesses as upon a mule, the bulky box camera, its heavy tripod, glass plates, nitrate bath, water-carrier, and dark tent. All these impediments had to be carried to the scene and set up in front of the charming view. In his dark tent the photographer, like an ancient wizard, went through secret mystic rites with a solution to sensitize his plates, slipped them still dripping into the camera, took his picture, then ducked back into the darkness of the tent to unload and develop his plates before leaving the spot. You can imagine how many people were willing to take pictures under such inconveniences. Outdoor picture-taking was as rare a profession as being an Alpine guide, and for much the same reasons.

"Picture-taking ought to be easier," the young man thought after this experience. "Why shouldn't I try to make it easier myself? Here's the whole wide world of natural beauty for me to sell, if only I could make it possible for people to take what most pleases them."

So he began experiments in the kitchen sink and on his mother's stove. Finally a room was set aside for him as a laboratory. There he used to toil after the day's work in the bank, sometimes till midnight, sometimes later. An idea that had appeared in an English magazine gave one hint. In two years he had worked out his idea and produced dry plates. Chemicals and water-baths could now be left at home

Every one of the white bricks in the huge vault is a bar of pure silver. The coating that makes transparent photographic film sensitive to light is made from silver chloride and silver bromide. The making of these chemical salts at the Eastman plant requires more silver bullion every year than is used anywhere else except in one of the government mints. Much of it goes into the two hundred thousand miles of film that are annually used for motion pictures all over the world.

—no more carrying of dark tents! These dry plates he put on the market and they began to sell rapidly. Eastman had discovered his first personal application of a widely useful principle—make things easier for people.

In one room over a downtown store, he started a sort of factory. He used to mix the emulsion at night. The next day it would be applied by his factory force—one hired assistant. At first he clung cautiously to his job in the bank.

Sales grew. Fate, so far as he could judge, was pitching him a good ball. It was up to him to swing with all his energy, then abandon the safety of the home plate and get out on the base lines. Reluctantly, he resigned his job in the bank. Thrifty, careful, Eastman hated to do that. It took courage, self-reliance, and the sporting spirit. He knew it was a risk. But the bank job assured an income for his household only so long as he should be alive and working. Permanent financial safety could be reached only over a road of risk. Sometimes we must play to conserve our present safety, he reasoned, at other times we must go ahead to win safety for the future. So this youngster took his chance and went ahead.

Risk soon popped into sight in an unexpected form, concealed in prosperity. A New York wholesaler of photographic goods while on a vacation in the Thousand Islands, saw a Rochester photographer at work and asked him how he could take pictures without carrying any dark tent. "A young fellow in my home town invented a way," said the photographer, proudly.

The wholesaler sent for Eastman and the boy went home from that interview walking on the clouds. It seemed a most advantageous arrangement that they had made. The wholesaler had obligated himself to take a stated amount of stock every month regularly, and pay for it immediately. That would keep Eastman's operations on an even keel.

But people did not then take so many pictures in winter as in summer, so the wholesaler's stock of plates kept piling up on his shelves, month by month, until the next May. Then there was trouble. Customers began to complain that the plates would not take good pictures. That was the first Eastman knew that his gelatin coat on the glass plates became foggy with age. He was making perishable goods.

Later he developed gelatin that would keep its full quality for longer and longer periods, until now it is good for more than a calendar year. It was just one of those thousand tasks that make it impossible to say whether a man has ever finished creating his business. But that first revelation was a body blow.

Should the youngster take back his goods? The goods had been sold and paid for. The transaction was legally and ethically complete. Eastman could have disavowed responsibility. He had worked hard for his money and did not want to see it fade away. But he had embarked in this business and he intended to stick to it. He had launched his money with his goods and they were tied up together. If his product was not successful, then he would not be successful. The best he could hope for was to get out with what little profit he had already made, and quit such a hazardous business.

Should he be a profit-taker, or should he be a business man? The decision he made marked the first change from Eastman's original purpose of mere money-making.

What Turned His Hair Gray

TO SECURE capital without borrowing it, Eastman had taken in a partner with money who had formerly boarded in his mother's home. Eastman had always disliked to owe money, and that was how he had come to sell a share in the risks and possible profits of his enterprise. At the time of the plate fiasco, this partner, Mr. Strong, was in Europe. Eastman did not wait to consult him. And when he came back from England, Eastman greeted him with the announcement, "We're cleaned out of money. I took back the plates." Being a high class merchant, Strong said, "That's right. Keep your reputation."

"To replace those plates took every cent my partner and I had put into the company," Mr. Eastman added, "This crisis cleaned us out. We had to start financially all over again. But it didn't hurt us much with our customers. After that they always believed we would stand back of our product."

The two partners, with increased help, went at production again full speed and for a while business seemed to them almost miraculous.

Then without warning, black unfathomable failure faced them. Eastman's emulsion, already become the sensation of the photographic world, suddenly refused to work. His plates were absolutely useless. Worse still, nights of sleepless investigation failed to disclose the reason. All Eastman knew was that the emulsion had suddenly gone bad. Disaster faced him and the little group of helpers he had begun to build up.

The frantic young man made his emulsion in the same way he had always made it. He used exactly the same formula and he went through the same motions. But the plates would not take good pictures. The very foundation of his business was gone. It looked like ruin.

They shut down the factory. Day and night, Eastman, with his heart in his mouth, sought the reason and the cure. He did not find the reason until thirty-five years later, and for all that time this incident hung over his head like the sword of Damocles. But he found the cure—a substitute process—within a month.

This, you see, was no time for prolonged investigation and research. Young Eastman was not only an inventor, now. He was also a business executive with a factory and a distributing organization dependent upon him.

Suddenly Eastman disappeared. A week went by, two weeks—a month! His little factory was silent and dark. Then, just as suddenly, Eastman was back. He had been to England and he had bought from the best plate-makers abroad the formula that saved them. This was that first transatlantic voyage which has been referred to, and which marked the most spectacular crisis in Eastman's career.

The new formula did not make an emulsion as good as the one the young manufacturer had been using. But it was the second best in the world, and it would keep his business going until he could reinstate or improve his old formula. Two precious weeks he had spent in the factory of Mawson and Swann at Newcastle, working it out over and over again, that there might be no possible slip-up when he got the formula back to Rochester.

Within four weeks of Eastman's catastrophe his factory was humming again at full speed in time for the next season's trade. But it was a narrow squeak. That month had turned Eastman's hair gray although he was not yet thirty years old. And the thought that the same thing might happen again haunted him for years.

The greater his business grew, the greater grew the risk. The possible crash, if this foundation went again, loomed more and more awful.

"During that month," says Eastman with a rueful smile, "I swore off rule of thumb methods. I want scientific reasons and reactions. Our own plants now have a hundred and twenty research men investigating some four thousand problems in gelatins, paper, colored pictures, speaking motion pictures."

And always they watch the emulsions with keen, anxious eyes. What had actually happened to that first emulsion is the strangest part of this whole story. It is reminiscent of the medieval alchemists and their mysterious potions. Eastman, of course, would never rest satisfied until he had unearthed the cause. Eventually he found that he had been using from the start of his business career, one particular batch of gelatin. This was used for one delicate process in making that emulsion which he had originally stumbled upon. There was in it some mysterious impurity which no other gelatin had—just how or why he could not analyze. That first batch had run out and no other batch would give the same results—nor ever has.

"Even today," says Eastman, "the making of the proper emulsion is somewhat empirical, and only a few men can do it satisfactorily. The actions and reactions connected with the producing of sensitiveness are still only imperfectly understood by chemists. It is a matter of experiment and has been worked out by only about a dozen people in the world today." No wonder that crisis nearly wrecked the young business man!

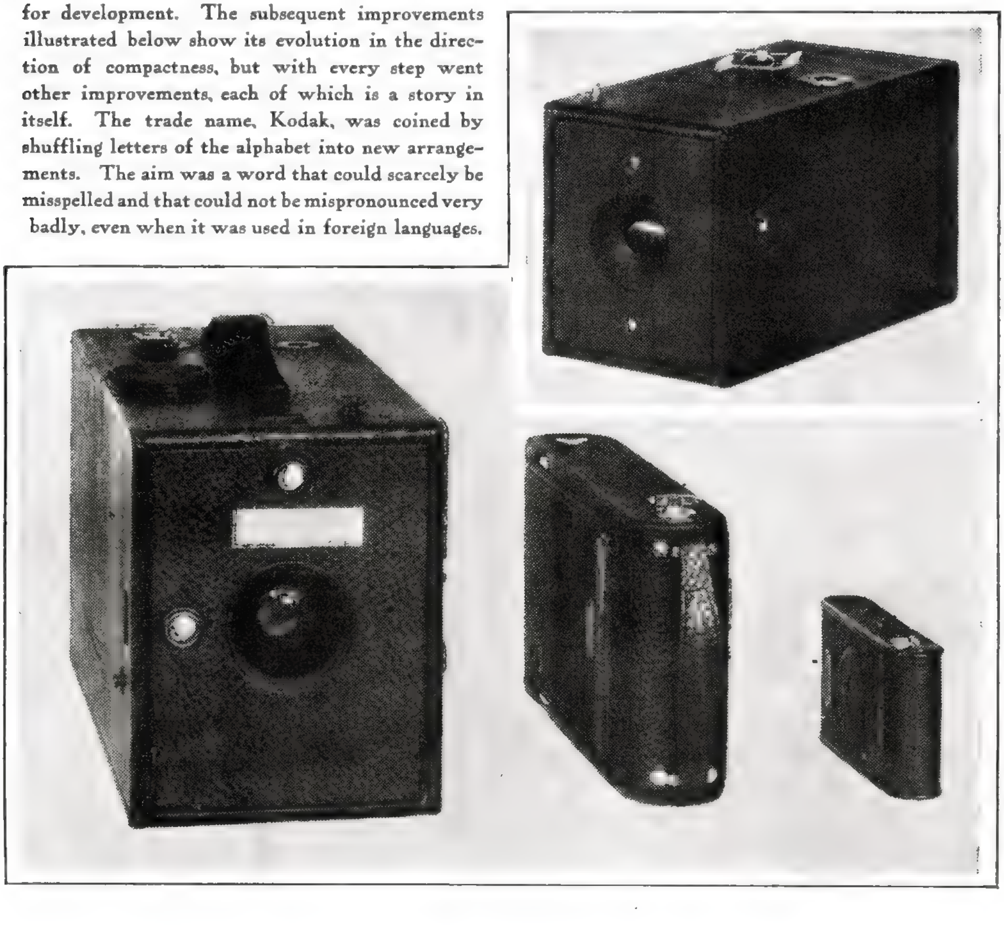
"Since then you can't scare me with anything but emulsion trouble," Eastman remarks dryly with that same smile. "Emulsion trouble remains my idea of a nightmare. In one way that is a good thing, because it has made all my other troubles seem so small by comparison. They don't drive me into a panic."

That was a fortunate thing, for, after another period of expansion, Eastman had to fight commercial battles as well as production mysteries. By 1884, competition in the profitable dry plate business had begun to clog the market, and threatened to annihilate profits. It was up to Eastman to regain his supremacy in some new way. He had always been tinkering with everything he handled to find some way for improving it. Now he sought to invent a still easier method of taking pictures, so convenient that it would render his first achievements obsolete.

Amateurs do not like to carry around a box of heavy glass plates. Could he coat a sensitive photographic emulsion on a thin flexible plate or film, that would make it easier for amateurs, and amateurs would become legion.

Eastman, outlining experiments for his men to make, and participating in them himself, developed a film. It was not like the present film, but was made of paper. Of course this was hard to handle, but it was better than glass

The first Eastman Kodak (right) was sold with films that had to be mailed back to the factory for development. The subsequent improvements illustrated below show its evolution in the direction of compactness, but with every step went other improvements, each of which is a story in itself. The trade name, Kodak, was coined by shuffling letters of the alphabet into new arrangements. The aim was a word that could scarcely be misspelled and that could not be mispronounced very badly, even when it was used in foreign languages.



for the amateur. One of his most valuable men, William H. Walker, a former plate manufacturer whom Eastman had induced to take up photography again inside his organization, had also worked out with him a roll holder for the film. This enabled Eastman to get out a camera which could be sold, already loaded, for operation by amateurs.

Meanwhile Eastman was searching high and low for a new name for this contraption. The mere word "camera" would not do. It must be a new word, with no previous meaning, because if it were a word already in existence, he could not patent it or register it as a trademark. Its appearance and its sound must both be easily remembered. A good many hours were spent shuffling the letters of the alphabet into new arrangements. Several, after being invented as new, were found already existing as words of foreign languages. Ever try coining a new word? Not so easy. The final result of their cogitation was a new word so simple that it could scarcely be misspelled. It could not be mispronounced, even in foreign languages which pronounce *i* as *e* or *j* as *y*. It was the word KODAK.

Eastman you see, had already foreseen foreign commerce. Pictures, like music, are a universal language.

Later came a new problem which many people do not appreciate. The new kodak was so convenient and economical that it swept almost all other cameras off the market. There was danger that people would stop saying camera and always say kodak.

That might be thought highly desirable advertising for Eastman. But if he allowed the word kodak to become a common word without protest from him, he might lose the exclusive right to his own word. If you own land and allow people to drive across it until they have made a road, and everybody supposes it is a public road, at the end of twenty years under the common law, it becomes a public way. You lose that strip out of your land just as though you had never owned it. A few days before the end of the twentieth year, you must build a fence across your road, or otherwise bar it as a visible notice to the public that after all it is your private property.

Another Great Industry Is Born

AND sure enough, other manufacturers began to claim the right to use the word kodak. The Kodak people were compelled to forbid them and sue whenever it was necessary. For the name was as truly an invention as the article itself. It was the handle to a big business. Why let somebody else get a hold on the handle? A thousand companies, with a thousand different standards of quality, would soon be making under the same name an article which meant a lifetime of care, experiment, ingenuity and organization. There are other problems in building up a big business besides the problem of earning a place to make profits. You have to keep it after you earn it.

By now, business was beginning to hum in very truth, but Eastman was by no means ready to call it a day with his early achievements and try to coast on them. He had by now formed habits of continuous progress in his own mind and in his own organization.

The first films, you remember, were of paper, and they had to be handled carefully. One day while looking for a better varnish or emulsion for the paper film, his chemist drew attention to a solution of gun cotton in alcohol. Eastman at once realized that it might take the place, not only of the varnish, but of the paper itself. It had the added advantage of being transparent.

Almost at once there came an inquiry from no less a person than Thomas A. Edison. He wanted to know if the rumor was true, that Eastman had a transparent film through which light could project a picture to the eye. If so he might be able to use the film in a little machine he had just invented, called a kinetoscope. This machine projected pictures to the eye at a peephole. Five years of experimentation brought victory to both Edison and Eastman. Light was made to project pictures from a moving film on a screen. It was this film that was the principal essential to the spread of motion pictures. Its invention proved to be the real beginning of that whole enormous industry.

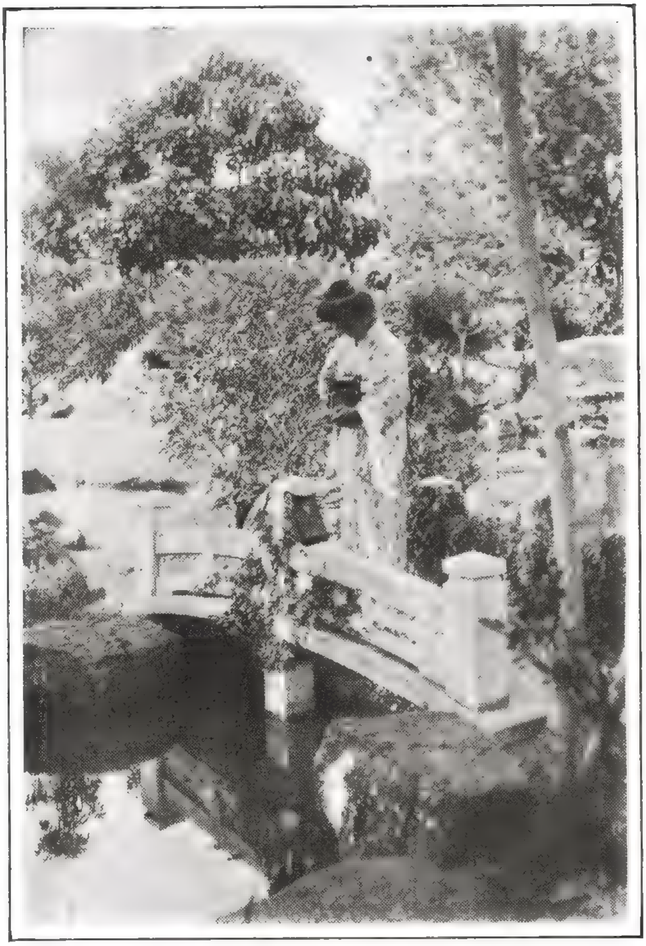
Meanwhile Eastman had been applying the invention directly to his own business. His first kodaks, you see, had been sold with a roll of a hundred sealed exposures. When the whole hundred had been used, the camera must be sent back to Rochester to have them developed. With the new film, Eastman was able to work out a film roll which could be loaded or unloaded from the camera in daylight. Nevertheless he was wise enough to discard his own method, a little later, and pay S. M. Turner forty thousand dollars for a better one. Turner's arrangement had black paper running along the entire back of the film, with a number for each picture showing through a little window.

Then along came a man named McCurdy, private secretary to Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone. McCurdy, in his spare time, had invented a developing machine. Eastman showed him that it would not work, and sent him away in despair. "You take it and perfect it," the inventor said. But Eastman refused, explaining that it was the other man's invention, and it was his job to work it out. McCurdy went away somewhat mournful, but in a few days, sure enough, he was back joyfully shouting: "I've got it." And he had. He has been receiving royalties on it ever since.

Another man named Geisman came in three times with an autographic device intended to permit the amateur's writing the name of a picture down while taking it. Eastman encouraged him to correct successive defects, and finally decided to use the device. He asked Geisman how much he wanted for it. "I will take whatever you think is right," Geisman answered. He was putting it up to Eastman, because Eastman knew values better than he did. The result was a check for three hundred thousand dollars.

All these improvements were supplemented by the development of the folding camera, which reduced the picture-taking box from a big, square block to a comparatively thin affair that could be slipped into the pocket. Lens improvements and a hundred other improvements made picture-taking easier and pictures better. Everybody in the world, it seemed, began taking pictures with kodaks. Eastman's one-room factory was by now a mere germ, a mustard seed from which had developed several large plants.

The largest of these, Kodak Park, is now a square mile of industry. It comprises one hundred and twenty buildings, running from seven to fourteen stories in height, with their own passenger elevators and freight elevators, concrete roads, thirty-odd automobile trucks, and huge chimneys a hundred feet around the base that tower four hundred feet into the air.



When Eastman finally perfected a film camera that could be sold, loaded, for operation by amateurs, the whole world suddenly broke out in camera clicks, for barriers of speech broke down before the universal language of pictures. Then there arose a new problem—that of protecting the exclusive use of the unique name that had been coined for the new device.

This titanic shop is as busy as it is big. Its manufactures are enormous in their wide variety and there are two hundred and forty-two different occupations listed by the United States census among the people employed there. One building takes rags and makes them into photographic paper. Another makes boxes in which to ship products. The coating which makes the film sensitive to light is made partly of silver chloride or silver bromide. More silver bullion is used every year in this plant than at any other place except a government mint. Bales of cotton become cellulose film for "still" pictures and for motion picture films. Two hundred thousand miles a year of cinema film coming out of this plant carry around the world such passengers as Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Chinese rickshaw coolies and strange fishes swimming in the under-seas.

George Eastman had long since become successful. He was no longer in danger of being poor. His original life object was attained. But strange to say, on the way there he had changed his objective He had started this business as a means of making money, in an honest, self-respecting, permanent way. Well, he had made more money than he had ever counted on. His mother was in financial safety. He could give her anything she wished, that money could buy. That was a great satisfaction, and had been for years.

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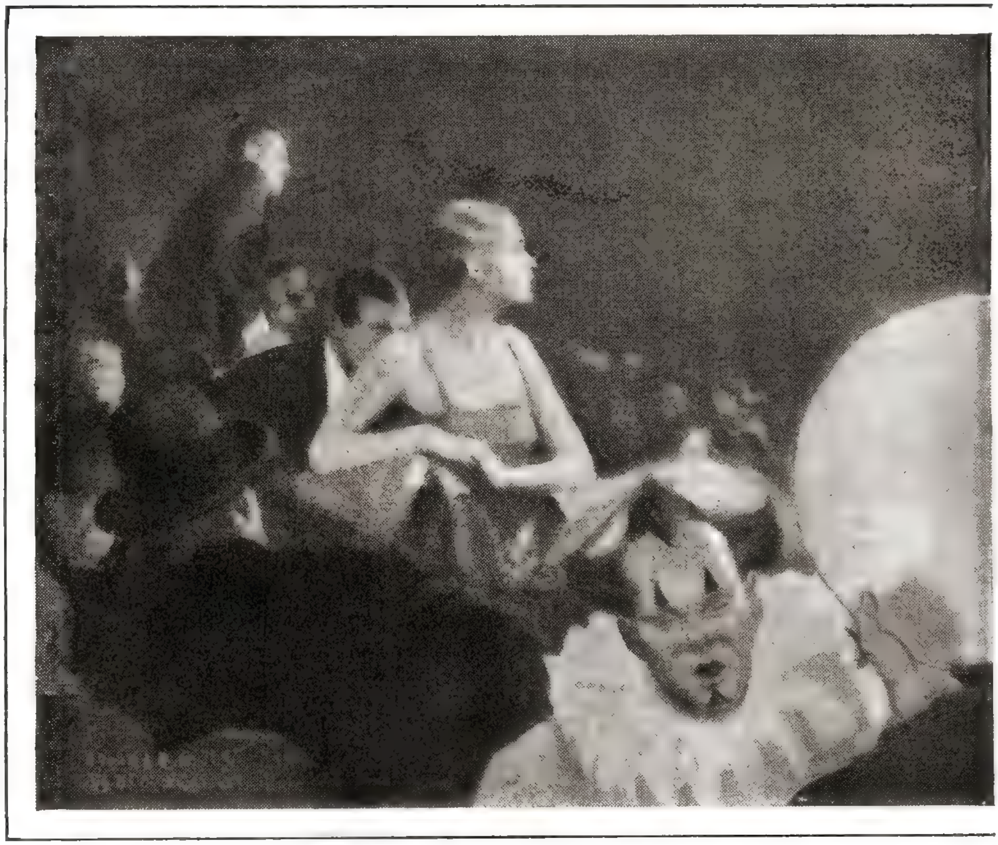


Illustrated by
Douglas Duer

Mike Donovan

The story of a fighting marvel who

IT WAS yet early on a June evening. All day the sun had scorched the little Kent village that was famous for nothing though it called itself Cowbridge Town. The river running under the bridge was five feet wide. In a meadow by it was the circus which had arrived before dawn that morning. A lethargy was over its performers. They had finished their matinée, the evening show was at hand.

In a gorgeous caravan the ring-master and his Yorkshire wife who had inherited the circus from her father were taking tea and cheese, on the trodden grass the band and the weight-lifter were snoring, while in a bell-tent the clown was standing on bent legs before five square inches of cracked mirror, making up his face, and Knocker Donovan, an exhibition boxer, was lying on his back.

"It's hot, by gad."

"What you grousin' about, Knocker?"

"Another show."

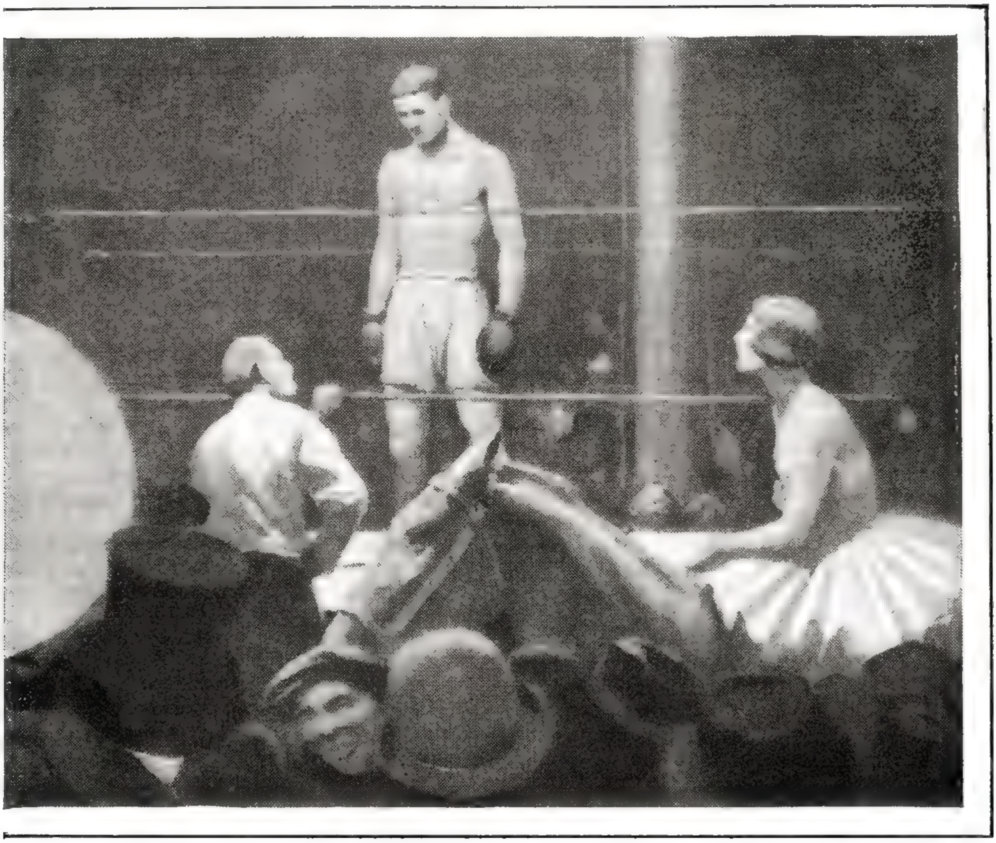
"Well, tomorrow's Sunday and we're not moving."

"True for you, but it's hot."

The clown stooped and passed a quart bottle. "Have a swallow."

"May the divil blow the roof off the house you're not welcome in."

They were an odd contrast, these two old



# of Ireland

By
Guy Fletcher

read destruction in a woman's eyes

men. Knocker Donovan, pale and shriveled, had wild gray hair and eyes. The clown had no hair at all, was full-blooded and inclined to stoutness. Just now with his red neck and white mask of a face he looked like a Hereford cow.

But they had much in common—which had made them friends. Both had known success, each was a widower, each had one child that was the pride of his heart.

The clown's was a girl—Joan who could do anything on the broad back of a circus horse; the boxer's was a boy—Mike, who, thanks to his father, could pack punches and slip them. They were engaged—they were going to be married when the luck came.

"Old Mike, thank God, is getting the hell of a fighter."

"U'm. . . ."

"I'm always watching him, Dannie. That big gossoon he knocked out this day had the gloves on before, but Mike got him with a one-two just as easy as that."

"Pity the boy can't get better tackle."

"Pity is it? Arrah, there's no grander experience than he's having. He's as sharp as a needle, used to a crowd, ready to take on the divil himself. It 'ull serve him when he gets in the square ring."

"Oh, yes," agreed the clown, but, looking into that little cracked mirror, he couldn't help wondering how Mike was going to get his chance.

He had no doubts, had Dannie, that the boy would make good if he did.

He had had his and made use of it, as had Knocker. But now—they were just two helpless old men who couldn't do a thing for the children they loved.

Coming from the river showed a young man and girl. Mike had his father's wild hair, though it was black, and eyes, though they were blue. He was well-muscled, quicker with feet and hands than he looked. Joan had brown curls, and blue eyes, too.

His shone as they strolled across the meadow. This was no third-rate circus to him, it was a glorious adventure as she was a glorious possession. Canvas gleamed and bellied in front of them, a double-bass murdered the air.

"Old Windbags is awake, acushla."

She nodded. It meant it was time to slip on her pink tights and ballet-skirt and ride into the blare standing on a fat white horse. She had been brought up to it—she loved it, but she loved Mike more.

"Wonder who you'll fight tonight?"

"Och. No one who can."

As they reached the circus her horse greeted her. The whole band was awake and mouthing. They came to a dark-skinned woman knitting a jumper in a circle of dogs. Mike cried: "Seven o'clock, Ninon."

"Mon Dieu." She raised her fleshy mass from the grass. "Lucide, Canalette, Allez."

Joan kissed Mike and flew. He went round to the front of the marquee where his father already was bawling.

"Walk up, walk up! And it's a divil of a lot you'll see."

Mike laughed and shouted. "Early doors this way—this way to the grandest circus in England it is."

And the father: "We box. We box."

And the son: "Positively the last performance this night."

Some village belles looked at him, giggled, paid their money. The band was now playing, "Yes, we have no bananas." Cowbridge Town and neighboring villagers poured into the meadow.

SOME half-hour later two automobiles drove up and a party of men in evening dress jumped out. They were in high spirits. One, a man in his thirties, hatless, with very close-cropped hair and a square chin, helped out the only woman among them. A rose du Barri scheme enhanced her fairness, from the rose trailed an orchid whose rich mauve made a striking silhouette on the whiteness of her breast; large luminous eyes gave her an almost spiritual loveliness.

They reached the pay-box. Cultured voices struck a singular note. "Who are the swells?" the proprietress asked the policeman as they passed in.

"From the manor. The one who paid is Viscount Forth."

"She his wife?"

"No—one of their set. She's down here often. Honorable Dorothy Cary."

All eyes left the heavy-man, who, squatted on the ground, was doing a one-hand dumb-bell swing, to gaze at the party from the Manor. Lord Forth was capable of doing most things, from steeplechasing by moonlight to winning D. S. O's., but he had never patronized the local circus before.

He was immensely interested as his party were amused. The glaring band, the sawdust, that fellow lifting a weight which they felt sure was *papier-maché*, that other fellow always cracking a whip, the clown making the children shriek, that damn pretty girl who at odd moments danced into the ring on horseback and did a box of tricks.

And presently a roped square was set up and the ring-master appeared with two pairs of boxing-gloves instead of a whip—which brought from Forth, "Good egg."

"Must have known you were coming, Alex," cried one of his pals.

"Ladies hand gentlemen—it is my privilege to introduce to you one of the very best 'middles' the Emerald Isle ever turned out. Knocker Donovan."

The band played a chord, and the old pugilist ran painfully into the ring—for he was so full of rheumatism that it hurt him to move quickly. He smiled; he was pathetic stripped, stood there holding his shrunk carcass and bowing his wild gray hair to the audience. This was all that was left to him of fame.

"Mike Donovan," another chord. The young man entered. Unclothed, with enormous shoulder muscles, he had looked a super-man alone, but beside his father he looked a god.

The old bruiser shouted: "A chip off the old block."

And laughter and cheers greeted that.

"Ladies hand gentlemen, Knocker Donovan will try and show you how he knocked out Seaman Cadle of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's fleet at Portsmouth in '92."

Loud applause: especially loud from the party from the Manor, though Dorothy Cary took no part in it. She was staring through a tortoiseshell-rimmed glass at the god.

The spar that followed was so ludicrous that people laughed until they cried. The wizened old man added to the mirth by keeping up a running flow of comments.

"Sure, you can fight, but you can't box your father. . . . Come on now—you're losing your morale entirely. . . . Go along out o' that" . . . *Biff!*

The old left connected feebly to the young jaw and youth crashed down.

"God, they've a nerve," said Forth.

Then as the ironical cheers faded, "Seaman hadn't a chance, had he?"

"No," from the children.

The ring-master turned to Mike who was rubbing his chin. "Like some more?"

"Och. I wouldn't at all."

Tumultous laughter.

"Here—I'll have a cut at him." This from the clown. Knocker covered up, Dannie rushed in, tripped at the right moment, somersaulted into Mike's arms and was borne out. The children split their sides.

And then the Knocker cried, "Good night, my hearties," and departed to a pint of the best.

The ring-master now picked up the gloves they had discarded and cleared his throat.

"Ladies hand gentlemen, in accordance with our challenge we here and now offer bank-notes to the value of twenty-five pounds to any one irrespective of weight who can knock out Mike Donovan in ninety seconds."

He looked round as all did to see who would rise, and then Tom Ashdown of Play Foot's Farm in Sunday best and blushing like a wench, got up and entered the ring, to applause. In thirty seconds he was asleep. Two more tried, but failed.

"Any more fighters in Bowbridge or district?"

Dorothy Cary's eyes were shining. Like the Praying Mantis she belied her appearance. Savage at heart she wanted in that primitive moment to see the god's face bloody, and she whispered impulsively to Forth: "Go and kill him, Alex."

"Yes—I know you."

She said: "You're afraid."

"Oh, am I?" And then to the delight of his compeers and of the whole audience Viscount Forth, D. S. O., peeled off his dinner jacket and jumped into the ring.

They gasped—the villagers of Cowbridge—and so did the staff of the circus. All knew by now the identity of this hard-looking man with the close cropped hair and square jaw who came forward over the sawdust as if he did this kind of thing every day of his life. They knew he was Lord Forth—they knew he was a crack boxer.

Old Knocker who had reappeared was standing proudly by his son. "God help him, it's your chance it is." The latter, silently agreeing and unperturbed, showed a smile to the peer. It was the ring-master who was pale.

"You henter for this competition?" he said dully.

"I do. Give me the gloves."

THE silence was electric. In the entrance to the ring Joan sat on her white horse and her cheek to its warm neck, her eyes on Mike. And the ring-master said, "You understand Lord, that you have to knock him out within ninety seconds to qualify for the award?"

"Cut out the cackle," said Forth.

And they were fighting.

The pace was terrific. Forth had no doubt that he could hand out a K. O. but knew, none better, that it needs a Carpentier or a hell of a lot of luck to hand one out in a minute and a half. But he had faced odds at Loos and he didn't give a damn for his stiff cuffs now.

"Thirty—forty—"

"Come on, my lord." The crowd were rising. But Mike could take punishment.

"Well done," screamed his father. "'Tis the divil of any twenty-five quid he'll get."

But nobody heard. Mike was smiling, then suddenly a left drive made his face redder than the thirst of the woman who had urged this fight. Spitting blood, while the crowd hurrahed, he looked into her eyes, and then in the flash of a second received a staggering right to the heart and collapsed to the floor.

A tornado of cheers—the ring-master, watch in hand, face gray as cement, Forth standing ready for Mike to rise, Knocker with hands clasped gazing at his son—the son rising only from the hips, seeing a mist before he rolled back unconscious.

There were two women feeling the extremes of emotion. One had her forearms uplifted on her breast and laughed with half-shut eyes; the other slid from her horse with a moan and ran into the ring. It had happened—the miracle. Some one who mattered had accepted the challenge in a spirit of fun—and knocked Mike out. *Knocked him out.*

He was to have been made; he was ruined. She heard the hurricane of cheers, saw the tears on his father's cheeks, saw the proprietress glaring, saw Lord Forth, with a laugh, putting on his coat, saw Mike being borne like a corpse from the ring.

"Ladies and gentlemen—"

But she turned and ran. Outside the stars lit the night—but Mike was undone. She flung herself on the grass. A horse came to her, sniffed her, rubbed its nose against her hot wet face.

Next morning, while Cowbridge was at church, Knocker Donovan and his son sat by the river. It shone and rippled past them, but neither was thinking of it. Each was thinking of last night's defeat.

"It beats me entirely how you came to be open as a barn-door—you with all my training. God in Heaven, what happened to you?"

"Eyes," said Mike.

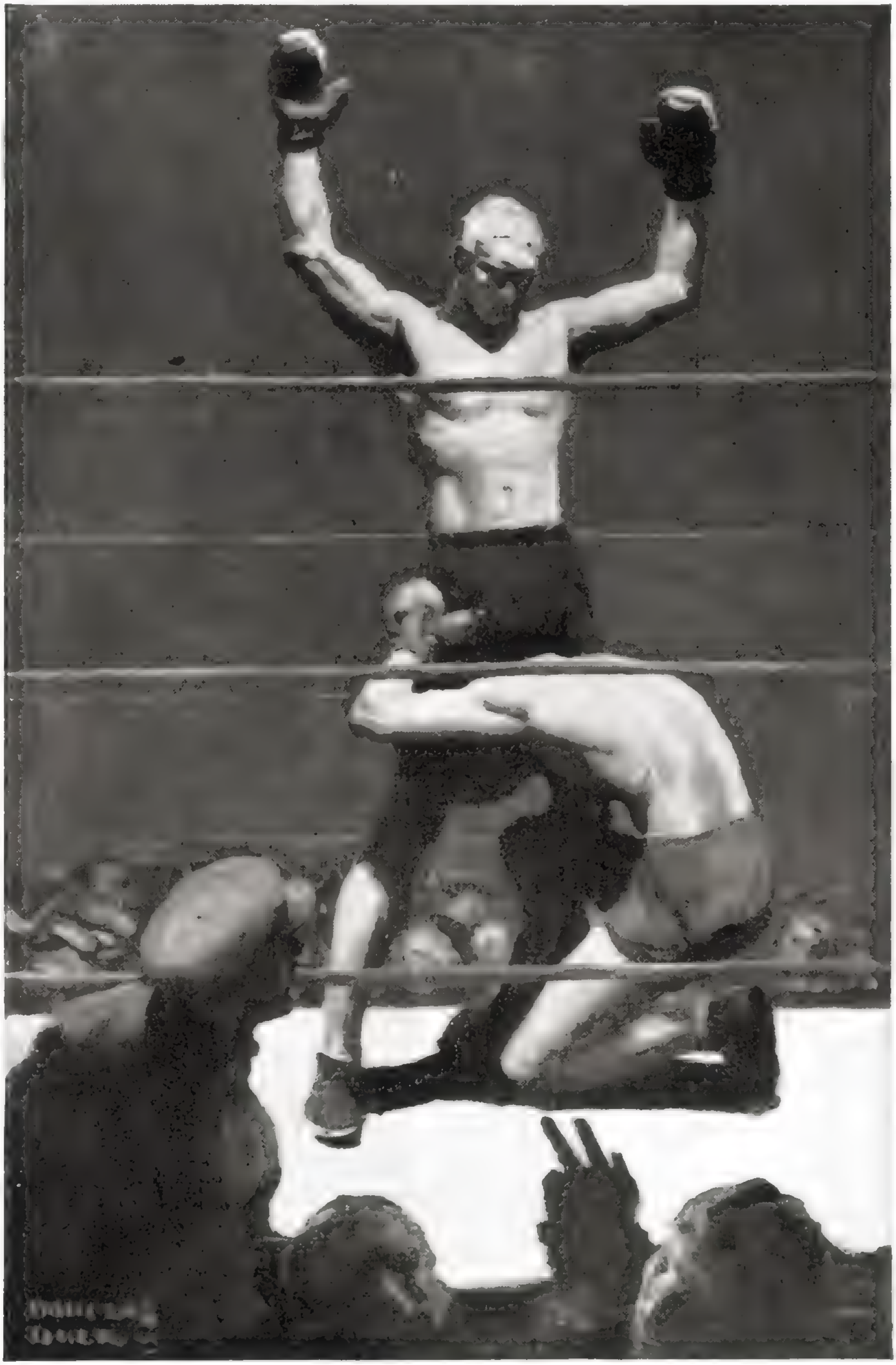
The old man looked at him. "What do you mean—eyes?"

"So 'twas."

"Is it crazy you are?"

"Maybe. But I tell you they was beautiful and shone at me out of the crowd when I had a mouthful of blood."

"Arrah, the divil's got hold of you, and neither of us went to mass this morning."



It came—it caught Mike on the temple. He fell to the canvas on his knees, his gloved hand round the waist of Blacksmith. Stayed there. Up went the smith's hands at once to avoid a foul. And that was the picture.

Ducks stood on their heads in the river, Knocker was standing on his. He knew the enemy of many a fine man with the gloves was a temperament.

"All the pride, all my pains and money—not that I had ever any—everything gone to the winds because my son sees eyes."

"Faith they saw him."

"Some slip of a girl's. God help you, indeed."

. . . "Hullo."

It was Joan approaching with her father.

Called Knocker: "Come here now till I tell you what beat him last night."

"A lucky blow," said Joan.

"Not at all—but a pair of eyes."

She glanced at Mike.

Said Dannie: "What did you put in his tea, Joan?"

They laughed, then suddenly heard hoof-beats and looked around. A man on a cob was cantering toward them.

"Mike Donovan?" he asked, pulling up.

"That's himself."

THE groom leaned from the saddle and tossed down a letter. "From his lordship." Saying which, he turned his mount and cantered away.

Knocker watched his son opening the letter. "Sure it's a sauce he has to add insult to injury sending you notes. What he does take us for?"

"Wait." Joan did with eager face.

Mike looked up. "He's wanting to see me."

"What for?" asked the clown.

"If it's giving you a quid he is for putting you to sleep," said Knocker, "clout him one across the jaw."

Said the clown, "Don't you go, Mike. He wants to patronize you and say how sorry he is."

"You're both wrong," cried Joan. "He's going to do something big for him. I feel it."

Mike rose. "She mightn't be wrong at all. It's ride up there I will, for I'm after seeing."

Together he and Joan hurried over the meadow to the gorgeous caravan where permission was obtained to borrow a horse. Then one was caught, a bridle strapped on him and Mike leaped on his bare back.

"It's your chance, Mike."

"Alanna." Their lips met. Then he disappeared in a cloud of dust and clattered up the metal road. Twenty minutes later he left the horse at the Manor stables, in another ten, stood in the library.

What a room! What wealth! What power he must have, thought Mike. Grand books all around him let into the walls, and through windows deer in a park. His Irish peasantry rose up in him. The English Lord who had bashed him, smashed him had been born to this. He clenched his fist. A voice said—

"Hello, Donovan."

Mike turned to stare resentfully into the square-jawed face of the man he had last seen with his coat off.

Forth summed him up; offered a hand, noted the reluctance to take it, "Come, we shook last night," he reminded him.

Mike shook again grudgingly.

"Sit down."

Unwillingly he obeyed.

The viscount stood before the fireplace, his strong-looking face close-shaved, hands in his pockets. "I sent for you," he said, "because I hate being in a man's debt, I owe you—"

"You owe me nothing at all."

Forth laughed good-humoredly. "I owe you what I've taken from you."

"A drop o' blood. That's nothing."

"Prestige—your prospects—that's a hell of a lot."

"You'd know they were less nor nothing," said Mike, "if you were in a circus."

"Well, I'll give you that. But I knocked you out."

"By luck, praise God."

"Yes—I had the disadvantage of a boiled shirt, but you more than made up for that by wool-gathering. I suppose you know you ought to have won?"

Mike was silent.

"Do you?"

"I do, of course."

Forth took out a cigaret-case. "Smoke?"

"I will not, thank you."

"Port?"

"It's beer, I drink."

"Have one?"

"I will not at all."

Then the peer, lighting up, remarked, "So you've no prospects?"

"Not the divil of a one."

"You can box and fight. Like a chance?"

Mike's eyes gleamed, his resentment vanished. "A chance is it?"

"Yes—I think you might call it that. You're welter at present, I should say. Will Godden's looking for a heavy. So's Britain."

When, half an hour later, Mike burst upon his father and Joan and Dannie over dinner on the grass, he couldn't speak.

Said Knocker: "Did he insult you with a blasted tip?"

And the clown: "Did he say how sorry he was?"

But Joan: "Look at him. Can't you see?"

Mike breathed quickly. His wild black hair wind-tossed, his eyes a-glitter with excitement.

"He's after believing in me—do you mind that now? Believing in me and having me trained he is—"

"Trained is it?" screamed his father. "And what in the name of God have I been doing for you all these years?"

"It's the truth, I'm telling you. He's after matching me in the square ring and backing me for thousands of pounds."

Knocker's mouth opened. "You don't mean that?"

"Faith and I do."

"It's surely joking you are?"

"I'm doing nothing of the kind."

"Give us your hand, my dear." He could say no more.

The clown gripped it too, and Joan cried, "What did I tell you? He's got his chance." And she flung her arms around Mike's neck.

"*Our* chance, acushla."

She laughed—a little hysterical laugh. "We'll be going on alone."

ON A June evening, a year later, while it was still daylight, two men got out of a cab outside a pub at Manchester. One had a swollen lip and a cut eye, the other looked sullen.

"There's Mike Donovan," said some one as they crossed the pavement.

Skirting the bars, they moved along a passage and up a staircase in silence. Mike's companion—his manager and trainer Will Godden—sat at once at a table laid for supper and poured himself a beer. Mike followed suit.

The door was shut. They sat alone in the gloaming in a private room, two men who were apparently not on the best of terms.

There was a letter on the cloth in front of Mike. It had the postmark Sevenoaks but he didn't look at it. He hadn't been interested in Joan or the circus for several months.

"You ought to be kicked," said Godden suddenly, "I hope Forth 'ull chuck you."

It hurt Mike to speak. "Och! and he can."

"Oh." Godden stared at him. "You're a liar all the same. You care a hell of a lot. . . . Damn it, I can't make you out."

He took a cut of cheese and juggled an onion from a bottle with a fork. "Sometimes," he said, "I believe you're a wonder, and sometimes I think you're a dud."

Mike sighed with boredom, and Godden went on:

"I've had you a year. You've played skittles with second-raters, but you've twice been beaten when you ought to have won in a walk."

"Yet I'm matched agen Blacksmith Webb," said Mike defiantly.

"And if you go on as you did tonight, it'll be good-by to the ring for you. What the hell was the matter?"

"I won I did."

"Oh, yes—you won—after going down twice—"

"Oh! hold your tongue."

Godden leaned forward. "What, and who's the woman?"

"What woman is it?"

"You know. You were knocked out at Barrow—you saw her next day—"

"It was friends I saw."

"You were knocked out at Bristol—you saw her again—"

"I tell you it was friends."

"Are you seeing her tomorrow?"

Mike flushed. "Friends I am."

"This woman."

"It is not."

"This woman, Donovan—this woman who's damning you."

Mike rose. "Say what you like, Godden, dear, it's to bed I'm going."

Left alone, Godden wondered what he should do. There was a woman following Mike round the country—demoralizing him. Undoing as good a lad as he had ever trained—one he had grown to love like a brother, who if he beat Blacksmith Webb next month at Olympia would be made. And Mike was seeing her again tomorrow.

At eleven next morning Mike Donovan approached the Midland Hotel. He looked round furtively lest Godden were following. He was not a bit ashamed, he was a lot excited. It was true what his trainer had said, and he knew it. He was in the power of a woman.

But she wasn't damning him. Och! she was honoring him. A great lady she was—the lady of the quality who was waiting for him. His heart pounded. The idea of suggesting that she brought bad luck to him. Godden was a fool. If he had been done at Cowbridge and Barrow and Bristol, and nearly last night, it was because he had been seeing her eyes—the most wonderful in the world—which drove everything from him. What did she want with him—sending him again? She must love him. He had never kissed her. Never! God, how he longed to.

Climbing the stairs to this woman who held him in thrall, he couldn't believe that such things had happened. A year ago he had been a simpleton, loving Joan and being loved by her, looking on this circus as a glorious adventure. But the glorious adventure was this. He was flattered, as men of humble position have been flattered by women of high before and will be again. His head was turned. He walked along the corridor thinking, "In a moment and I shall see her, I shall." And his senses swam.

He knocked, then, hearing her voice, entered. She was sitting by the window, her hair looked palest gold against the gray of Manchester as her faced looked white. Her red lips opened in a smile. He stood still, closing the door behind him.

"Mike Donovan."

Treading air, he went slowly toward her.

"You won last night."

He smiled. "But I deserved to be beaten, I did, for I was thinking of you!"

"Of me!" She waved him to a chair.

Now already under the gaze of her eyes he almost swooned. Had she told him to stand on his head he had done it. He drank in her perfume, it mounted to his brain like champagne.

"You knew I was there?"

"Faith I could feel it."

He sat awkwardly, his big puffed hands twirling his cap, his discolored lips and eyes marring the rude beauty of his great strength. Indeed, she marveled that this battered lout in his ill-fitting clothes could so stir her in the ring

"Don't they hurt?" she asked, nodding to his bruises.

He said, "They do but it's my heart I'm feeling."

That amused her.

"Ah, don't laugh at me," he cried. "Sure you must know it's loving you I am—"

She was astonished. This hoyden had been so servile before.

"And I'm mad and crazy at the sight of your eyes." He touched her white fingers with his black-and-blue ones.

She looked from them to him with supercilious reproof. "You thrill me in the ring."

"In the ring, is it?" He withdrew his hand.

She nodded.

"And only in the ring?" he asked.

She had seen him as a god there—as a god upon a sawdust once. "You're so wonderful when you fight." She fixed his gaze. "And so marvelous—when you're knocked out."

He was thinking of Godden and going cold—but her beauty held him.

"Nothing hurts you," she said mockingly, "or daunts you. You court pain. Had we lived in the Middle Ages you would have been Sir Michael—do you know that?—and my eyes would have followed you in the tourney."

He felt sick, for it seemed to him suddenly that that was what was happening now. Maybe Godden was right and she didn't love him at all.

"Sure they come to me they do out of all that crowd when I'm fighting—"

"To help you to win."

"To win is it?" he said pensively. "At Cowbridge they didn't and at Barrow they didn't—though I won. Is it hypnotizing me you are?"

A little hard laugh came from her. "How absurd."

But was it? She had said he was so marvelous when he was knocked out. "What is it you're wanting with me?" he asked thickly. "Do you—do you love me?"

She said with disgust: "Love you? Of course, I don't."

"You're joking sure?" For it was a sledgehammer blow to the heart—he reeled under it. "Then why?" he asked piteously, "are you traveling round the country after me—sending for me?"

Should she tell him that it stimulated her to see him smashed and amused her to receive him afterward? She equivocated by answering:

"Like to see you in the ring. It's life to me."

But her face showed him what she had shied at confessing. He rose. He said with horror:

"You like to see me stripped. You like to see me bloody."

She laughed.

Yes, he had knowledge of her now—the lovely, shameless creature. Soul she had none, her body was a snare, it was her eyes that were real. And they followed him—to defeat, not victory. She loved his pain and humiliation—it was life to her.

AND knowing that, he was conscious of conflicting feelings. He was repelled by the ugliness of her mind, he was drawn against his will to the beauty of her body. Desire for it fought with desire for revenge. And he knew that if his goriness was life to her her white throat was life to him.

"And I'll kiss it I will," he thought while she was talking; "and I'll kiss her lips because they are sweet whatever her wicked mind is."

And then he heard her laugh again, and then the words. "I shall be at Olympia for your fight with Blacksmith Webb."

"And will you make me lose?"

"Poor Sir Michael."

"Poor Sir Michael, is it?"

Control left him, desire for her was dead, the only longing that remained was to hurt her as she had hurt him. She was no longer the lady of quality out of reach, she was at his mercy. The lips doubtless Lord Forth had kissed, they were his; and he crushed her in his arms.

"You've been playing with me, and me worshipping you like a fool. And it's the divil you are and not an angel at all. Yes, laid awake I have, God help me, thinking of the scent and the beauty of you. And your mouth is as red and as sweet as a strawberry it is, and mine that has given you life is mangled to hell. Indeed, it's nothing but a beast you are, and so am I."

And he kissed her breath from her and, when he had done, flung her down. And she lay there crumpled up as he had lain in the ring, the blood from the opened wound of his mouth staining her face.

So, he left her, so, went out of the hotel, down Oxford Road to the thunder of the trams. He had never dreamed there were such women in the world, nor had he heard of the Praying Mantis that looks holy to devour.

Yet a Praying Mantis she was if ever a woman on earth was one. . . .

[*Continued on page 140*]

The One Who Gets Slapped

Pete Mardo, producing clown, has been trouping with the circus since he ran away, as a boy, to become an amateur acrobat. Wrecks, fires, blow-downs, and tornados have been incidental to his humorous experiences in the circus ring

by John Forbes

IN THESE days of elaborate circus spectacles and exacting audiences a producing clown must be many things besides a man with a funny make-up, bizarre raiment, and splayed feet. He must be a keen observer of human nature and a master of crowd psychology, an acrobat and mechanic, seamstress, and all around tinker. Yet, "Once a trouper, always a trouper," says this veteran clown, who loves his work because, "It gets into your blood, this gypsying, with the smell of the sawdust, the blare of the band, the flap of the canvas, the dependable cook-house, and the allure of the next town."

THE parade was passing along Superior Street in Duluth, Minnesota. Despite a cool breeze from the lake the sun was getting in some very effective work atop the parade wagon upon which the clown band was achieving exceedingly startling interpretations of "How Dry I Am," "The Old Gray Mare," "The Billboard March," and "In the Good Old Summer Time."

Suddenly a boy of six years, standing beside the curb, sighted the clowns in their grotesque make-ups and exaggerated habiliments. He burst into loud screams which rivaled the strains of the air-calliope and shrank behind the skirts of his mother.

"That punk's scared of us," said Pete Mardo, producing clown with the Sparks Wonder Circus, and at the moment featured slide-trombone with the worst—and by the same token best—clown band I ever heard.

"How unusual," I observed, "to see a child that is scared of clowns."

"Not at all," said Pete. (I trouped all through Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota with Mr. Mardo, so do not feel presumptuous in calling him Pete.) "All over the United States there are punks, or kids, with clown complexes.

"I don't know what the percentage is, but it is high enough. I used to wonder why they were afraid of us. Finally, I figured out that it was because their parents had from their toddling days threatened them with dire visitations from 'The Bogy Man' if they didn't drink their milk, or eat their porridge, or go willingly to bed.

"Perhaps in some instances, this fear may be due to pre-natal influences, or to false-face scares of a Hallowe'en night. Mostly though, I believe, the scared punks are that way because their fathers or mothers put the fear of the traditional bogy in their hearts, and we are the embodiment of that fear, with our white faces, blocked mouths and uncannily distorted eyebrows."

The conversation was interrupted while the populace was regaled with "The Old Gray Mare." Paul Wenzell, another clown, was a kind of self-appointed conductor and always called out the name of the next selection. I don't know whether he called out the names to apprise the clowns what was expected of them, or whether he did it to keep the boys in good humor. At any rate, calling the name of the ensuing brass storm had all the futility, as a gesture, of a man ringing a "No Sale" on a cash register.

After the tempest of discord had subsided, I prodded Pete further.

"Tell me some more about kids—or punks as you call them—and clowns," I said.

"Don't worry, I won't bite you," he shouted at a cringing youth on the sidewalk, "I'm chained."

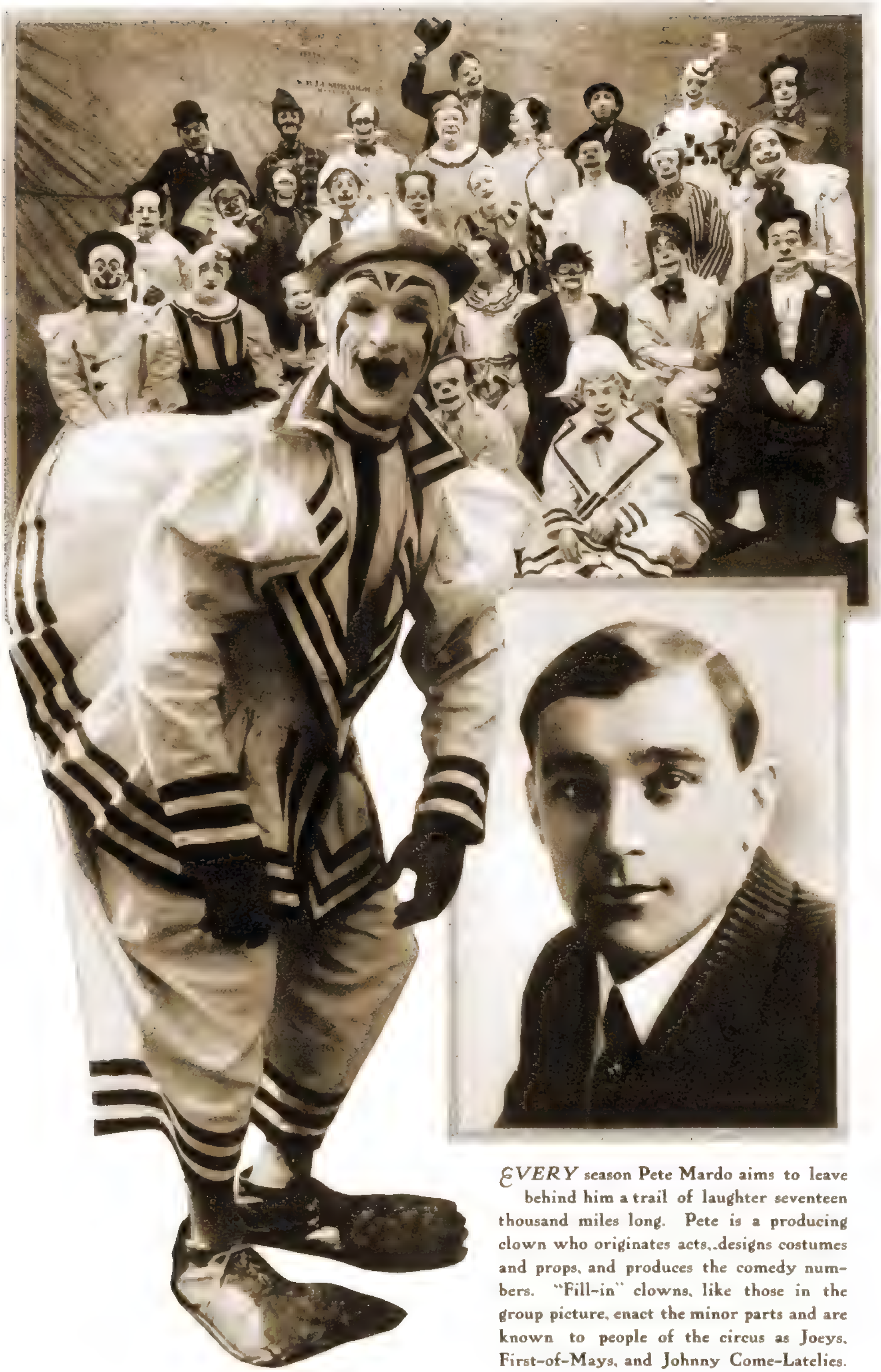
The kid stopped crying when thus reassured that Pete was chained. Then he burst out laughing. The shoe was on the other foot.

"There you have some kids' attitude toward clowns," he said. "See how that punk started laughing when he heard I was chained? To be a hit, a clown must be chained, or slapped, or tripped, or given the small end of the deal. Then the kids will laugh."

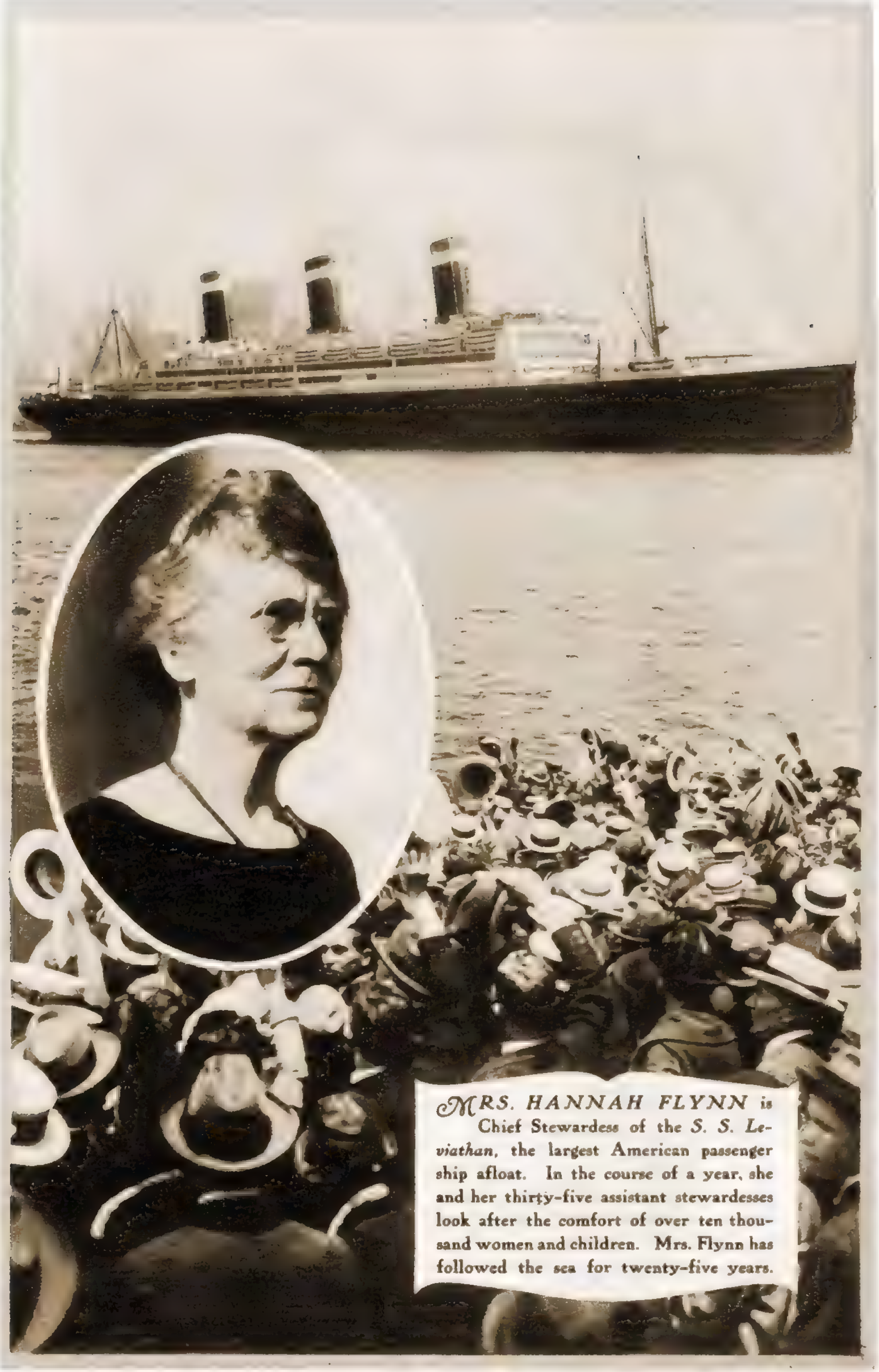
There was another interruption, for the crowds lining the sidewalks were demanding music—even the execrable clown music.

In the midst of a rendition of what I have

[*Continued on page 153*]



EVERY season Pete Mardo aims to leave behind him a trail of laughter seventeen thousand miles long. Pete is a producing clown who originates acts,.designs costumes and props, and produces the comedy numbers. "Fill-in" clowns, like those in the group picture, enact the minor parts and are known to people of the circus as Joeys, First-of-Mays, and Johnny Come-Latelies.



MRS. HANNAH FLYNN is Chief Stewardess of the *S. S. Leviathan*, the largest American passenger ship afloat. In the course of a year, she and her thirty-five assistant stewardesses look after the comfort of over ten thousand women and children. Mrs. Flynn has followed the sea for twenty-five years.

A Seagoing Housekeeper

Three thousand guests in a floating hotel look to Mrs. Hannah Flynn, Chief Stewardess of the "Leviathan," for all the comforts of home. She is prepared for everything from birth to death in the huge family entrusted to her care for six days between shore and shore

by Stella Burke May

ANY time the Chief Stewardess wants a change from nursing the sick, minding babies, cheering lonely passengers, and forestalling complaints with swift and tactful service, she can turn to checking up her housekeeping equipment. On board the *Leviathan* it consists, in part, of such items as two hundred and fifty thousand pieces of linen, three thousand yards of oriental rugs, and twenty thousand of domestic carpet, a library of five thousand books, and mattresses, bed covers, hangings, slip covers, and so on in equally impressive quantities—not to mention mountains of laundry and mending.

THE steamship *Leviathan*, gigantic blue-ribboner among Atlantic liners, warped up to Pier No. 86 and made ready to disembark her three thousand passengers.

Streaks of salt rust smeared her white hull. Her forward smokestack had a wind-washed look. For seven days the *Leviathan* had breasted an ocean hurricane that whipped the Atlantic into seventy-foot waves and kept Captain Herbert Hartley, her commander, on the bridge during all but two hours of that memorable voyage. In company with most of her sister ships, the *Leviathan* was two days late in reaching her home port.

Any experienced housewife who has had a week-end party stormbound on her hands for forty-eight hours longer than her original schedule, might imagine that three thousand heterogeneous guests marooned overlong on a floating island would cause considerable consternation and chaos in the housekeeping department.

Not at all. The *Leviathan*, looking like a thriving young city that had slipped from its moorings and drifted up the Hudson, touched the wharf with the same clock-like precision in all her departments as if she were just leaving port. The passengers crowding her skyscraper decks were festive as holiday celebrants watching the parade below. The ship's crew, responsible for the comfort and happiness of the voyagers, was—outwardly at least—as calm and unruffled as if the crossing had been over glassy seas and had terminated two days ahead instead of two days behind schedule.

Gangways were run out and made fast. Reporters, inspectors, visitors rushed aboard. A few impatient voyagers hurried ashore, but for the most part the passengers on the *Leviathan* seemed reluctant to end the journey. Over in an angle of C-deck square, an English duchess, a French prima donna, an American society belle, the wife of the world's greatest circus owner, a milliner from Minnesota, and a demure little school teacher from Iowa, were bidding a leisurely farewell to the ship's staff who had brought them safely over stormy seas.

"Where is Mrs. Flynn?" one of the women was asking. And another: "I want to say good-by to Mrs. Flynn." And still another: "I'm not going ashore until I've said good-by to Mrs. Flynn."

As if accustomed to appearing at call, Mrs. Hannah Flynn, Chief Stewardess of the *Leviathan*, in trim blue and white uniform with snowy collar and cuffs, came briskly along the corridor. A dignified little woman of middle-age, scarcely more than five feet tall, yet seeming taller, owing, probably, to the gallant poise of her capable head, and efficient erectness of her slim shoulders. There was a glint of gray in her hair. Her eyes had the far-away look of sailors long accustomed to the sea. Yet as she received the adieus of her passengers, there was in her gaze that penetrating directness of one who reads folks' minds.

"Thank you so much for your care," said one. "I should have been frightened to death if you had not calmed me. It seems trifling now. But it was my first sea voyage. My first storm."

"I shall see you on my return to France," said the prima donna. "Then I shall not have so much temperament. But I was fearful I should miss my engagement. And *mal de mer* does make me so cross."

A young girl of eighteen, traveling alone, held out a frank hand in farewell. "You're some chaperone, Stewardess, I'll tell the world," and with a laugh she was gone.

Mrs. Hannah Flynn paused a moment to see her passengers off, then hurried softly away. There was work for her to do, work for all the *Leviathan's* staff to do, for the responsibilities of the "shipkeepers" of the *Leviathan* do not terminate with arrival in port.

Down in his office amidship on F-deck, the indomitable Chief Steward, William J. Linn, courteous and debonair, having just said good-by to Rudolph Valentino, king of the motion picture stars, and a host of other notables who had crossed from the other side, was making plans for the outward voyage, taking stock of remaining stores, making out requisitions, receiving reports of his assistants, interviewing solicitors with bids for supplies. The second steward and maître d'hôtel, having closed their books on the departing passengers, were reorganizing menus, re-arranging the dining-room for the usual "in port" visitors and their luncheon parties. A deck or two below them, Chief Linen Keeper, E. Hertford, with his two assistants, was checking up the supplies of linen in store and listing the soiled laundry.

Up in the conservatory on the topmost deck, the ship's florist, having inspected all growing plants in sun parlors, dining-rooms, lounges, was itemizing his needs for the forthcoming trip. Down in the scullery, kitchen stewards were washing dishes and shooting them through steam dish washers at the rate of four thousand plates, cups, and saucers to the hour, piled up clean and shining. Pantry boys in their respective places were polishing silver—tons of it—knives and forks and spoons, trays and platters, piled up like cordwood, racks of silver teapots, acres of glassware arranged overhead in grooved runways. In recently vacated staterooms, bedroom stewards were turning mattresses and pillows, standing each piece neatly on its side to air, renovating drawers and closets, polishing white porcelain fixtures in lavatory and bathrooms, dusting chairs and divans and covering them with Holland linen slips, and leaving everything in readiness for the vacuum cleaners and the final inspection by the Chief Bedroom Steward. Elsewhere on the ship, chefs and electricians, maîtres d'hôtel and library stewards, deck boys and scrubbing crews, were going systematically through their daily routine.

Housekeepers all, keeping the *Leviathan* shipshape.

Housekeeper For a City at Sea

YET, without minimizing the importance of any of them, least of all the superhuman Chief Steward "Billy" Linn, with his staff of eight hundred stewards, chefs, maîtres d'hôtel, swimming instructors, hair-dressers, and beauty parlor specialists, it is safe to say that no job on the sea is of greater importance than that of Mrs. Hannah Flynn, Chief Stewardess of the *Leviathan*, who, in addition to directing her thirty-five stewardesses, holds the happiness of all the women aboard the ship in the hollow of her hand.

Not that she concedes this estimate of her worth. Far from it. She will shut her lips tight and smile that quizzical smile of hers if you suggest it. And if you pursue the subject further she will insist:

"It is Mr. Linn you're talking about. Chief Steward Linn is my superior. His is the important task. You have the names mixed. Linn and Flynn sound alike, of course. But my work is simply to keep the women and children comfortable and happy:"

"But you are responsible for thirty-five stewardesses," you insist.

"Oh, yes. We all work together. Each one has a block of staterooms assigned to her and she cares for the women and children in those staterooms. As long as things run smoothly my work is simple." Her firm lips are smiling now.

"Yet a homemaker on shore would feel that she had a pretty big job, directing a staff of thirty-five workers and keeping upwards of ten thousand women and children happy and comfortable during a year. And things go wrong at sea oftener than they do on land," you suggest.

"Oh, it's a big job. I admit that. We are dealing with a different individual every minute of the day. And the sea does change people. They have more time to think of themselves, more time to fret, more time to find fault. Yes. It is a big job. But ours is a big ship. The finest ship afloat. Look at the equipment we have to work with. Look at the means at hand to keep people happy!"

No argument there. The *Leviathan* is a big ship. Fifty-nine thousand, nine hundred and fifty-six tons, if that means anything to the landlubber. Nine hundred and fifty feet and seven inches long, one hundred and eighty feet high. Very much like a block of Fifth Avenue, people and all. While not, strictly speaking, the world's largest ship, while not, in its original structure, of American manufacture, while not even, in point of dollars and cents, an economic asset, the *Leviathan* is, nevertheless, dearer to the heart of the American people than any other merchant ship that ever sailed the seas and, to the American mind, worth all she costs.

Almost since she was built in Germany and christened the *Vaterland*, the ship has belonged to us. Brought to our shores on her maiden voyage and unable to return home because of the outbreak of the World War, she remained at the Hoboken pier from August, 1914, until April, 1917, when she was taken over by the

There is little to distinguish the public rooms on a modern ocean liner from those of a first class hotel anywhere. Much of the adventure of life on the ocean wave has vanished in recent years, but passengers find adequate compensation in the material comforts that make for happiness. Entertainment and diversion are provided for every minute in the day, and employees religiously observe the rule that "the passenger is always right."

United States government after the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Rechristened the *Leviathan* and rehabilitated as a troop ship, she landed her first contingent of American troops, something like twelve thousand of them, upon foreign soil on December 24, 1917, and continued to land them by the thousands until the end of the war.

Mrs. Flynn and I agreed it was a big ship, and well she knows, for she has served aboard since the first trial voyage of the vessel as a passenger liner soon after the war. A martial thrill is in it yet, in spite of the eight and a half million dollars expended in rebuilding, redecorating and reconditioning it, in spite of new decks that took the place of old ones worn down by our hobnailed soldiers. If you listen you can imagine the echo of soldiers' feet still marching aboard the *Leviathan*. Every state in the Union furnished something in the way of raw material when the *Leviathan* was made over into a passenger liner. One thousand firms were engaged in outfitting it. Two hundred and fifty thousand pieces of finest Belfast linen, three thousand yards of Oriental rugs, twenty thousand square yards of domestic carpet, a library of five thousand books, twenty-five thousand pieces of silver, five hundred miles of telephone wires, mattresses, bed covers, hangings of silk crêpe mohair—plain colors in first cabin, flowered pattern in second, striped in third. These are some of the items of equipment. Yes, the *Leviathan* is a big ship.

WELL might the Chief Stewardess say: "Look at the equipment we have to work with!"

Yet, as every woman knows, it takes more than material comforts to make for happiness. It takes that subtle thing called the woman's touch.

"Women travel alone more than they did twenty-five years ago when I began my work at sea. Young girls go about more without chaperones. They seem better able to take care of themselves, too. People say the young girl of today is strong-willed. She is, but she's stronger in other ways. She has more strength of character. That's because more is expected of her.

"Mothers go about with their children more than they used to. I mean young mothers with babies. They seem to think nothing of taking a baby to Europe—or taking a pair of them to Europe for that matter. One voyage

I had a mother traveling with twin babies, fretful ones, too. I'm afraid the library of five thousand books wouldn't have meant much to her if I had not occasionally given her a hand with the babies. But that's part of my job, keeping the women and children happy. I have many different types of people to deal with in a day's run, but no more than a clerk in a department store. The only difference is that she has them for just a few minutes at a time and I have them for a six days' voyage."

These are just a few of the services Mrs. Flynn performs in a day's run, as well as carrying the responsibility of thirty-five under stewardesses. Yet she does it all with ease and grace, because she combines the skill of an experienced mother and homemaker, the patience of a trained nurse, and the tact of a successful diplomat in her make-up. Still, she tells me, the joy of the sea to a seafaring soul more than compensates for the hard work.

For twenty-five years Chief Stewardess Flynn has been a seafaring soul. Born in Ireland but naturalized in America, she came honestly by her love of the sea, for her father was captain of a sailing vessel before ever the luxury of a *Leviathan* was dreamed of.

"People who travel today are as different as the ships that carry them are different from those of twenty-five years ago," says Mrs. Flynn. "People get more out of life. Think of the ships of those days. No music, no dancing, no swimming pools, no radio. And today all these things, with libraries, playrooms for children, orchestras, telephones, elevators. And I believe that people see more today; use their eyes better. Travel agencies and tourist companies have done much for the traveler. The returning traveler today is a bigger, broader person, with a bigger, broader outlook on life than he was a quarter century ago."

Romances a Woman Sailor Sees

THE poet who wrote that "homekeeping hearts are happiest" had never met Chief Stewardess Flynn. "Ship-keeping hearts" in her estimation, know a happiness all their own. She knows both sides of the argument, too, for she is the proud and devoted mother of four grown children and when on shore spends every available moment in her home and with her family. Yet, whenever she speaks of the sea that faraway look of the sailor comes into her eye. It is that which has kept her at sea for a quarter of a century.

"My father never encouraged me to go to sea," she said. "Rather he discouraged it. But after my children were born and it seemed necessary for me to seek a livelihood, I took to the sea as naturally as a duck to a pond. I've never had any fear of the sea and I've never been seasick. My first voyage was the worst one I ever had. I started out in a ship bound for St. John's, but I never reached St. John's and neither did the ship." That was all she would recount of that experience. "Oh, there's romance in the sea," she added, with enthusiasm. "And every voyage is a closed chapter when the ship touches port. [When she sails from the pier again, outward bound, a new chapter begins.] Life at sea has all the drama and some of the melodrama of life on shore. There is joy and there is sorrow. A baby was born in third class on this voyage when the hurricane was raging its worst, yet that mother was as happy as if surrounded by all the comforts of a peaceful home. We held a christening on board, the first officer officiating. Two days later a singer in one of the de luxe staterooms was mourning the death of her mother. The news had come to her over the radio. We have our joys and our sorrows—and we have our petty annoyances. There, for example, goes the family washing—the housewife's bugaboo."

We were near the deck rail and looking down—a long, long way down—we could see a small army of porters—two hundred in all, as I afterwards learned—trudging along the service gangway bearing bulging sacks of soiled linen from the week's wash. For linen is no object to the passengers on the *Leviathan*. They use it by the ton. Four sheets a day are allotted to each bed. A passenger who has remained abed all day must have fresh sheets for his night's repose. Two thousand bath towels are checked off daily for the swimming pool. If a passenger wants ten baths a day he may have ten bath towels. Three thousand napkins daily is the minimum allowance for seven hundred passengers in first class. As the Chief Linen Keeper explained to me: "One tray served in a stateroom requires three napkins: one for the tray, one over it and one folded for the passenger's use."

It was like a moving picture to watch Chief Linen Keeper Hertford, standing at the service gangway, check the laundry bags as they were carried off the steamer, keeping one-half of each tag, like the coupon of a theater ticket, in case of loss or damage. One hundred and fifteen thousand pieces of soiled laundry went ashore that day. Linen Keeper Hertford told me that he and his two assistants had sorted and bagged and tagged napkins, sheets, tablecloths, towels, cooks' aprons, caps, chair backs, and chair covers. (There are two sets of washable slip covers for every stateroom.)

The romance of the sea percolates to the linen room as its province was described by Chief Linen Keeper Hertford. He pictured the phantom figures of bedroom stewards slipping quietly through the staterooms the moment they are vacated at a port, gathering up soiled laundry—the supply for the previous day having been already sorted and bagged—

shunting it down laundry chutes that it might be ready for the laundry wagons within an hour after the vessel made port. Only ships on long cruises and world tours carry a laundry aboard. On short Atlantic voyages, the laundry must often be returned within twenty-four hours, and when it is returned, two assistants work from seven o'clock in the morning until seven at night replacing the family wash in its little cubicles in the linen room.

And what of damaged goods? Table cloths burned with cigaret sparks, napkins washed not wisely but too well, towels cut by the careless passenger with his safety razor?

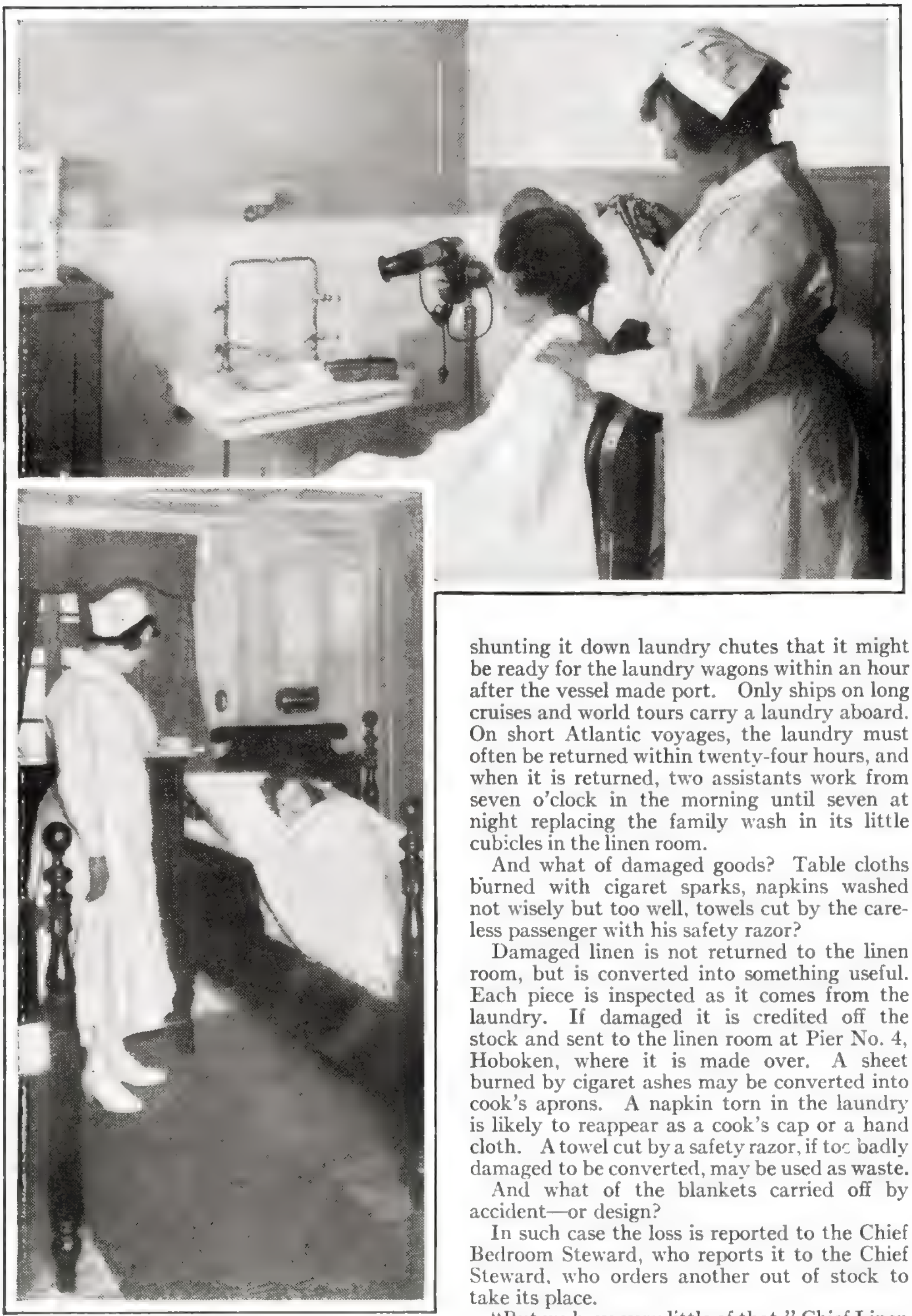
Damaged linen is not returned to the linen room, but is converted into something useful. Each piece is inspected as it comes from the laundry. If damaged it is credited off the stock and sent to the linen room at Pier No. 4, Hoboken, where it is made over. A sheet burned by cigaret ashes may be converted into cook's aprons. A napkin torn in the laundry is likely to reappear as a cook's cap or a hand cloth. A towel cut by a safety razor, if too badly damaged to be converted, may be used as waste.

And what of the blankets carried off by accident—or design?

In such case the loss is reported to the Chief Bedroom Steward, who reports it to the Chief Steward, who orders another out of stock to take its place.

"But we have very little of that," Chief Linen Keeper Hertford told me. "That is how the situation would be handled in case such an emergency did arise."

Chief Linen Keeper Hertford would not for the world criticize the act of any passenger on



Women and children first! There is scarcely any limit to the amount of time and attention that a woman can demand from her stewardess, hence the impossibility of determining in advance the number of passengers a stewardess can serve.

the *Leviathan*. This attitude of loyalty to their departing passengers is found in all departments aboard. You can no more persuade an employee on the *Leviathan* to criticize the passengers than you can persuade a proper hostess to backbite her departing guests.

"The passenger is always right!" Chief Steward "Billy" Linn assured me. And Billy Linn has known a lot of ships' passengers since he ran away to sea at the age of ten and worked his way up from the ship's galley on a sailing vessel, doing everything aboard a long succession of ships, from scrubbing pans to catering to the appetites of the crowned heads of Europe.

"Most people know what they want," he says. "It is our job to see that they get it if it is within the realm of the attainable." Chief Stewardess Flynn holds the same opinion.

"It takes patience to be a stewardess," she admits.

"Not because all people are fussy. Many—perhaps most—are not. But on sea, in the line of duty, we are dealing with a different personality every minute. We have to think quickly sometimes and to change our tactics many times a day. But there are more reasonable than unreasonable human beings in the world."

Big People Are Easy to Please

CONTRARY to the general belief, actresses and grand opera singers are not difficult to handle. I do not explain this, I merely state it as a fact. People accustomed to work for a living, accustomed to taking orders, are usually considerate of those who serve them. Chief Steward Linn and Chief Stewardess Flynn are agreed on that.

"I think of all the people who have ever traveled on my ships, General Pershing and Cardinal Hayes were, perhaps, the easiest to please. Big men, as a rule, are simple people. They want no exceptions made in their favor. They ask no special service. They do not insist on sitting at the captain's table."

Once in a while a traveler makes life difficult for every one else on board. Sometimes it is a man, sometimes a woman. Chief Stewardess Flynn told me of such a one, a woman.

"She occupied a suite and she demanded the entire time and attention of one stewardess from the beginning of the voyage to the end. Not once on that trip did her stewardess have a moment to devote to any other passenger on the ship," the Chief Stewardess explained. "Of course we do not limit a stewardess's attention to a passenger. The number of women a stewardess can serve depends entirely on the individual temperaments of the women. Sometimes a stewardess can serve twenty passengers, sometimes only ten. But this is the first case on record where a woman demanded a stewardess's entire time."

Yet the Chief Stewardess was not critical. "I do not know whether the woman was thoughtless, or unreasonable, or whether she was ignorant of the duties of a stewardess. It was not part of my job to analyze the situation. My duty was to see that the passengers got service. If any of them felt that she was entitled to more than another, she must have it. We had plenty of other stewardesses to attend to the wants of the other passengers."

Asked if she felt that the American woman has the requisite tact and patience to make a good stewardess, Mrs. Flynn believes most assuredly that she has.

"An American woman over thirty, accustomed to serving others and amenable to discipline, makes the best stewardess in the world." Patience, in the opinion of Mrs. Flynn, is not always a virtue. Sometimes, as in the case of imaginary seasickness or nervous fear, too much patience on the part of the stewardess often accentuates the trouble. A little impatience sometimes is salutary. Tact and common sense are fully as essential as patience.

"All of our stewardesses are over thirty," the Chief Stewardess explained. "Most of them are married or widows. We select women over thirty with tact and common sense."

When asked about romances aboard ship, Mrs. Flynn's lips tightened. If I had a secret I wanted to share with some one who could be relied upon to keep it, I should tell it to Chief Stewardess Flynn. She knows how to keep silent in seven different languages, including Gaelic.

"Every voyage is a closed chapter," she said, with a knowing twinkle in her eye. "What we see, we see and forget. Of course, there is romance in the moonlight and the water. But many an ardent love affair aboard ship dies like a stranded fish the moment land is touched. The sea does change people. It changes me. At sea I'm Mrs. Hannah Flynn, Chief Stewardess without a thought of land. On land I'm Mrs. Hannah Flynn, mother of four children, without a thought of the sea."

It was easy to realize that land might be forgotten when I learned the scope of her work—work which, in the democracy of the *Leviathan*, is a division of labor with the stewardesses under her. In addition to acting as top-sergeantess, taking her orders from the Chief Steward and, in turn, bearing the responsibility of the discipline and efficiency of the thirty-five stewardesses under her, she is, at the same time sharing their work. True, the women passengers assigned to her are often in the suites de luxe, yet there is no part of the ship where there are women, but directly or indirectly, feels the touch of her deft fingers.

From seven o'clock in the morning when the first flash of the green signal light in the corridor summons her to one of the staterooms until every little wavelet has its nightcap on and the night steward goes on watch, she is constantly on the jump. There goes the green signal light again summoning her to Room 615. The passenger wants hot water, lemons, salt. Mrs. Flynn walks a quarter mile to the pantry and back with this order. The baby in Room 635 has the colic. Mrs. Flynn must summon the doctor and then, perhaps, walk the baby while the mother dresses for breakfast. The motion picture actress in 845 has blown out the electric fuse with her curling iron. Mrs. Flynn must call the electrician to replace it. The school teacher from Iowa wants to know what to wear for the afternoon tea. Mrs. Flynn must give advice. Alice for Short has been dancing too often with the Male Vamp from Minneapolis. The Chief Stewardess suggests that the Nice Boy from St. Louis dances better. Then she is off again on her rounds buttoning or hooking dresses, giving advice about costumes, mending occasionally, holding conferences with her stewardesses, reading to sickabed travelers, assisting mothers with their little ones, comforting the afflicted, and walking, walking, walking, miles and miles through deck and corridor and lounge. Even after she has retired for the night she is always on call in case she is needed. Small wonder that home is forced out of her mind during the voyage.

"Tell me about your children," I pleaded.

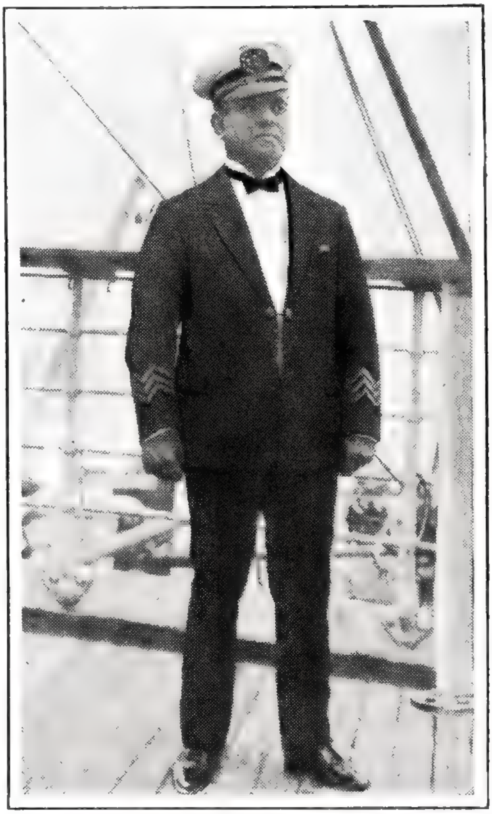
THE look of a proud mother came into her eyes. "Some day, when we meet on shore," she said, "I will tell you all about them. All the worth while things they are doing; all the big things I expect of them. But if I ever start that now," and she threw up her hands and hurried away once more—this time to attend to her packing. For every trip to the home port is spring housecleaning—or rather spring moving day—for the stewardess who removes her personal belongings from the ship every time it reaches the home port.

"We must keep house, yet always avoid the appearance of housekeeping," "Billy" Linn explained. "All our work must be done with the minimum degree of visibility. We must always appear to be clean and never appear to be cleaning."

Any one who has traveled on some coastwise steamer in a foreign sea and has been awakened at daylight by the scrubbing crew singing sailors' chanteys in raucous voices, while with a banging of buckets and squeegees they slosh down the decks, will appreciate this consideration.

"Our scrubbing crew begins at two o'clock in the morning," he said. "But they must work silently. They are instructed to remember that they are the only people in the world awake at that hour."

I went aboard the *Leviathan* again one day, a week or so later, when seas were calmer and the whole atmosphere of the ship one of welcome to the coming rather than speed to the parting guest.



He ran away to sea at the age of ten. Chief Steward "Billy" Linn of the *Leviathan* worked his way up from the ship's galley in a sailing vessel to the head of a staff of eight hundred stewards, chefs, maîtres d'hôtel, swimming instructors, hair-dressers, and beauty specialists.

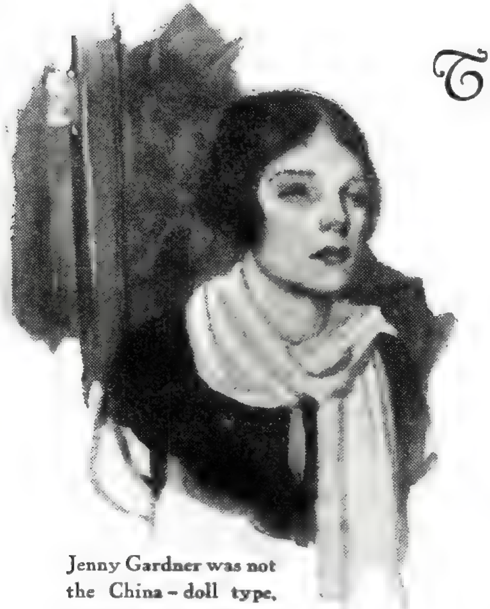
Mrs. Flynn was there, pottering about, putting her stateroom in order, stowing her personal belongings in wardrobe and drawer.

She was humming a little tune.

"You've enjoyed your shore leave?" I asked.

"Oh, so much," she replied, humming the tune once more. Then she turned toward me and there was something anticipatory in her expression, and in her eyes that faraway look that is in the eyes of sailors long accustomed to the sea. Home was once more behind her; Mrs. Hannah Flynn, Chief Stewardess, was outward bound, off for another voyage.

No, the poet was all wrong about "homekeeping hearts." "Shipkeeping hearts" are happiest.



Jenny Gardner was not the China-doll type, but she was a beauty.

The Sergius

A carelessly spoken phrase becomes the password to adventure

Illustrated by

STANDING on the Pont Alexandre III, with the electric glories of the Paris exposition all about him and the Eiffel Tower scintillating in the night sky above, Jim Lewis uttered the historic words:

"I've broken my watch crystal. Where can I find a jeweler?"

To put it mildly, Jim Lewis was confused. He spoke excellent French but had been in France only two days, though three war-years had been spent here. How he came to be on this bridge toward midnight, Jim was not certain. A young lady's engagement had been celebrated by a party at one of the pavilions, and Jim, drawing the consolation prize of an invitation, made the most of it. He was not particularly sorrowful, but thought he was, so he drowned sorrow very successfully. And now—here he stood, addressing an agent of the police, while a throng of men were listening and laughing.

"*J'ai cassé le verre de ma montre—*"

The agent grinned. One of the men in the group uttered a laugh. Two other men strolling along past the shops of the bridge, halted and then made their way closer to the American.

It was indubitably true that Jim Lewis had broken the crystal of his wrist-watch. How it had been broken, he could not say. But he was unaware that he had uttered a classic slang phrase, not at all used in good society. When a Paris gamin slips on a wet street and sits down hard, his companions burst into gleeful song—"Look at Jean! Look at Jean! He's broken the glass of his watch—"

The two men who had strolled up together, exchanged a low word. Then they approached the agent and Jim Lewis. They were not smiling, and even seemed a trifle annoyed. One spoke to the agent, low-voiced.

"Our friend forgets himself—one has sampled the good wine of France too generously, perhaps! Well, we'll take care of him."

The agent nodded, well-pleased. It was part of his job to assist convivial diners on their way home, and he was not sorry to shift it to other shoulders. The second man took Jim Lewis by the arm.

"So here you are! We've been looking for you. Come along and we'll find the jeweler."

"Fine," said Jim with gratitude. "Nothing like having friends, is there? Friends always turn up, even in Paris. Lead the way, friend, and I'm with you—"

One man took his arm on either side, and the three started for the right bank.

"This is terrible!" said the man on the right, with something like a groan.

"Yes, sir, it is," agreed Jim earnestly. "Here I only got to Paris yesterday, or the day before, and find my girl engaged. That's terrible enough."

"No wonder he never showed up," said the man on the left. "He's been drunk all the time." He shook Jim's arm. "You're a fool!"

"I know it," admitted Jim cheerfully. "Nobody knows it better, partner."

"You were half an hour late for the appointment, and at the wrong place on the bridge."

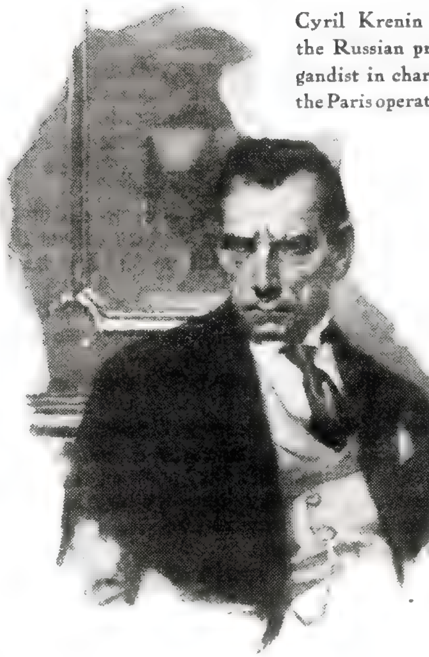
"Thas'sall right," and Jim's assent was vague but hearty. "Lucky to be there at all, if you ask me! Anybody who's broken the crystal of his watch is out of luck. I broke it. You can see for yourself."

"It's lucky you turned up," said the other. "We've booked passage for you on the noon plane to London. Fits in very well that

Stones

A Complete Novelette by H. Bedford-Jones

R. J. Cavaliere



Cyril Krenin was the Russian propagandist in charge of the Paris operations.

there's no examination of air passengers' luggage, eh?"

"I don't wanna go to London," said Jim, catching the salient point of all this. "I got a month to see Europe in, and I don't like fogs."

"That's all right," said his companion soothingly. "You get to bed and clear out your head. You'll have to be up early—we'll get you out to Le Bourget by eleven-thirty. No use talking to you now, though. Come along and forget your troubles. It passes understanding why they should have sent an irresponsible man like you, but that's not our affair."

"They sent me because I was a good man to send," stated Jim positively.

"Very likely. But you should not have been drunk all this time."

"I was not drunk, and I'm not drunk now," declared Jim. "I'm just a little bit mixed up after all those toasts. And I'm supposed to meet a man in Paris, too—that's why—they sent me over. Got to see him the next day or two—'portant affair. You see, it concerns a new principle in bridge-building—"

He was silenced by a sudden glare of light. They had left an exit, and in the street before them stood an automobile, its lights flashing on and off. The second good Samaritan came to them, took Jim by the other arm, and he was bundled into the car, stumblingly. The others followed, and the car rolled away almost in silence.

The two men spoke together in low voices, in a strange language. One lighted a French cigaret, and the fumes were stifling, in the closed car. They just about finished Jim Lewis, so that he had only a vague memory of what followed. A marvelously pretty girl was in it somewhere, but he could not recall just where. . . .

Jim Lewis waked with a perfectly clear recollection of his meeting the two friends and of what had happened up to his getting into the car. One vagary of good wine is the clear-cut memories and equally clear-cut oblivions it leaves behind.

He sat up, saw a tray on the table beside his bed, and investigated. There was no ice-water, but there were coffee and rolls and butter, and he piled into them at once. While eating, he investigated his surroundings. The room was rather ornately furnished in heavy French style, and very comfortable. On a chaise-lounge were laid out garments—not his own, but new and neatly folded. Silk underwear, silk shirt, a very handsome tweed suit, and a small traveling bag. On a table near it were his own belongings—passport, money, jewelry.

"Gosh!" said Jim Lewis, staring. Next moment he heard voices, and saw his door was slightly ajar. A girl's voice, bringing vague memories of the previous night.

"Certainly I'll know him, if he's the man! We must make certain."

"By all means," another voice, silky, smooth. A man's voice, this. "The name is not the right name. On the other hand, the man had the password. It was not at all sure what name he would use, owing to difficulties in securing a passport. You will recognize him?"

"Of course. I know every one of them, and if he is the right man he'll recognize me. Wait here and listen. He'll call me by name if he's met me in America, or I'll know him again."

The door was quietly opened, and a girl slipped into the room. She was quite the most ravishing girl Jim Lewis had ever seen, but he was given no chance to appraise her. She gave him one look, made a gesture of caution, then came forward and held out a slip of paper on which were scribbled two words. With an effort, he answered the appeal in her eyes.

"Jenny Gardner!" he exclaimed. "How's the young lady? You remember me?"

Relief, swift and inexpressible, flooded in the blue eyes. A little laugh bubbled on her lips, and the girl seated herself on the bed beside him.

"So you're using the name of James Lewis, eh?" she exclaimed. "Naturally, we were mixed up over it."

"So was I," Jim responded with heartfelt meaning.

She made him a gesture of caution, rose, and went to the door. She stood there for a moment, talking with the man outside. Jim Lewis caught only snatches—"get him here with the stones . . . time to lose . . . Le Bourget by eleven-thirty . . . "

What a beauty! Half a roll forgotten in his hand, Jim Lewis stared at her as she stood there. Few other men would have thought her beautiful, but Jim Lewis had his own notions as to what made beauty; he usually steered clear of the china-doll type. Civil engineering, city planning, and other odd jobs had perhaps taught him that handsome is as handsome does, or the lesson might have come from observing the contrary.

AT ALL events, Lewis had come to France to make money and see sights, and having just lost one object of adoration, was in no mood to have his head turned by anything wearing skirts unless it were exceptional. This one, he assured himself, was highly exceptional. She might not have a face to make a painter rave, but she had the sort of personality that reaches out and hits—the sort of girl whose absence is felt even more than her presence.

"I'll play her game anyhow," thought Lewis, "and see what comes of it. Why did she have that paper ready with her name on it. Because she saw me get here last night, of course. But as for the rest of it—gosh! I'd better eat."

He did so. Jenny Gardner left the door, closed it, and came back quickly to the bed, her dark blue eyes dancing eagerly. She spoke softly, rapidly.

"Are you game? Hurry up, no time to explain!"

"You bet," said Lewis promptly. "If I'm on your side."

"You are, you tousel-headed angel! If—"

"If I'm an angel, you're what would tempt any angel to fall," said Lewis. "I don't wonder the angels weren't satisfied with heaven—"

"Stop it!" she exclaimed, irritated yet laughing frankly at him. "You landed on the twentieth at Cherbourg, according to your passport—therefore you were on the one-cabin *Lancastria.* Did you see anything of another man on that boat, about your build, named Watson?"

"I did, Sherlock," said Lewis. "He's in the Cherbourg hospital with a fractured skull. I took him there and sent word to the consulate. He was hit by—"

The girl caught her breath sharply.

"Oh! Then we can do it after all! Your name in America was Watson, remember that, if any one on the inside gets talking about it. Say you were told to forget everything else. Refuse to talk—claim you are here to take orders and nothing else. Play it safe, get me? And don't recognize me on the plane unless I speak to you first. Can do?"

"You bet. But I want to know—"

"It isn't what you want but what you get." Jenny Gardner moved to the door, put her hand on the knob, flashed him one serious, earnest look. "And you'll get plenty if they suspect one thing wrong! Plenty Watch your step."

With this she was gone.

Jim Lewis shook his head and went on with his slender breakfast. It had just vanished when the door opened again. A man came into the room, crossed to another, murmured a good morning in French, and Lewis heard water splashing in a tub.

"Your bath will be ready immediately, monsieur," said the man, a sleek individual.

"Got a valet, have I?" thought Lewis, and left his bed. He went to the window and looked out. He was on the third floor above a narrow street, walled by apartment buildings. He could see the blue street-sign on the corner building opposite—Rue Jasmin. This, he recollected, was a very short, aristocratic street in Auteuil. He turned and looked at the clothes laid out for him, and whistled.

"Hm! Purple and fine linen all right, and monogrammed. Looks like Greek, so it must be Russian. And that chap last night was named Cyril. What's Jenny Gardner doing with a lot of Russians in Paris? They're bad medicine, by all accounts."

He went in to his bath.

Lewis did as he was told, and kept his mouth shut, knowing better than to try pumping the valet, whom he dismissed. Shaved and bathed, dressed in his luxurious raiment, he lighted a fat, loose cigaret from a box on the table, and reflected. He had nothing to worry about. He was alone in Paris, his belongings would be kept at his hotel until he could send word, and the touch of mystery in this affair fascinated him.

He could see how it had all come about, yet he wondered at the vagary of fate. Pure chance had led him to a maudlin search on the previous night, had brought to his lips a password or catch-phrase predetermined upon by these Russians. The man who had come from America to meet them, lay in the hospital, safely out of the way. What was it all about then? Stones, jewels of some kind—was this a gang of thieves?

Opening the handbag, Lewis found it packed with clothes, and nearly full. There were also some English magazines and a toilet-kit, a handsome one. His broken wrist-watch had been replaced by one of gold. Lewis was surprised to find it long past ten o'clock.

THE door opened and the valet appeared.

"If monsieur will descend to the little salon? Count Gregory is here, and awaits monsieur below."

Lewis nodded and followed his guide. The "descent" was a matter of only a few steps, to a long corridor on which hung heavily framed portraits; he passed to the rear of the apartment, really the front. The valet threw open the door of a small salon, furnished with gilt chairs and knickknacks. Two men were seated here. One was smooth-shaven, sleek, the Cyril of the previous evening. The other was magnificently bearded, a gray veteran, who rose and bowed as Cyril performed the introductions.

"This is our friend from America, at present known as M. Lewis. It is he who handles the affair for us."

"Good," said Count Gregory. Despite his leonine appearance, the man did not appeal to Jim Lewis, who had no great use for European nobility in general. From his pockets, the count now produced six portfolios of soft brown leather, and handed them to Lewis.

"I brought them into France in the same way," he said, "I believe they fit?"

The obvious thing was to try. They were too large for ordinary pockets, and with a shrug Lewis tried one on an inside pocket. To his astonishment, it slipped in—a perfect fit. The suit had been specially made to receive them.

"Excellent!" approved Cyril, leaning forward. "Now, the other pockets—"

He indicated them, and Lewis found two in his waistcoat, two more in his coat.

"One in the light overcoat," said Cyril.

It was plain enough—a smuggling game. Lewis frowned slightly—did these six leather books hold jewels, then?

"The method is safe?" he said inquiringly. Cyril spread his hands and shrugged.

"Why not? There is no customs examination of baggage by the air line to London, just as there is none in France—when the passenger is an American tourist. At New York, there is no personal examination except on the big boats. Cabin-boat passengers are not examined unless the *douane* there has reason to suspect them. There is no reason to suspect you. You go from London, not from the continent. You go on a small steamer, with a crowd of other cheap fares—excellent!"

Count Gregory rose and held out his hand to Lewis.

"They are in your keeping, comrade. Good luck!"

"Same to you," said Lewis. The count took his hat and stick, and left. Cyril saw him off, then came back to his guest.

"We had better be off. I have a taxicab waiting. A private car would be too noticeable at Le Bourget—we are not dealing with fools, I assure you! At Croyden, however, Bantoff will meet you with his car. I've already wired him the name you're using, so he'll not mistake you. Everything at London will be in Bantoff's hands, of course. Mlle. Gardner will go over with you and advise Bantoff, being thoroughly familiar with steamship lines and so forth, but she'll not recognize you while en route. Now, then, is everything clear?"

"Quite, thank you," said Lewis, and prayed for absolution from the lie. The only clear thing was that he must ask no questions but play the game blindly.

"Good. I'll not go out farther than the gates with you." Cyril jerked a bell-pull and the valet appeared. "Our things. Bring down the bag to the car."

Two minutes later, Jim Lewis slipped into a light overcoat, in whose breast pocket the sixth leather case fitted perfectly, took hat and stick, and followed Cyril down to the street while the valet brought his grip. An ordinary Renault taxi was waiting, but no orders were given the driver. He took the bag beside him, closed the door, and set off for the Place de la Concorde at a speedy gait.

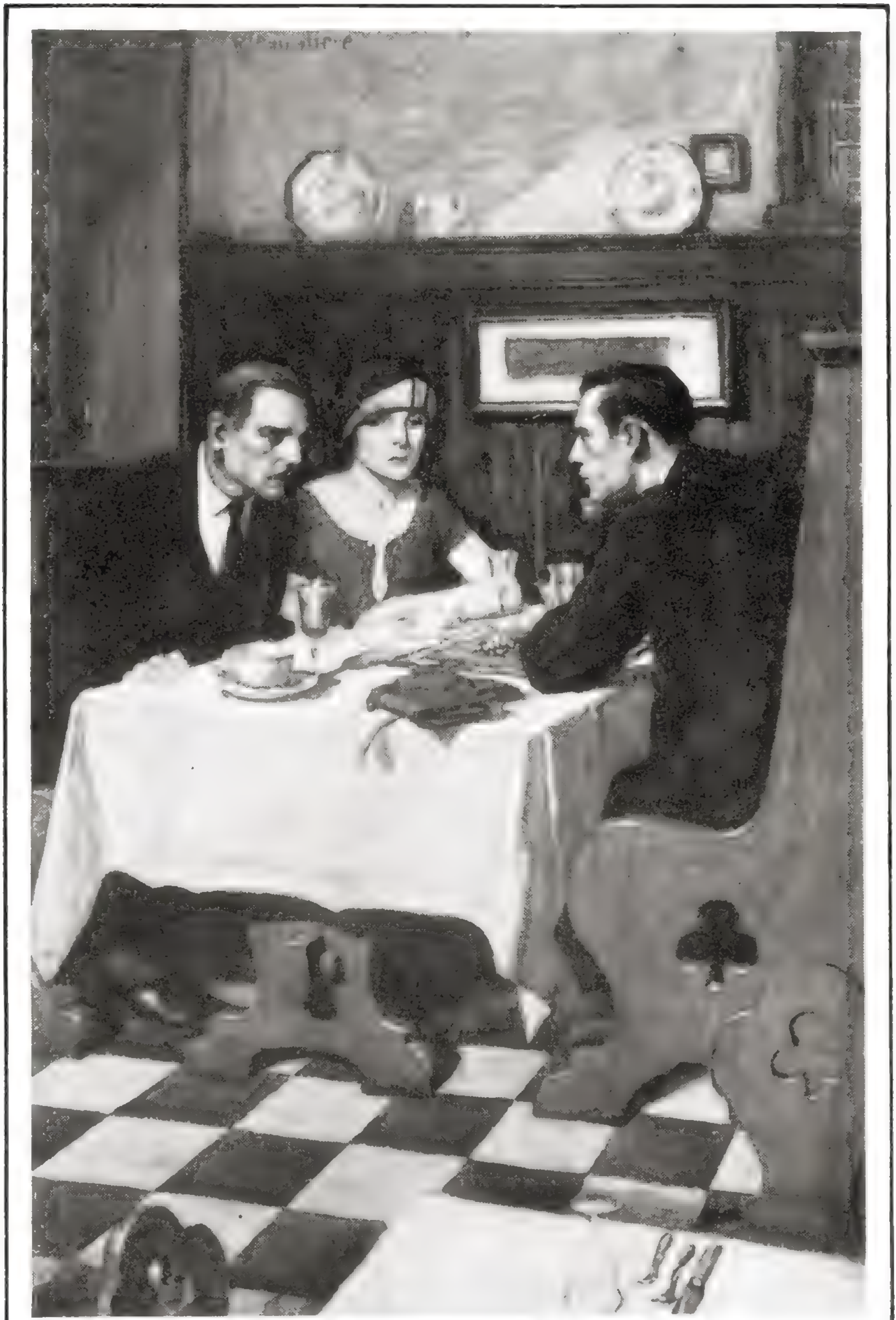
Paris sped past. Once the Madeleine lay behind, they threaded traffic interminably as they made for Le Bourget. Neither man spoke. Presently the Ceinture loomed above, and the Paris gate lay ahead. When the taxi halted, Cyril held out his hand.

"Well, good luck! We'll arrange everything on this side; the other side becomes your affair. Tell Meyers to cable us the moment all's safe at New York."

Jim Lewis nodded. Cyril got out. The chauffeur came back with his return ticket, and the two stood talking for a moment. Then Cyril departed and the taxicab moved on.

One thing was clear—nobody was being trusted with these leather packets. The chauffeur was keeping an eye on the bearer, as far as the aerodrome, and from there to Croydon it was Jenny Gardner's job.

"Looks to me like a smuggling operation," thought Lewis cheerfully. "However, I should worry! Wonder what Mr. Watson in Cherbourg is thinking about just now? Evidently he's not thinking, or he'd have wired this crowd where he was."



Lewis got out the jewel cases, then opened two handkerchiefs. Into these he emptied the six pocketbooks. Orley's eyes widened, while Jenny looked on with a puzzled frown.

Half-way out from the gate to the aerodrome, a tire exploded. The chauffeur cursed and drew in to the curb, and fell to work. What with traffic delays, time had passed, and when at length they went on again, and the low hangars hove in sight on the left, it was eleven thirty-five.

As Lewis alighted, a hurrying figure called to him.

"English or French line, sir?"

"Blessed if I know," said Lewis. "English line, I think."

"Oh, you're Mr. Lewis? Your ticket is waiting for you here. Come along—the others have gone to the passport office. This your grip?"

Lewis found himself hurried along the graveled path to the office of the English air line. His grip was weighed, his passport was taken, he signed the book and then followed his guide again to the passport office. A number of machines were warming up, the huge glittering Handley-Page making a silvery contrast with the yellow-brown French machines and army planes.

"Your ticket, sir, and lunch—it was arranged by telephone," said his guide.

Lewis took the box handed him, and found himself joining a group of tourists ranged along the customs benches. Jenny Gardner was there, but did not glance at him. The customs man asked for his grip, checked a mark on it, and the doors were opened.

Lewis felt a hand grip his arm, and turned.

A SMALL-BUILT man, with yellow mustache, boyish features, and a cheerful twinkle in his eye, had paused to catch Lewis by the arm. He was clad in heavy flying togs.

"Beg your pardon," he said, "but your face looked deuced familiar—oh, I say! Lewis!"

"Orley! You blessed little Britisher—how are you!"

The two gripped hands.

"You're a fine sort of chap," exclaimed the pilot. "Why didn't you look a fellow up? I haven't seen you—why, it's seven years since we took that little header over the lines together, isn't it?"

"Just about that," assented Lewis, grinning. "And blamed if you don't look just as much like a pink-cheeked baby as ever! Still flying, are you?"

"London bus—you're not going with us? You are? I say, hurrah!" Orley clapped Lewis violently between the shoulders. "Fine! We'll have a chin-chin. All alone?"

Lewis nodded. "Yes. So you're in the merchant trade now, eh? Where's old John Higgs?"

The little man sobered. "Crashed last Christmas. Left Croydon, caught fire, lost his head and turned—ended him. Didn't you read about it?"

"No," said Lewis. "Whose fault?"

Orley shrugged. "White-washed, of course; pretty nasty business, for the good of the service as usual. Come along—I'm a bit late. Sit up with me?"

"If I may, sure!" Lewis accompanied the little pilot out to the great concrete square where the silver machine stood. "Against the rules?"

"They're made to be broken." Orley grinned. "We don't carry any mechanician this short run, so come ahead. Look here, you'll come home with me the other side?"

"Can't do it," said Lewis with regret. "Chap's going to meet me and rush me along. Let's have dinner tonight in London. You're not married?"

"Was once—free now. Never again. Right. We'll meet tonight. Been in these busses?"

"No. They're new to me. Haven't been in the air for five years."

"Follow on, then."

They came to the machine, in which the other passengers were filling. Then came a hitch. A man ran up to the director, and another followed from the passport office. Orley was called over to consult. Another passenger had just come, hoping to get a place at the last minute, but all places were filled. Jim Lewis saw him coming out, with a small grip—a tall, thin man, with black-rimmed spectacles and a very hard jaw. He came up to the group, and displayed a document of some sort.

"If you can fix it, do it," he said curtly. "I want to go by this plane sure."

"That's all right," spoke up Orley, scanning the passenger-sheet. "Give him number six. I'm taking Mr. Lewis in front with me."

"Oh, you are!" said the field director. "Where's his written permission?"

Orley chuckled. "In the War Office archives. He and I were together in the big push. Suit you?"

"All clear, old chap. Right! Here you are, Mr.—what's the name? Matthews."

Matthews went up the landing steps into the machine. Orley followed, beckoning Jim Lewis, and the latter ducked his head to enter the square door.

"Lock it behind you, will you, Lewis?" said the pilot. "Top and bottom."

Lewis obeyed, then worked forward between the double row of seats. He caught one sharp, penetrating glance from the man Matthews. He caught a look of surprise from Jenny Gardner, and winked in return. Then, in the front end, he crawled through the tiny door and adjusted himself to the crowded space beside the pilot.

The engines roared, dropped, droned, roared again. Orley adjusted his radio head-set, tested his engines, watched his gauges, and waved his hand. The rattling roar of the twin engines rose to a thunder-roll—and they were bumping out across the green field. In twenty seconds more the machine lifted and soared.

"Good wind," said Orley. "Two hours forty minutes today. Time us."

Two hours and forty minutes it was, of monotonously steady roaring along at three thousand feet, sunshine above and a nearly solid bank of clouds below for three-fourths of the way. Only when the Channel was half-cleared did the clouds below break.

THE two men in front, so unexpectedly met from the old days, talked in snatches. Jim Lewis had wanted long ago to forget all about the air service, but now found himself thrust back into the old atmosphere at a leap. Friends were discussed, living and dead, one or two men he knew were still on the airways, but no more.

"I may be coming back to Paris tomorrow some time, if I can make it," said Lewis, when the green fields of England were below them. "Any chance of coming with you?"

"Hard to say," returned Orley. "I think a special will be going over early in the afternoon, to pick up a couple of Air Ministry officials. That means it'll go over empty. I'll put in a request for it, and can tell you tonight. Eh?"

"Good work."

At two thirty-five Orley banked for the Croydon field. Five minutes later they were at rest on the cement platform, and the passengers were filing out. The last to alight, Lewis found them already straggling over to the customs shed, and followed with Orley. Half-way to the shed, they were met by a customs inspector, with whom Matthews was talking earnestly.

"You know this gentleman?" the inspector asked the pilot. Orley chortled.

"I should hope so! He brought down two Huns the same night I got crocked up."

The inspector saluted Lewis with obvious respect. "Sorry, sir. We have information some game's going on, and want to assure ourselves in regard to various passengers—"

Conscious of the scrutiny of Matthews, Jim Lewis got out his own card-case.

"Here's my card, inspector. I'm a civil engineer, over here on business. My firm has a London agent—the address is there. He'll know me, and can identify me if my passport doesn't serve. I have one grip; I suppose it's with the others there. Nothing dutiable, I think."

"Quite all right, sir—sorry to have bothered you."

They went on, followed more slowly by Matthews and the inspector. Orley gave his companion a glance.

"Know what's up?"

"No," said Lewis, with truth. "Do you?"

The pilot nodded. "More or less. See you tonight, then. Where and when?"

"Suit yourself. Simpson's, Gatti's—"

"Too much style. Say, the Cock at seven. Right?"

"You bet."

Orley passed on, greeting another pilot, and Jim Lewis joined the group along the shed. He pointed out his bag, opened it, and noted it was glanced through. The luggage of the women passengers was not opened, that of the men was inspected. Matthews stood to one side with a puzzled expression on his face, and Lewis guessed he was some sort of agent, perhaps detective.

No personal examination was made. Following Jenny Gardner, Lewis went into the passport bureau, made out his forgotten landing card, and went on through to the waiting cars. One of the field managers came to him.

"Mr. Lewis? This way—a car's waiting for you."

Lewis got his bag and followed. He noted that Matthews trailed along, instead of going to the waiting bus with the others. A smart Daimler limousine stood to one side, and the chauffeur saluted Lewis. The car was empty.

"Mr. Lewis, sir? Right."

Lewis, mindful of Matthews behind, gave the man a wink.

"Mr. Carruthers sent you? Good. Go first to number four, Whitehall Court, where I'll leave my bag, and then to Samson House."

Carruthers was the London agent of Jim Lewis' engineering firm, his offices in Samson House. The chauffeur saluted stolidly and took his bag.

"Very good, sir."

Leaving Matthews to draw his own conclusion, Lewis got into the limousine, which at once started off, whirred along the rectangular drive, and out into the road. Once there, Lewis seized the speaking tube. He hesitated briefly.

A twofold problem faced him. He had no intention of meeting the man Bantoff, who would be to all intents a guard over him until he left England for home. On the other hand, he dared not put Matthews on his trail knowing instinctively that Matthews would at once look him up at Samson House, and if anything were wrong would cut him down like a withered weed. Then there was Jenny Gardner.

"Why didn't Mr. Bantoff come?" said Lewis in the tube. The chauffeur leaned to his end.

"He thought it best not, sir."

"Right, too—there was a detective looking me over. I barely got clear."

"I saw him, sir."

"Then you'd better look sharp, for he's after us in a Rolls," said Lewis. "You can't hope to throw him off, for he took down our number. If you take me direct to Bantoff, he'll know something's wrong. As it is, I can kill his suspicions. Go right to the Whitehall Court hotel, leave my bag, then take me to Samson House."

"And then, sir?"

"Then," said Lewis, "go on to Bantoff, tell him he is under suspicion, and must not meet me at once. Tell him to have Miss Gardner meet me tonight at seven-thirty, at the Cock, with instructions. Meantime, I'll see this detective, Matthews, and take care of him. Throw him off the trail now, if you can, and let him find me again at Samson House—I'll play him along and satisfy him as to who I am."

"Right," said the chauffeur, and stepped on the gas.

LEWIS leaned back with a sigh of relief—his one fear had been lest the chauffeur, who was certainly here to keep watch on him, would disbelieve his story about Matthews following. Evidently, the man was more concerned about this fact than about letting Jim Lewis go free, choosing the lesser of two evils. The Daimler gathered speed and thundered down the narrow English road to the turn at Wallington, then struck for London.

By the time they reached Victoria, Lewis was certain that, if any one had followed, the scent was far lost; the chauffeur knew his business, and doubled like a hare, took chances with constables, went through traffic with uncanny daring. This circuitous going took time, however. Despite speed, it was three-thirty when they drew up before the fourth block of the Whitehall Court hotels.

"Take in the bag and leave it," said Lewis. "Say I'll be along later on."

The chauffeur nodded. He was a dark man, not an Englishman despite his fluent speech. After leaving the grip, he came out and opened the car door.

"Where is Samson House, sir?"

Lewis gave the address, in High Holborn.

Five minutes afterward, they were in the Trafalgar Square traffic and heading up for Samson House, an inconspicuous and old-fashioned office building housing well-established firms of kindred business. Lewis alighted.

"No mistake, now?"

"The Cock at seven-thirty, sir."

With a nod, Jim Lewis passed into the building.

Mounting the dark and dusty stairs, Lewis came presently to the representative offices of his firm. He walked in, and gave his card to a girl at a desk. Then he turned, and saw Matthews, waiting.

Lewis nodded in recognition, and Matthews stood up, smiling. Before either could speak, Carruthers came hastily into the reception room.

"Ha, Lewis!" he exclaimed. "Glad to see you—heard you were coming over to Paris, but didn't look for you here. How are you? Good trip? Any business on hand?"

Lewis shook hands, laughing. "Nothing particular. I'm trying to meet that French bridge-building chap, Courtray. Missed him in Paris and ran over to see if he had come to you with his plans and contract."

"Here? No—but I had a letter from him. Come along inside—"

"Can't do it." Lewis gestured to the waiting Matthews, maliciously. "Mr. Matthews here is waiting for me, and we're hopping right along. I'm going back to Paris tomorrow, I hope. Do you know where Courtray is, then?"

"Somewhere near Paris—wait! I'll get you his letter. It has his address. Why the devil are you in such a rush?"

"Personal affairs. Got to meet a lady later, if you want to know!"

Carruthers threw up his hands and fled. Lewis grinned at the detective, who nodded slightly to him. In a moment Carruthers was back with the letter, and Lewis pocketed it.

In five minutes, Lewis and Matthews were descending the stairs. Neither spoke until they were in the street, when Lewis held up his hands to a cruising taxicab. Matthews got in without a word, and Lewis ordered the chauffeur to the Savoy.

"We can talk there. Closing hours are on and we can't get a drink, anyhow."

Matthews nodded silently. He seemed perplexed, calculating, ill at ease.

Reaching the Savoy, they entered the lounge and settled down by a smoking-stand. Lewis produced cigarets, and Matthews accepted.

"I suppose," said Matthews, "you want an explanation."

"Right," said Lewis, playing his rôle coolly. "For some reason you seem to be after me. If you are, come across and I'll do my best to clear things up. What is it?

Matthews threw back his head and laughed, but his amusement passed into a wry grimace.

"It's a bit of bad luck for me, that's about all," he said frankly. "I was on the trail of a crook, and thought you might be my man. You're not. Will you accept my apologies?"

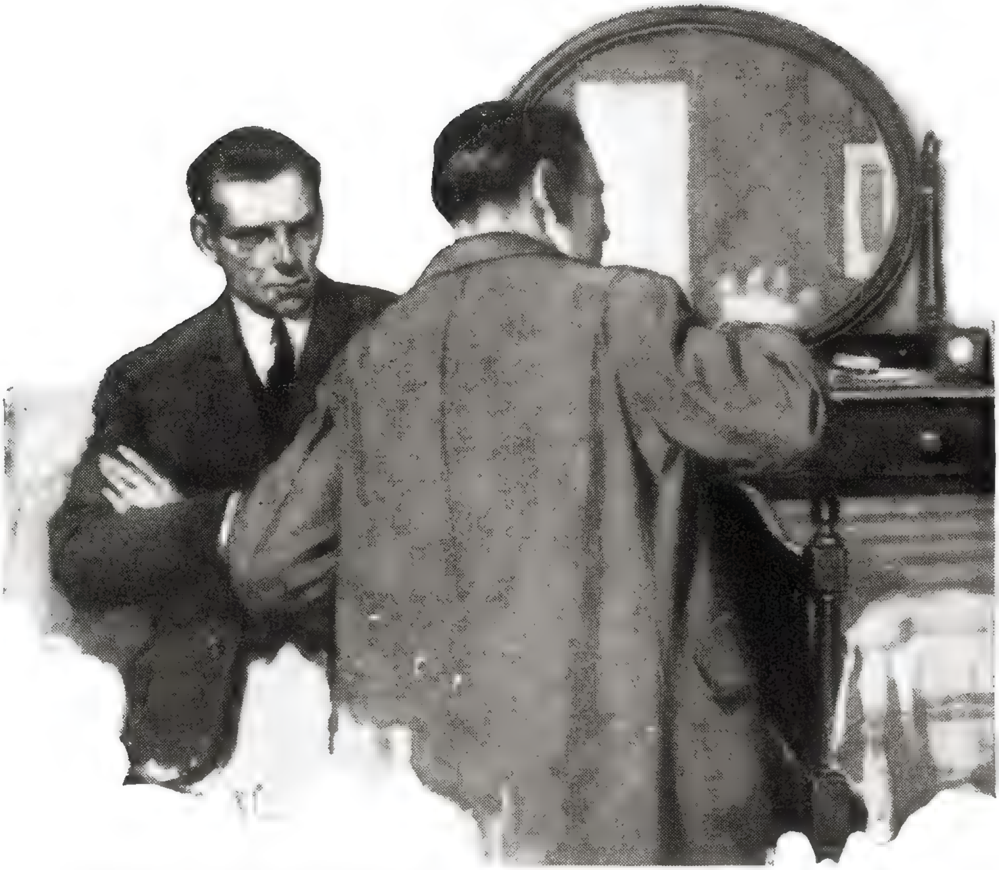
"Nonsense!" exclaimed Lewis heartily. "Don't mention it. You're a detective?"

"No," said Matthews, and reached for his pocketbook. He drew out a card and presented it. "Newspaper man and a big story—and I've fallen down hard on it."

Lewis looked at the card, saw that Matthews represented an American news syndicate, and nodded thoughtfully.

"First time I've been taken for a crook, but no harm done," he said. "If you want to know my plans for tonight and tomorrow, you can have 'em. I expect to meet a lady, and I don't want to be dodging sleuths—"

Matthews made a wearily irritated gesture of negation.



"Look here," said Lewis to Harrison. "Looks like your mistake." "No, yours," said another voice

"Forget it, forget it, Lewis," he said. "Sorry I pulled such a boner as to get after you. You answered the general description, that's all."

"Mind telling me what it's all about? Or is it a secret?"

"Some of it's not. You've read about the Sergius jewels?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Prince Sergius had a world-famous collection of unset stones. He was jugged and shot by the reds in Russia, and his whole family were wiped out, too. It seems the jewels were walled up in his house—secret compartment stuff. Lately the Soviet people discovered them. It's been in all the papers.

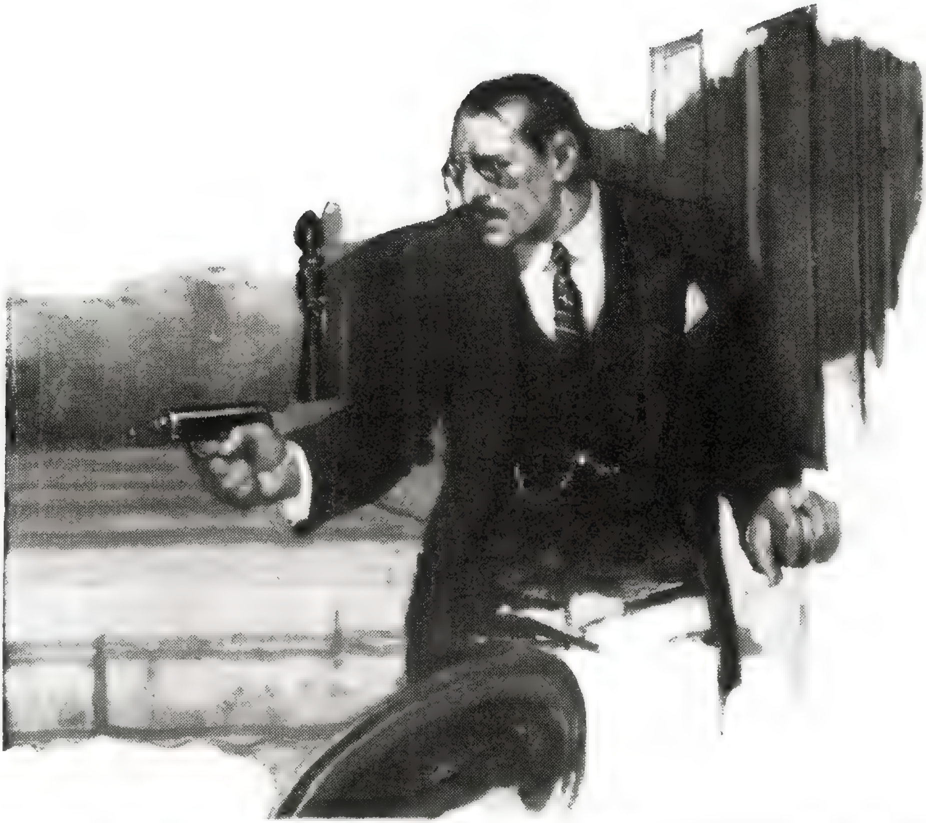
"Well," and Matthews leaned over to knock the ash from his cigaret, "my Leningrad correspondent sent word they were going to ship the collection to Paris and sell it on the curb jewel market, like they did the crown jewels. Then he got wind of something better—they were going to get the stuff into America, for the sake of the higher prices. Somebody was coming over from there to get the stones and smuggle 'em in. The customs people were tipped off and they're on the lookout, too. That's all we know. I've been keeping my eye on the boys in Paris and could have sworn I saw you coming out of Krenin's house this morning."

"Krenin? Who's he?" demanded Lewis, frowning.

"One of the propagandists in Paris. Several of those Russians have apartments in the Rue Jasmin—they all have money to burn. Cyril Krenin is about the most unprincipled scoundrel in Paris, and that's saying a good deal; a dangerous rascal to fool with, too. Well, there's the story, and I've bungled it." Matthews rose, hand extended. "If you'll forgive me, I'll run along and not bother you."

Lewis shook hands and dropped back into his cushioned seat, as the newspaper man took his departure. Cyril Krenin—that was his Cyril, of course. H'm! Well, he had an excellent line on the whole affair, now, thanks to Matthews! And all the while those jewels had been in his pockets, within two feet of the correspondent!

Had they, though? Lewis lighted another cigaret and frowned. He knew better than to open up one of those leathern packets here, yet



behind him. Jim Lewis turned to see Matthews standing against the door, covering him with a pistol.

so far he had not set eyes on the stones. And there were several puzzling factors. The stones had apparently been entrusted to him on very slight premises; either this group of reds would not dare trust any written authority, or they were astonishingly sure of the messenger from America.

"A good deal more behind it that I don't know," concluded Jim Lewis. "There's Jenny Gardner, too—I'll have to find out where she stands. And who could be after the stones if the owner and his whole family were wiped out? It's no crime to plan smuggling; they'd wait and catch the smuggler in the act, rather than forestall him."

He glanced at his watch—it was after five. He had left his grip at Whitehall Court as a blind, since he could not hope to get a room at the group of hotels unless he were a member of the clubs they served. Rising, he crossed to the desk and asked for a room, and found he could get nothing at the moment.

"I can give you one at six o'clock, sir," said the clerk.

"Good," returned Lewis. "And send over to Number Four, Whitehall Court, for my grip—name of Lewis. I'll be back after dinner. Assign me the room and send up my grip, will you?"

Assured that all would be arranged, he turned away. A bellboy was at his elbow.

"Mr. Lewis, sir? A note for you—"

Surprised, Lewis took the envelope from the extended tray and tore it open. He found a brief note:

"If you'll come to Room 401 at once you will learn of something to your advantage."

Lewis frowned at the missive—was this black magic? The one person who knew of his presence in the hotel was Matthews, and Matthews had departed. Or was Jenny Gardner in this? Had she managed to trace him here? He turned to the desk and displayed the note.

"Who has this room, please?"

"An American gentleman, sir—a Mr. Harrison."

It was bewildering. Here every provision had been made for secrecy, yet all the world seemed to know what he was about! Well, why not? The temptation to discard the summons yielded to curiosity. Lewis turned to the boy, who was waiting.

"Did some one point me out to you?"

"Yes, sir, a moment ago. A small man, rather dark. An Hamerican, sir."

"Oh, an Hamerican, eh? Lead the way, then."

Obviously not his recent chauffeur. Complications were increasing, thought Lewis as he followed to the elevator.

The boy conducted him to room 401, received his shilling, touched his cap and departed as Lewis knocked. A voice bade him enter. He threw open the door and saw an ordinary hotel bedroom, with a man sitting at the table before him—a smallish man, a complete stranger, with a rather oily smile as he rose and gestured.

"Come in, come in! You're Mr. Lewis? Glad to see you. Harrison's my name—Ezra Harrison of Chicago and points east. I want a word with you about the advertising matter."

"Eh?" Jim Lewis came forward a pace, but left the door open behind him. "What advertising matter?"

"Why, the cold cream, of course!" said Harrison brusquely. "We're not putting down fifty thousand in advertising without some—"

Lewis laughed, as his bewilderment passed into comprehension.

"Oh! I guess you've got me wrong," he said. "James E. Lewis—I'm a civil engineer, not an advertising man."

Harrison blinked at him, mouth agape.

"That so? Confound that bell-hop!"

"Look here—didn't you point me out to him, though?" exclaimed Lewis, at a sudden recollection. "Looks like your mistake after all—"

"No, yours," said a third voice from behind, and the door closed. "Put 'em up."

Jim Lewis turned, to see Matthews behind him, standing there against the door, a pistol covering him.

"And keep 'em up," said Harrison. "Good work, old hoss! He walked into it fine."

HANDS in air, Lewis stared at Matthews, who smiled grimly at him.

"Why the pistol? What does all this mean, anyhow?"

"It means I'm not the fool you took me for," and Matthews chuckled enjoyably. "Bulging pockets in a new suit—you shouldn't sit down in that costume of yours! Shows up the lines a bit. Come along and shell out."

"Shell out what?" demanded Lewis, thinking fast. He doubted very strongly whether the other would dare a shot in such a place.

"The stones, you fool!" Matthews snarled suddenly, and the changed look in his face was illuminating. "Want us to croak you? We want 'em and we'll get 'em. Get those hands higher! that's right. Come along, Oily, and frisk him."

"Newspaper man, are you?" said Lewis, on whom a light had broken. "I don't think!"

Harrison, who seemed to deserve his nickname of Oily, moved around. He directed a smirk at Matthews.

"So that's the lay, is it? Newspaper man! Well, you look the part, Silk, I will admit—"

"Stow the gab and frisk this book!" snapped Matthews angrily.

Harrison obeyed. He came to the side of Lewis, who still wore his light overcoat, and patted the inner breast pockets.

"Fine!" he exclaimed with a wheezy breath. "He's loaded—"

Excitedly, he stepped in front of Lewis, reaching with both hands.

It was the moment to act, and Jim Lewis seized it, being confident Matthews would not use the automatic pistol in the hotel. Clear enough now that he had been very neatly trapped by these two—clear, also, that they were not connected with the press in the least, but were probably connected with less reputable lines of endeavor. They were good actors, however—and played their rôles to perfection.

Lewis had his hands in the air. Over the head of Harrison, the man Matthews was glaring into his eyes. So Lewis, as the little man came in front of him and grabbed at his pockets, quietly shifted weight to his left foot and brought up his right knee—hard.

It was a merciless blow, that deadly stomach-punch. Oily Harrison never knew what hit him. A frightful gasp burst from his lips, and he flew backward, doubled up, and rammed full tilt into Matthews, driving the latter back against the door. Matthews shoved the gasping, clutching figure violently aside, but was too late, for Jim Lewis fell upon him joyously. The pistol was knocked to the floor, unfired.

It was no time for niceties, as Lewis discovered when murderous fingers barely missed his right eye and scratched across his cheek.

"All right," he grunted. "If—you want it—"

Mr. Matthews was a fighter of rare ability, no doubt about that, but his ability waned after Lewis gave him the knee and slashed him across the Adam's apple. Panting frantic, desperate oaths, he lunged forward and landed a heavy right and left to the ribs and then got in a clean smash that seemed to jar half Lewis' face loose. There he exposed himself, however, and received two lightning-swift, choppy blows across the nape of the neck, at the base of the skull. His black-rimmed spectacles flew off, he staggered, and abruptly went down in a heap.

"Whew!" said Jim Lewis, panting, as he surveyed the ruins. "You sure are a bird. Detective, journalist, crook and what-not! If I hadn't hit you first and hard, you'd have finished me. Feels like you've spoiled my map, anyhow."

Harrison was quite unconscious. Lewis got some towels, tied up the little man, emptied his pockets on the bed, and rolled him underneath it. Then he repeated the process on Matthews, who was half-conscious but paralyzed by the two final blows. Having more respect for this antagonist, he placed him in a chair and tied him to it.

THE necessary accomplished, Jim Lewis went to the mirror and inspected himself. His lips were cut and bleeding, his cheek was scratched, and his ribs were sore; Matthews had landed hard where he did land. For five minutes Lewis bathed his face, then decided his teeth were all sound and the damage was negligible. He came back to the bed, sat down, and began to go through his loot, first pocketing the fallen pistol.

There was little to repay him, except a telegram sent from Le Bourget, addressed to Harrison. It read:

"Leaving noon plane. Meet you Savoy four to five. SILK."

Two American passports were made out in the names of J. B. Harrison and Homer Matthews, both men hailing from Chicago. The passports were of the old-fashioned, grayish type, and had been renewed in Paris six months previously, indicating that both men had been on this side of the water for some time. Jim Lewis shoved them and the loose money to one side, got out a cigaret, and surveyed his captive in the chair. Matthews was staring at him with returning cognizance.

"No wonder you looked uneasy when I brought you to the Savoy!" he said, and chuckled. "You weren't sure what was up, eh? Well, you played me for a fool, and you played me right—and here you are. What did you expect to get out of me, anyhow?"

"The stones—you can't get away with it," muttered Matthews. Lewis shook his head.

"Tut, tut! Bad grammar, my friend. I'm getting away with murder right now, it seems. Just what is your game?"

Matthews glared at him, licked his lips, and said nothing.

"Sullen, eh? Well, suit yourself," said Lewis carelessly. "Apparently our little fracas passed unobserved, so I'll just get the hotel detective up here, if they have one. I've a notion you gentlemen may be known to the London police."

He went over to the telephone.

"Go ahead if you're fool enough," snarled Matthews. "They've got nothing on us, anyhow—and that's more'n you can say. Want them to find the stones on you, eh? I guess not."

"The stones? Those Sergius jewels you told me about?" Lewis paused at the instrument, and turned. "Why, what interest could the English police have in them?"

Matthews snarled. "You damned innocent baby—huh! Well, play your own game. You know well enough England wants to grab 'em, and so does France! You know well enough it's anybody's loot who can get it. Where do you fit in, anyhow? Are you with Krenin or not? If not, throw in with me and we'll split the lot."

"Afraid not, thanks," said Lewis. "I don't know what makes you think I have any jewels, for if I have, then it's news to me. H'm! You've got nerve, anyhow. I expect you and the oily gent can get each other loose after he wakes up, so go to it. Next time you draw a gun, you want to use it. And I hope you get a good story for your newspaper—a good one! So long."

Throwing open the door, Jim Lewis departed, put on his hat, and sought the elevator.

It was not difficult to figure what had happened. This precious pair of rascals had undoubtedly been on the trail of the soviet agents for some time past—eagles preying on the cormorants. Despite the efforts of the French police, the exposition had brought to Paris flocks of criminals from all countries; but, as all American tourists were carefully treated and practically exempt from regulations, it was easy for Americans of the criminal class to grow fat.

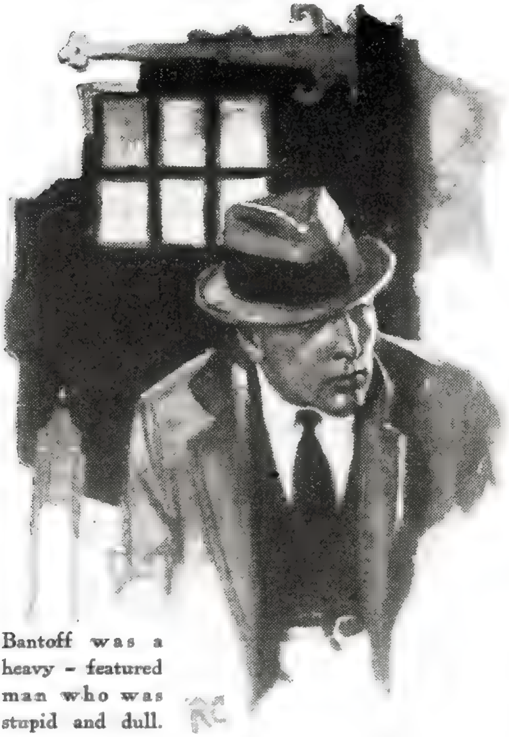
"The beautiful part of it is," thought Lewis uneasily, "these birds hit the nail on the head—meaning me! Either they had dropped on to the general plan of campaign, or else they figured out about what Cyril Krenin and his friends would do. Wonder how many people are after these jewels, anyhow? And was Matthews right when he said they belonged to any one who could loot them? Doesn't sound logical. If it's true, then I've got them, and the game's up to Jenny Gardner. Who is she, anyhow?"

Echo answered who—and nothing more.

Leaving the hotel, Jim Lewis sauntered up the Strand, having plenty of time on hand. His lunch had been a slim one, and he was hungry, not being used to European meal hours, so he resolved not to wait any too long a time on Orley's arrival.

What with traffic impediments and crowds, it was not a short cry to Fleet Street; there were cigarets to buy, windows to look at, and marvelous Englishwomen to wonder upon. Lewis decided that all English dressmakers must come out of madhouses, and was confirmed in his opinion the farther he went.

With all this, he was still well ahead of the appointed hour when he passed the Temple and saw ahead of him the famous Cock. He turned in, did not enter the bar, but mounted the sawdust-thick stairs to the upper floor.



Bantoff was a heavy-featured man who was stupid and dull.

The front table was unoccupied, and he slid into place on the uncomfortable bench under the high settle. Some tourists were just inspecting the ancient fireplace opposite, quite unaware that it had come from another building on a very different site, and blissfully drinking in the ancient inscriptions. With a sigh of relaxation, Jim Lewis took off his light overcoat, took the slender leather case from its pocket, and put the coat on the window-ledge.

"Two whisky-and-sodas, double," he said to the waiter. "I'm waiting for another gentleman."

"Very good, sir."

The waiter gone, Lewis took up the leather portfolio—hardly deserving such a name, except in miniature. It was bound about by a strap of the same soft material, and he opened this, then laid the thing itself open.

To his sight showed leather flaps, each fastened by a snap-hook. He plucked at one of these. From a pocket in the pliant leather fell out upon the table half a dozen green stones of varying sizes—emeralds. Jim Lewis knew little of jewels, but it needed no expert to tell these were genuine stones. To each was glued a bit of paper on which was a microscopic number in ink.

"The Sergius stones, no doubt about it!" thought Lewis.

NOT for nothing had Ned Orley been birdman these many years. His small-boned features with the boyish yellow mustache bore a bird-like, flitting alertness, and his blue eyes could snap into astonishingly keen flame.

"Hullo, old son!" he exclaimed, sliding abruptly into the seat opposite Lewis. "Your beauty has suffered since this morning—who's been landing on you?"

"Fate," said Lewis. He moved his hand carelessly and uncovered little piles of green, red, and blue stones. After a moment Orley caught the glitter and glanced down.

"Whew! My aunt—what are these things?" he exclaimed, and then peered up at Lewis, narrow-eyed, alert.

"I was just asking myself the same question. Suppose you answer it."

The pilot fingered the stones, and whistled, then covered them with his hand as the waiter hovered. Lewis glanced up.

"We'll take something light—say, sole—until a lady comes to join us. Eh, Orley?"

"Right you are." The waiter scribbled the order and departed. Orley uncovered the stones again and poked at them. "Glory be, you lucky Yank! Where'd you get these?"

"Man gave them to me to carry," said Lewis, and grinned. He showed the soft leather book, then opened his coat and indicated the pockets therein. "Six all told."

"And a lady coming to join us, eh?" Orley leaned back and jerked out a cigaret. "You'll hang for murder yet. I always knew it. Get those ruddy things out of sight and tell me."

"Not much to tell," said Lewis. "Tell me, first, about our fellow-passenger today—you said you knew his business."

Orley jumped. "Eh? Man, are those the Sergius jewels?"

"Suspected but not proven. Who owns them?"

The pilot drew a long breath and stared for a moment.

"You cool devil, you! My brother's in Fleet Street—I know the story. Do you?"

"Mighty little," said Lewis, scooping the stones back into their receptacle. "Heard some snatches of it today—general outline. What I want is facts."

"Scarce," said Orley, and sipped his drink. "Nobody owns them and everybody wants them. Word is out they're in Paris enroute to America. Our government wants to grab them against soviet debts; so does France—after making a rich thing out of the Ferrari stamps. France would give her eye-teeth to seize the stones, if these are the ones. And to think you've got 'em!"

"Who owns them legally?"

"Anybody who can sell 'em first, I suppose. Prince Sergius had a brother-in-law, I believe, who is in the States, so by all law he would have first claim. But what's law in such a case?"

"Quite a good deal," said Lewis reflectively.

"This chap Matthews, today," went on Orley, "was probably a detective."

"So I thought," said Lewis. "He was not, though. Well, the world's moved fast since last night about this time. I'll give the yarn down to Le Bourget, and save the rest of it until Jenny Gardner blows in. No use talking twice."

The sole arrived, and over it Lewis related the odd sequence of events that had followed the breaking of his watch-crystal. Orley had a large capacity for silence and made no comment until Lewis had finished the story.

"H'm!" he said. "You did plunge into it, eh? Shouldn't have told me this, you know. Might be my duty to report it all."

"Or it might not," said Lewis, smiling a little. "Going back to Paris tomorrow?"

"Yes, by Jove! I was scheduled for the Zurich run, but got out of it. I'm to leave at eleven and hop over with a special, to bring back those brass hats. The lists are pretty full. There'll be no trouble working you in with me, if you want to go."

"Good," said Lewis. "I can't see the door—keep your eye on it. If you see the prettiest girl in London come in, beckon her over this way."

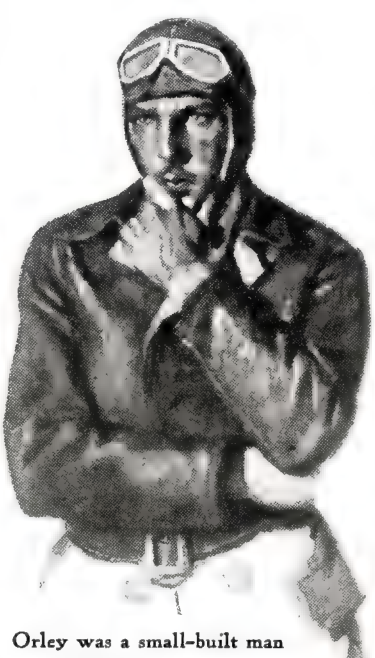
Orley looked up at some one just beyond the partition, and rose to his feet with a beaming smile. Lewis started up, and turned to see Jenny Gardner at his elbow.

"Not a half bad description, old chap," said Orley audaciously. Jenny Gardner looked at him in surprised recognition.

"Oh—you're the pilot who brought us over this morning! And you're here, Mr. Lewis?"

"Here as usual." Lewis shook hands energetically. "Come, sit down! Let me present my friend Ned Orley. He's English, but can't help that, and you'll forget it when you know him. He's one of these flying men you read about—used to bring down a Boche every morning before breakfast. How are you, young lady? Evidently you got my message, since you're here."

The girl took the seat beside Orley, facing Lewis. She regarded him with an expression half serious, half anxious, and he interpreted it aright.



Orley was a small-built man with a little yellow mustache.

"Cheer up, young lady—you're among friends. I was just telling Orley about all these pretty stones in my pocket, and he's going to run us back to Paris tomorrow before the police get hold of us—"

"See here," broke in Orley, "for the love of heaven curb that tongue of yours! He's a cheerful idiot, Miss Gardner; you know, I'm not supposed to be learning so much—"

The girl broke into a laugh.

"Oh, it's nothing to make light of," she said, "yet you two are funny—and you are a cheerful idiot, Mr. Lewis!"

"You mean Jim," retorted Lewis promptly. She nodded, her eyes dancing.

"All right, if it makes you happy. Do you know who that man Matthews was, today?"

"Now, there's a sample of what I like about this young woman," said Lewis gravely, to the little pilot. "Nine out of ten would hem and haw, and ask who you were and whether you had a good character, and so forth, and could keep a secret. And what does the tenth do? Why, she laughs and locks elbows and carries on—because I say you're a friend of mine!"

"Not for a minute," said Jenny Gardner. "But because I like Mr. Orley. Now, stop all this foolishness, please! Where's that man Matthews?"

"Search me," said Lewis. "Last I saw him he was tied to a chair in his room at the Savoy, cursing me heartily. Here's the waiter. Let's have some of this Yorkshire pudding and apple tart and anything else you fancy."

They relapsed into the business of ordering. The girl's eyes touched lightly on Jim Lewis, and he knew his marks were being noted. When the waiter was gone, she leaned forward on both elbows and spoke seriously.

"Get down to earth, now. Matthews followed you today?"

"Followed who?" demanded Lewis, a twinkle in his eyes.

"You. Jim!"

"He did. I went to my firm's office, and he was there. I took him to the Savoy and he claimed to be a newspaper man—" Lewis recounted briefly his experiences at the hotel. "I imagine those two scoundrels are plain crooks, aren't they?"

"Crooks, but not plain ones. Very slippery ones, indeed," said the girl soberly. "They are dangerous men, Jim!"

"So'm I," said Jim promptly. "I'll bet they think so about now. Well, are these things in my pocket the Sergius jewels or not?"

"Yes."

"That relieves the agony." Lewis lighted a cigaret and leaned back. "It's your game, Jenny, so let's have the story. So long as no great separation is involved, you can count on me to back you up. Same goes for Orley, here. Are you trying to bag the stones for yourself, or for somebody else? Fit up the puzzle pieces."

She nodded.

"First, there are two men downstairs waiting for you to come out."

"Bantoff?"

"And another, yes. He's the confidential soviet agent here in London. What they're all trying to do is to land those stones in the United States. Some of their agents there have been cabling about it ever since the collection was discovered, and arranged to send over a reliable man to get the stones."

"And you?"

"I," said the girl quietly, "am secretary to the chief soviet agent in New York."

Orley shook his head. "Too thick, Miss Gardner—a bit thick!" He met her eyes and smiled in his alert, engaging manner. "Can't come that on us, you know. You're no bolshie."

"It's true."

"And what of it?" said Jim Lewis. "Orley, back down. If Jenny says a thing, it's so. She won't be a bolshevist secretary very long, though! She's going to quit her job and marry me, after this present imbroglio is ended. Meantime—"

A spot of color came into the girl's cheeks, and her gaze was angry.

"That's going a bit too far, Jim—"

"It's not." Lewis met her eyes and spoke earnestly, steadily. "I mean every word of it. I don't care if you're a dozen bolshevists all rolled into one, Jenny Gardner. I've knocked around this old world quite a bit, I've been in love half a dozen times—but never like this. I'm not going to bother you with any sentimental foolishness at present, but I've declared my intentions and they'll stand. Now, that being settled, let's get back to business. Just what are you doing in Paris, and what's your game?"

"I want to steal those stones," she said quietly, her eyes fastened upon him.

"All right," said Lewis cheerfully. "I've got 'em for you, and they're yours."

"But not for myself." She laughed a little. "You don't understand yet. I was in the red group as an agent for the Department of Justice—a spy," she amended with a trace of bitterness, "if you prefer the word."

"What ho!" exclaimed Orley. "I said you were no bolshie!"

"The brother of Prince Sergius, or more correctly his brother-in-law, Grand Duke Ivan, is in America," went on the girl. "When he heard about the discovery of these jewels, he persuaded me to leave my employment and go after the jewels for him—they belong to him legally, as heir of Prince Sergius. He's rather influential, and arranged everything. I managed to be sent over to Krenin in Paris by the group in New York, for they knew my record was clear and nobody would suspect my activities, while they are continually watched. I've been in Paris ever since, working with Krenin. I arranged for a trusty man to be sent over for the jewels and persuaded Krenin to sell them in America, and so forth. My job is to get them for Grand Duke Ivan. They are worth several millions. Ten per cent. comes to me as reward if I succeed. And there's the whole thing. I imagine you'll not think very highly of my position!"

ORLEY had listened to this in vivacious interest, his face aglow; Jim Lewis, in reflective silence. He broke this silence, soberly enough, a new gravity in his manner.

"No, I don't think much of your position, Jenny," he said, and she colored again. "But I think more highly of you than ever, by gosh! Now, young lady, I appoint myself your assistant all over again. But, with your permission, I'm going to give orders. First thing, you separate yourself from this whole gang, Krenin and all the rest. To avert suspicion, we'll stage a fake arrest in Paris. You can then break with Krenin, as your usefulness to him will be ended. You're an American and he won't care a hang about you anyhow."

"I'm afraid he does, though," she said simply. Lewis's face changed as he caught the implication.

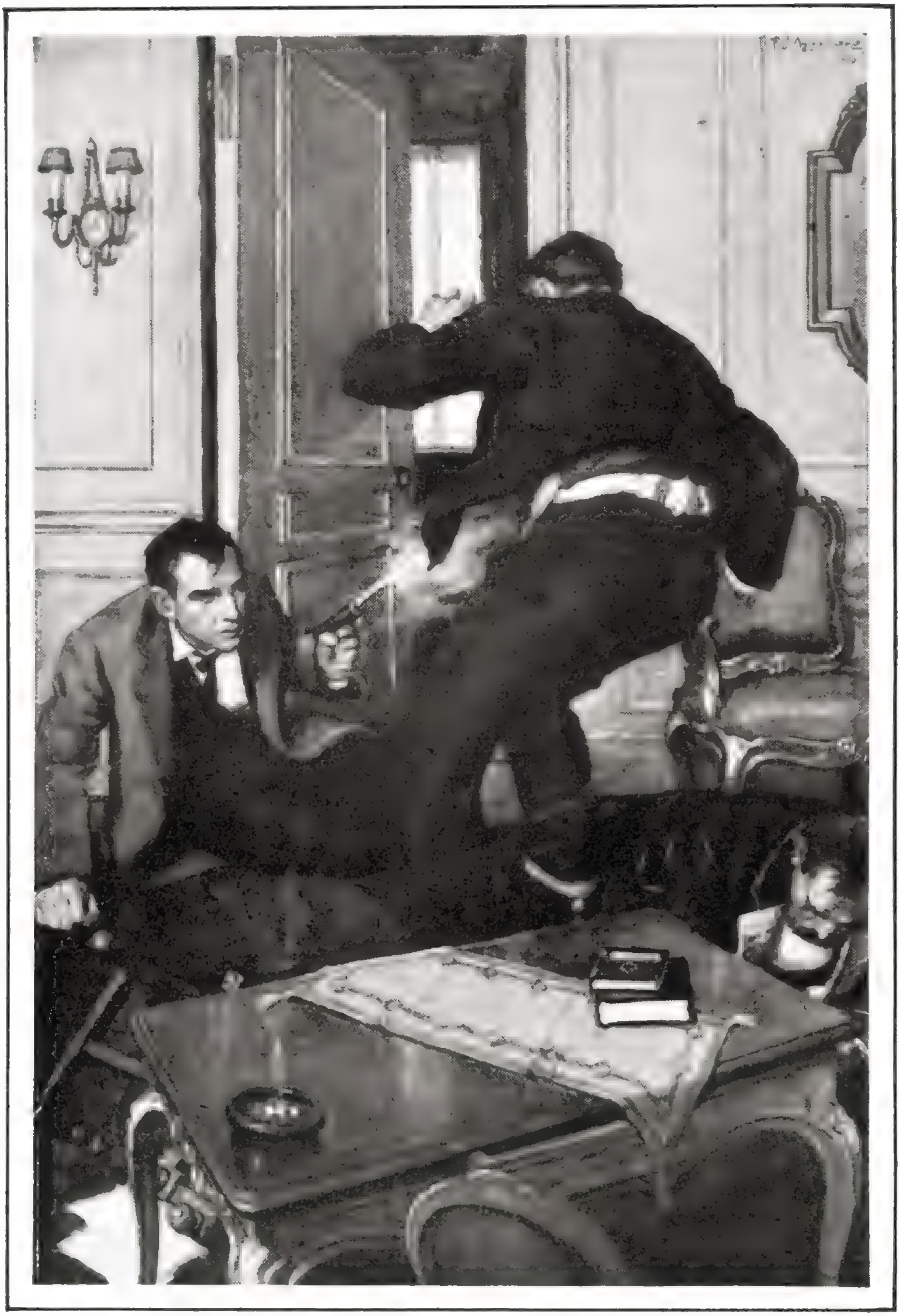
"Oh, is that so? Very well. Leave the arrangements to me. Now, where are you to land these stones to get the reward? Are you sure of getting it?"

"Absolutely—the grand duke is wealthy, and above suspicion. If I get the stones, I'm to give them to his lawyer in Paris, who has full authority to act for him. The lawyer is a man named Amelin, of the court of appeals, and of the highest professional and personal standing."

"All right," said Lewis. "Your job here is to turn me over to Bantoff intact, eh? His is to put me aboard a ship for New York intact. At New York I'll be met by eager gentlemen, eh?"

The girl nodded. Lewis met the inquiring gaze of Orley, and grinned cheerfully.

"Going to be a hot game, old man! Let's give our attention to dinner and talk about the



Lewis went down. He found the safety catch of his pistol, threw it off, and fired almost at random. The valet sprawled to the floor. Then Jim returned the other Russian's fire.

weather. No hitch about your special flight tomorrow?"

"Not a chance," said Orley. "I'll bring those brass caps back, fair or foul."

"Then I'm with you. Now for the roast beef of old England!"

The three attacked dinner, and Orley shifted the talk to matters of no importance—talk maintained only by obvious efforts, until Jenny Gardner's slight constraint left her under the spell of the vivacious little pilot and the seemingly irresponsible American. Presently she was laughing again, and when the waiter brought on the apple tart and coffee the three were to all appearance in gay and lighthearted mood.

"Now to business," said Lewis blithely. "Orley, slip me that newspaper behind you on the window-shelf."

The pilot obeyed. Lewis got out all six of his jewel-cases, then opened out on the table the two' gaily colored silk handkerchiefs he had found in his pockets, putting them one over the other. Into these he emptied the six pocketbooks, making a pile of shimmering, glowing stones at sight of which Orley's eyes widened. The girl looked on with a puzzled frown.

"No time for examination now," declared Lewis, and shoved the empty cases at Orley. "Here, get busy filling the pockets with wads of paper! Not too bulky, now."

While he spoke, he was carefully knotting the corners of the handkerchiefs together. He thus made of the glowing treasure a compact little bundle and weighed it in his hand.

"The stones may cut through the silk, but the double thickness should hold until tomorrow, anyhow," he observed. Jenny Gardner had fallen to work with Orley on the empty cases, and as these were filled, Lewis closed them and stowed them in the prepared pockets. "Jenny," he said, "you've done your errand when you turn me over to Bantoff. Make tracks for Paris! Take the night boat from Southampton—the train doesn't leave Waterloo station for another hour, so you have plenty of time. Report to Krenin, and meet me at a terrace table outside the Café Madrid at three tomorrow. Can do?"

She nodded, half-puzzled. "Yes. But the stones—"

"Here, catch!" Lewis chucked them into the lap of the pilot, who lifted an astonished and dismayed countenance to him. "Put 'em in your pocket, Orley, and I'll get 'em back from you tomorrow. Meet you at Croyden at eleven—I may turn up at the last minute, so hang on for me."

"Here, I say!" exclaimed the pilot hurriedly.

"Don't say it." Lewis chuckled, rose, and laid a note on the table to pay for dinner. "Stay here ten minutes longer, then go home to roost like a good chap."

"What are you going to do?" asked the girl, worried.

"Me? I'm going downstairs with you, and get turned over to Mr. Bantoff. Hand me my coat, Orley—thanks. Is this Bantoff a sharp one?"

"No, he's stupid," said the girl doubtfully. "But—"

"No buts allowed. Come along. See you in the morning, Orley! Good luck."

"Good luck, blast you," said the pilot. "Good night Miss Gardner—don't let this wild American get his skull cracked before morning!"

"I think he's safe enough," and the girl smiled as she shook hands. "Until he gets to Paris, that is. Jim, please stop and think about this—"

"Thinking never pays," said Jim Lewis cheerfully. "Come along!"

THEY descended the narrow stairs. In the entry below stood the tall old porter, resplendent in his uniform and medals, and beyond him two men talking together. These turned and came forward, and Jenny Gardner spoke.

"This is Mr. Lewis, Mr. Bantoff—"

Lewis shook hands heartily with a heavy-featured, black-clad man. The other he recognized as his chauffeur of the morning.

"Glad to meet you," he exclaimed cordially. "Why didn't you come upstairs and join us?"

"We had dined," said Bantoff, rather surprised by the question. "And we were not certain about finding you—"

"Well, I'm here and all's well, though I had a narrow shave this afternoon. Tell you about it later. Miss Gardner says she's going back to Paris tonight by the Southampton boat—suppose we go along and see her off, eh?"

Bantoff swallowed hard, quite taken aback by this breezy conspirator from America.

"Why—I suppose so," he said vaguely. "You have everything?"

"Hope so," Lewis flung open overcoat and coat, to show the leather portfolios in their pockets, while the two Russians looked on aghast. "All's well. Got your passport and money, Jenny?"

"Yes, thank you," she responded coolly.

Bantoff's companion went out and signaled a taxicab, and the four climbed in. Bantoff seemed much agitated, and laid a hand on the knee of Lewis.

"My dear Mr. Lewis, you really must show more caution!" he exclaimed. "I've heard about that detective this morning—"

"He wasn't a detective, he was a crook," Lewis interrupted. "And he caught me, but he paid for it. Evidently he had been trailing Cyril, for he guessed I had the stones, and came right along. Count him out of it, however. Everything going well with your plans?"

"Quite well," said Bantoff. "You don't think that man is still following you?"

Lewis laughed. "Not he! Believe me, he's sick of his job."

"Well, then," Bantoff sighed in relief. "The responsibility has been a weight upon me. I have arranged everything; you leave tomorrow evening and catch the *Alertic* at Liverpool in the morning—I'll go with you and see you off. She's a first and third cabin ship and you'll have no trouble whatever on arrival at New York."

"No, people with fortunes to smuggle don't take slow boats," said Lewis. "Excellent! You're to be congratulated on doing things right. I can't say as much for Krenin—letting that crook get on my trail was a bad break for him. However, we'd best not discuss it further. Haven't you a grip, Miss Gardner?"

"Yes, but Mr. Bantoff will have to ship it to me. Fortunately, there's little in it, and I can get whatever I need at the station. You'll attend to instructing New York about meeting our friend, Comrade Bantoff?"

"Everything is arranged," said the Russian confidently. "Tell Krenin to leave things in my hands, absolutely. When do you return to the States?"

"Not for a month or so."

Silence fell, and lasted until they came into the station. Here the girl vanished and by the time her ticket was procured, showed up again with a parcel under her arm. The three men saw her aboard the train, which was open, and then Jim Lewis shook hands.

"Good-by and good luck!" he said, when the others had left the compartment.

"And to you," she answered. Swiftly, he stooped and touched her lips, and then was gone. Outside, he looked up at the compartment window and waved his hand—and she responded with a smile. Jim Lewis threw his hat six feet in the air, caught it, and was hastily dragged away by the dismayed Russians.

"We must not draw attention like this," blurted Bantoff.

"It's all right," Jim assured him. "All Americans are crazy, my dear chap, so come on and forget it. Where are we going?"

"To my house in Kensington. You can remain with me until tomorrow night, in safety."

"Thanks. I've an engagement for ten-fifteen tomorrow morning, though. Can you run me downtown in your car?"

Bantoff was at once agitated all over again. "But is it safe?" he growled. "You know, it is best to stay out of sight—"

Lewis laughed and slapped him on the shoulder.

"Safe as can be, old man! Just between ourselves, I have a date with a certain lady, who will be kinder to me than Miss Gardner. We are to meet at Gatti's, and lunch later. Sorry I can't ask you to join us, but you understand these things—"

Bantoff caught him by the arm, a most unhappy man.

"I beg of you, reconsider!" he urged anxiously. "It is dangerous, this meeting with ladies. Women are always dangerous. And with the precious things you carry—"

"I've thought of that," said Lewis, with a confidential air. "Listen! Before going, I'll put these things you mention into my handbag, and lock it. You'll take care of it until I come back, in the course of the afternoon. Believe me, I shall take no chances with these stones!"

Bantoff wiped his face in relief. "Very well, very well," he assented. "After your experience today with that man, you are running risks—but so long as your burden is safe, all right. Here, now, is a taxi—"

The three bundled into a taxicab.

LEWIS chuckled to himself at the anxious, worried air of this chief conspirator. Bantoff was far from the level of Cyril Krenin either in intelligence or craft, and was obviously in deep consternation over the free-and-easy manner of the emissary from America. The other two talked briefly, and Lewis gathered Bantoff had been at a consultation in Paris some time previously regarding the affair of the jewels. This brought to mind a question Lewis had forgotten to ask the girl.

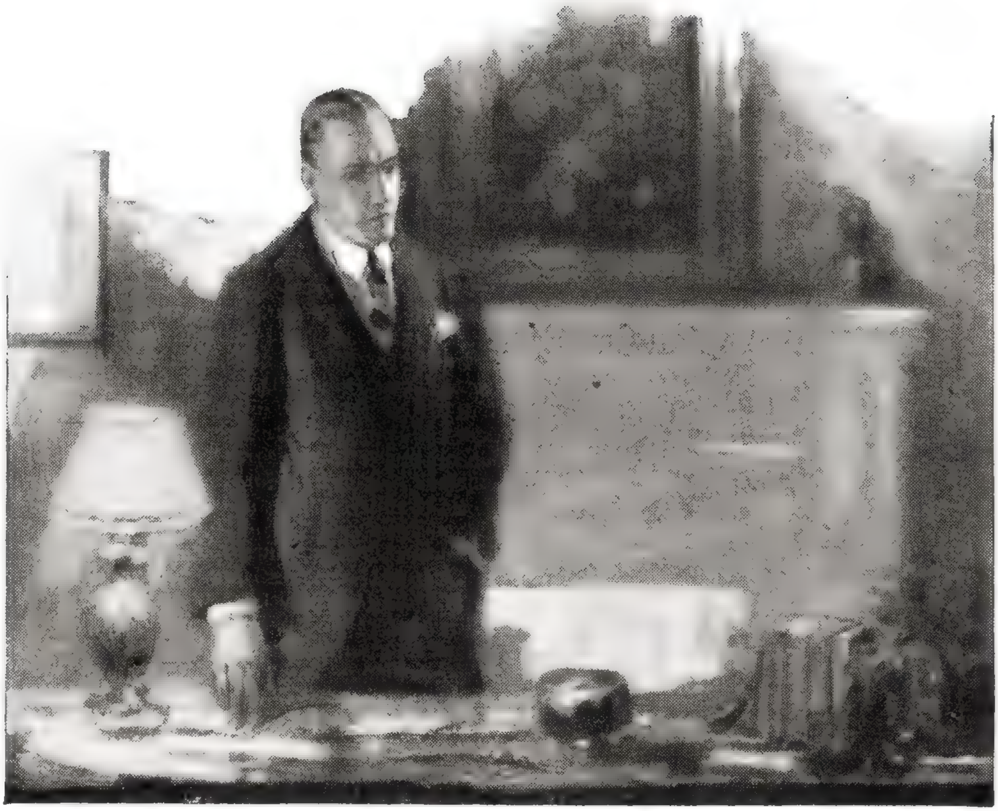
"Tell me something, Bantoff," he said. "Here you are keeping awake nights over this business, and Krenin is not a fool despite his folly. Why, then, did you people appoint such a preposterous meeting-place as a bridge over the Seine, the exposition bridge at that, and a silly password?"

"I'll tell you why," said Bantoff gloomily. "We did not know who would come from America; it would have to be some one who could return absolutely unsuspected—an American, a tourist. There have been riots and demonstrations around the embassies in Paris, and the French police watch all of us like rats. The Poles, the English, the Germans, all have spies in Paris to keep watch over us; here, as well. Therefore, not knowing what might turn up at any moment, we dared not risk things by having the messenger come to Krenin direct. So we wrote even the password in code, and appointed a meeting place that certainly would not be suspected."

"Hm! You did that, all right," commented Lewis. "Why didn't you send the stones by Miss Gardner?"

"We thought of it, but dared not risk it—she was known as the secretary of our agency in New York." Bantoff threw out his hands. "The whole world is against us! We did the

[*Continued on page 163*]



Young Gordon sent Burnaby a glance, blank as water, which asked for help in

Burnaby's Son

by Alan Sullivan

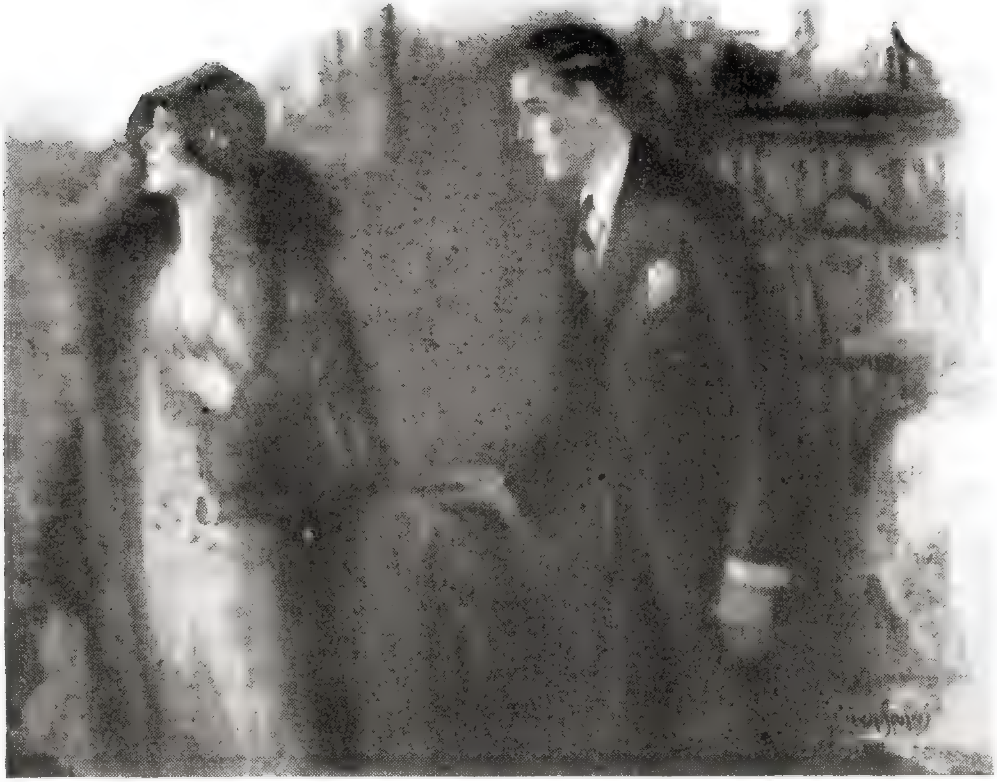
SHE was a tall woman, Burnaby's wife, with a lean, straight, easy moving body; wide thin shoulders and small, well-formed head. Breeding in every inch of her. She kept Burnaby's house with a certain effortless precision, did and said the right things at the right time, saved money for him, and, with her cold, passionless fidelity, built round herself an impalpable fence that now he made no attempt to scale.

Burnaby was forty-five, she younger by several years. But one did not associate any particular age with her. Nor did Burnaby. There she was, as immutable as the stars, as fixed in her social and domestic orbit, and quite as reliable.

He did not wonder about her any more. Had not wondered for years now; but, sometimes, when life was even more expressionless, when it was more a matter of outward form than ever, he used to wonder at himself; pitching his mind back fifteen years to the time when, satiated with a long period spent south of the Line, he returned to London. He had come back like a hound, glutted with the chase, trotting, grimly content, to the kennels.

He had lived! God, but he had lived! What money he needed, what freedom he desired, what wild fruits he coveted—all these had been his. Drunk with the sheer joy and color and tang of life, taking what life offered with a cool British insolence that is the Saxon form of voluptuousness, that was the Burnaby of whom his wife knew nothing. At least Burnaby had never told her. One doesn't.

And suddenly, in the middle of all this, the



this moment. "I think it would be nice if he came to dinner," Burnaby told his wife.

The story of a crop of wild oats from the pearl fisheries of Tahiti

Illustrated by Clyde Squires

homing instinct. Into the mid-Pacific drifted echoes of the far drone of London. Through fronded palm and trailing vine he caught glimpses of fields, brown and naked; hedgerows and deepset lane; slim church spires through a diaphanous blanket of evening mist; smell of raw earth; cool, strong Saxon faces with no sensuous invitation about them—the faces of his own sort. And as often as he saw all this, and more, he said to himself:

"Get up and out of this, you fool, and leave these brown arms for some man who has nothing to lose, and these full soft lips that will soon learn to caress another, and stiffen your back, and go home."

So it came that one summer when he was living with Malliloa, who had been born seventeen years previously in full ownership of pearl fisheries and a complete mastery of the art of love, the man in Burnaby did turn from her brown arms and the langour of the life she would have him lead. He did not know what he said to her before he went, but remembered very clearly what she said to him; because while he spoke Tahitian fairly well, she spoke English with a sort of stilted distinctness that had always made him laugh. And what she said was this:

"You go, and return you will not. I have given, and you take all that I have. Come to England to find you, I shall not. Letters from me to you there will be none. But, speaking not, and writing not, I shall not be always silent. Of the pearls take what you will, for it must be that you have a gift."

She got the little sack of pearls that were ready to go on the next steamer, for Malliloa never trusted the local buyers, and spilled them on the mat beside her. Burnaby would have none of them.

"To me you have given something of which you yet do not know, greater than any pearl. Perhaps long after this you will take one of these." She picked out the most perfect. "So—I will keep it for that day. No, kiss me not any any more!"

He got away after that, surprized at the dignity of her manner—though, of course she had good blood, old blood, and thanking Heaven there had been no scene. Nor did she come to see him off. And when he boarded ship, he shaved off his short brown beard, clipped his mustache, straightened his back, cut the slow soft drawl out of his speech, and, by the time he reached Hongkong, was nearly repatriated. Queer, what decent tweeds, and dressing for dinner, and mixing with well-dressed English women, and joining in the clipped talk of British males will do for a man!

Then, in London, after he tired of telling men where the devil he had come from, he determined to wash out of his system the last vestige of the past, and perceived that he could only do this by marriage. He wasn't in love, and, reckoning he never would be, the thing was to find some girl as far as possible removed from the color of his own past, a girl too well bred to be inquisitive and ask questions, and one who would anchor him once and for all to the customs and interpretations and methods of life that, he thought, would save what was left of the thing he called his soul.

So, one night at the embassy, he asked Hilda North. He had watched her for a few weeks, rather liked the tilt of her head, the cool grayness of her eyes, her apparent lack of emotion. And when she said yes, there wasn't any fuss about that, either. He liked the way she said it. Just a little smile, and a putting up of her lips to meet his, where they rested and remained cool in spite of their clinging, and a nameless, indescribable change in her manner which meant that now she belonged to somebody.

"That'll be all right," he said to himself, and sent round a jeweler next day with a tray of rings.

IT DID turn out all right—absolutely. Hilda ran the house like a clock, no fuss, no effort anywhere. Hilda was perfectly happy as far as one could tell. He soon got over any moments of abandonment because, though she wore no visible armor where he was concerned, he always felt that the armor was not far away, and easily donned. Marriage didn't interfere with her friendships, and he was glad of that. There had been one child—a boy. It died almost at once. Hilda had had a dreadful time. "No more of that!" said Burnaby, in a passion of remorse. He generally thought about the boy when he was alone in his study. Would have been eighteen now. Queer, and rather jolly, to have him there in the opposite chair. What would he have been like? English, of course, English as they make 'em—with that mother. Burnaby fell into the habit of imaginary conversations with this phantom of a son. He was in the middle of one.

"Young man to see you, sir," said a voice at the door of his study.

"What's his name?" He disliked these interruptions, and Hilda was out.

"I asked him, sir, but he wouldn't give any."

"Send him away," said Burnaby. "Silly ass," he went on to the phantom, "to think I'd talk to a chap who won't send in his name."

The maid came back. "He told me to give you this, sir. He's waiting."

She went out. Burnaby sat, the thing in his hand, small, woven of cocoa fiber. It jerked him back nineteen years. Inside this another little sack of native cotton. Inside that, feathers, and a small round lump. His fingers were fairly steady when he cut it open. Then the pearl rolled out.

Who says that pearls of a given size and shade, and from the same fishery, are all alike? They're not. He saw this one as it lay balanced in the sixteenth of an inch square of a cocoa mat, saw it dimpling the tips of Malliloa's brown fingers. Here it was on a desk in Curzon Street! Suddenly he remembered that Hilda would be back before long. He went downstairs very deliberately, and saw a slight figure in a big chair in the hall.

"Will you please come up with me?"

Strange, thus, to precede one's son for the first time; to know that for the very first time the feet of one's son were following so close on one's own! Should he have slipped his arm into that of his son, and gone up with him? Then he pictured himself sending for Hilda, and saying, "Hilda, this is my—" He would stick there. Yes, he would certainly stick, on account of the look in her eyes, but would try again, and say, "Hilda, this is the son of a wo—" He stopped there, too, because they were at the door of the study, and he stood aside and motioned the boy in, and closed the door.

"Sit there," he said and pointed to the chair opposite. It struck him that for a moment there was a mingling of his two sons, till the phantom dissolved and he saw but one. The boy stared at him, saying nothing.

"You come to me from Malliloa?"

The boy nodded. He had large dark eyes, full of a sort of quiet wonder. His mother's eyes, thought Burnaby.

"Where is Malliloa?"

"She is dead." He said this with a mild seriousness, as though Malliloa had gone for an extended voyage through the islands and he was not sure when she would return. "I was at school in Hongkong," he continued, speaking a pure English, but softer and more fruity than Burnaby had heard for many a year, "and before she died she sent me the parcel and your address. I was to finish my school, then come to England, and give you the parcel. That is all."

"No message—no letter?"

"Nothing but the parcel."

The boy said this, then stared about the study. He seemed very composed, and greatly interested. What there was of Burnaby in him, pertained to his body rather than his face. His wrists were squarer and stronger, his ankles thinner, his shoulders more sloping, and he seemed in an odd way harder than a straight bred South Sea islander. But he had a bit of Burnaby's chin and something of the same clean-cut cheek line.

"You know why you were sent here?" asked Burnaby huskily.

The boy looked at him, startled. He seemed too, in a strange way disappointed—as though he had come to this house knowing perfectly well why he came, and expecting that Burnaby would also know it so well that the thing might be left unsaid by both of them. Then he sent his father a swift glance that asked if he had not sufficient of Burnaby's blood for them to understand each other.

"Is not the pearl enough? I think that my mother wanted us to see each other, if," he hesitated a little, "if only once. I ask nothing from you. I am rich enough with my mother's groves and fisheries. I have wondered what you were like, so often; and knowing that you were English, I tried to make myself as English, too, as I could. So I worked hard at Hongkong. Yes, very."

A SORT of vortex set up in Burnaby's brain, through which he could see the phantom son signaling that it was all right as far as he was concerned. He had had his chance of life, and missed it, and now raised no objections to this actual thing, which was possessed of blood and bones and flesh, occupying the opposite chair, to which, as a matter of fact, the stranger was entitled. Burnaby got all that. The trouble was that at the same time he pictured Hilda—Hilda of the ordered soul, the emotionless spirit, the passionless breast, the product of custom and conservatism. Could he keep both this son of his and Hilda?

"What would you like to do?"

"What would you like me to do?"

It was like being presented with a second immortal soul, and asked to dispose of it suitably. There was no escaping it. One couldn't leave it in the road. Burnaby had no trace of any sensation that a sin was finding him out. He had just loved naturally, and too well. It was, rather, that life had been suddenly and enormously enlarged, and he was extremely anxious to do the right thing.

"I'm not sure yet," he said slowly. "That will need some thinking over. You have not told me your—your name."

"To my mother, when we were alone, I was always Gordon. For every one else I have another. Please think of me as just Gordon."

At that, Burnaby pinched the pearl very hard. He was Gordon, too. He wanted to put his arms round the boy's shoulders, and tell him that he must stay here—always. Difficult for Hilda and him, too. Yes, very, but he wouldn't care. Other people's talk? Other people be damned! He had sown the seed, and stood ready to reap the harvest. And Malliloa had known him well enough to count on it.

"You must meet my wife," he said.

The boy nodded, as though he had anticipated that, and it was all quite natural. He would like to meet the woman who was his father's wife. She ought to be interested in hearing about his mother. And perhaps this other woman would like pearls. He had thought of that, and brought some for her. They were in his pocket now. He had expected that there would be a wife. But he said nothing about the pearls.

"That would be so much pleasure."

Burnaby caught his breath. Was it possible? Where had this boy lived that he should come here with a mind like an unexposed photographic plate? They were both so innocent, he and Hilda, so stark staring white and untainted, that they would never understand each other when they met. Burnaby began to think desperately, vividly conscious that this dark-eyed son of love waited for his next words with a gentle confidence that was maddening in its calm.

"You see," he said, grinding out his words as from a mill, "it will be a little difficult, and she will be very surprised. We did not—that is, she did not know. It would have been better if—"

"If I had written, you were going to say. I thought of that, but the letter from my mother said nothing about writing. I was to come to you—that was all. I am here. Are you sorry?"

He was standing now, leaning a little forward, balanced as though for flight, looking not so much hurt as utterly confounded. He had crossed two oceans and a continent, beating down the strange passions that seized him, passions he had inherited with his wild mixture of blood, because he had learned from the English boys at Hongkong that it wasn't good form to show openly what one felt. He was trying to remember that now.

"No, I am not sorry. How could I be? You did quite right, but when you meet my wife it will help me—" Burnaby had no other way of putting it— "if you do not say who you are till I have—"

The opening door cut the rest short. Hilda was on the threshold, her eyes bright, a frosty color in her cheeks. She looked at the boy, and gave Burnaby a nod.

"So sorry, I thought you were alone."

SOMETHING inside him shouted that he must act now—this instant. But that was too much.

"Don't go, please. This is Mr. Gordon, from the South Seas." His voice seemed to reverberate in his head.

She came forward, putting out her hand, and he watched to see the truth hit her between the eyes. The boy had moved a little, so that the light fell on his face at an angle. There could be no mistake. Burnaby watched breathlessly to see her flinch, as one does when one feels something very near in the dark. But there was not even a quiver of her lids.

"How do you do? Have you been in London long?"

All in the most ordinary voice imaginable. Cool, of course; the level voice of the chill Saxon pride that was her chief characteristic, but he was used to that. He had expected to see her barring her heart, shooting bolts and snapping locks with a click of finality.

"No, not long," said the boy. "It is very cold here, is it not?"

"I'm afraid we don't call this cold."

He lifted his young shoulders. "Then I shall freeze."

"You must not expect your southern sunshine here." She looked at him as one might look at a chameleon or orchid in the Zoo before passing on, the same calm level look, as noncommittal and impersonal. "Your people are friends of my husband?"

"They were, years ago. I have now no people. They are dead. But they made me promise to see Mr. Burnaby if ever I should be in London."

He sent Burnaby a glance, blank as water, which asked if this was what the latter had wanted him to say. It suggested, too, that help would be very welcome at this moment.

"I think it would be nice if he came to dinner."

"Then tonight—is that possible?" She looked at him again, not quite so formally this time, but as though the chameleon was changing color, or some one had told her something about the orchid. "As it happens, we are engaged for the rest of the week."

"You are very kind."

"We shall expect you at eight."

Another nod, and she went out, head high, her arm in a graceful curve as she paused to shut the door. Burnaby saw that she did not look again at the boy. That was her manner, always like that, able not to see a person one could almost touch. He turned to the young man.

"It was a difficult moment," he said, "and she has no idea who you are. I'm glad, because it gives me an opportunity to talk with her. You'll understand better when you know her better."

His son stared at him. Was it possible? Could this man be so amazingly blind as not to have seen for himself. But no, he hadn't.

"You see," continued Burnaby, "she wants you to dine here at once, which is a very good beginning." He seemed oblivious of the stare, and put it down to the strangeness the boy must feel, his uncertainty, in fact a thousand things.

His son nodded, and moved toward the door. He paused there a moment, appearing to examine the room, walls, pictures, books and last of all Burnaby himself, who stood, a little flushed, waiting to go down with him. Burnaby felt, on the whole, content. There were three hours before dinner. In that time one could get a grip of the thing. On the stairs he pressed his hand against the boy's supple shoulder.

"You won't lose your way?"

The young Gordon gave him an inscrutable smile. Malliloa used to smile like that sometimes, but he never could fathom what it meant —as elusive as light shining through the curve of a wave before it breaks.

"No, sir, thank you. I know my way.

"It's dark early tonight," said Burnaby, and shut the front door without a sound. He went back to the study, and began to think hard. Better, much better, to let Hilda alone. Tonight they would talk generalities, and try to keep away from the South Seas. Then, later, when she had learned to like the lad. . . .

HE WAS still in the study when, at seven, a note was brought in: left at the door—no answer, A short note on ordinary paper. No address given.

MY DEAR FATHER:

Of course, I will not come to dinner, or ever to your house again. We may meet sometime, but I do not think so. Your wife knows about me. I do not understand how you did not see this. It greatly hurts her that this thing should have happened. I think that perhaps she might be nice to me, and know it was not my fault that I am alive, but I fear perhaps not the same to you. I do not know why I say this, but I think it would always be hard for you if I stayed. I have no other message or word for you, except that about a year ago when I was with my mother she said, "When you see your father tell him that when he went away it was hard for me to be like the English and not show my feelings," so I must be like that, too. Now, my father, good-by.

That for Burnaby. Hilda was in her room;

locked in. She had stood at the window for a while, staring into the gray murk of a winter evening. Lights showed faintly-blurred and distant. Her long fingers were twisting desperately together, her straight, lank body a rigid mass of taut bone and sinew. God, how it hurt! She bit the thin red line of her lip, delighting in the pain; her face old, drawn and gray, the Saxon face when it blenches and is too proud to cry out. Then she threw herself on her bed, pressing down into it, straining, straining into and against nothing.

"Oh, God!" she gasped. "Why couldn't he have told me at once! At once! Did he freeze when I married him? What did it matter to me that he had a son by another? What do I care for what happened twenty years ago? Coward—coward—coward!" She tore at the linen with hands like claws, and lay, panting.

And the boy! That evening he went out on a strange London street where there were many lights—so many that they almost made him feel warm. He was staring at some of many colors—they went round and round, and wove themselves into queer patterns—when he heard a voice at his elbow. She was a very pretty girl, about the same age as himself, he thought, and he felt very lonely.

An hour later he was smiling at her across a small table. There was much music, and dancing. She danced beautifully, and of course music was in his blood, so that he moved as moves the wind through ripe wheat. He wondered if she was English. She was so charming to him, and had so much feeling. He stroked her smooth bare arm, and his pulse beat very fast.

"Are you English?"

"English? Not a drop of me; I'm Irish—with a dash of French."

"Do you like pearls?"

"Like them?" she laughed. "Don't tease me. As if I'd ever had the chance to like them—the real ones."

The boy felt in his pocket. "Take these," he said.

Her Job Is to Keep People Married

"THE big general reason for the prevalence of marital unhappiness in this country today is that people are leaping into marriage without looking. Getting married rashly, impulsively, thoughtlessly (and mistakenly) is the bane of our modern social order. Add to this the fact that most of these couples refuse to make the best of the situation, as their grandparents most certainly would have done, but rush to the courts at the very first sign of friction, and you will understand why we have so many disrupted homes today."

This quotation is from a woman who is in a position to know more about married-life problems than any one else of her sex. Every year ten thousand dissatisfied wives pass through her office and pause to discuss their grievances.

In a true story that is packed with anecdotes about husbands and wives such as you number among your own acquaintances, this authority places the blame where it belongs. Slovenly housekeeping, jealousy, childless homes, meddling in-laws, extravagance, and nagging are some of the causes of marital discord she will discuss in EVERYBODY'S for July.

Giving the Charity Child a Fighting Chance

Homer Folks has pointed the way for enlightened community care of the homeless child. He has records of over four thousand boys and girls who have been placed in happy homes instead of State institutions

by Elizabeth Gertrude Stern

HOW do foster children compare with others? What kind of people do adopted children turn out to be? What kind of parents adopt children? Homer Folks, one of America's pioneer social workers, is able to supply the answers in the cases of nine hundred foster children, now over eighteen. Some were foundlings left in boarding-houses, hospitals, alleyways, and lonely farmhouses. Approximately nine in every ten came from a "bad" home, yet nine out of ten have turned out well.

A WOMAN'S figure moving through the darkness of a slum street paused stealthily, turned to right, to left, and then slipped into the unlit hallway of a tenement house. Silently she bent down and placed against the wall something round and soft. Through the stillness of the slushy winter night there came the sound of cab-wheels approaching, but she disappeared before the cab-man glimpsed her face. He was puzzled by a cry that came to him, tiny, insistent. There, from that hallway he thought it came. He peered through the darkness, and saw an object lying aside, against the wall, on the floor. The bundle was a woman's shirt, he found, on lifting it; in it lay a new-born baby-boy. That was the beginning of the life-story of Robert, for so the child was named by the alphabetical system of the foundling asylum to which the police took him. That was twenty years ago this January.

Perhaps a thousand babies are left, as was Robert, to live or die, as chance wills, in New York City alone, every year. Hundreds of others are deserted by their parents, in tenements, in parks, in lonely places, in outlying cities and little towns. Robert's is the beginning of the life-story of many a criminal pariah.

Last June a woman, sitting with work-hardened hands tightly folded, her eyes shining with pride and with love, lifted a tired gentle face toward a young man standing in academic robes on the platform of the stately hall, his voice coming to her in the cadenced, idealistic phrases of his graduation speech.

"Your son?" whispered some one near her, with friendly understanding.

"My son," was the answer, and she leaned forward then. The lad on the platform had found her, and their eyes met; across the whole long hall his eyes met hers. It was worth while, then, all the hard years of work, all the sacrifices made, those hopes she had held in these twenty years he had been hers, her son Robert.

But this woman, the "mother" of Robert, is not the girl who abandoned her baby-son that winter night twenty years ago. She is a childless woman who, twenty years ago, took in a little waif, made her home his home, made him her son, as truly as if he had been born of her. Her husband died, but the boy remained. They saved, planned, and worked together, Robert and she, for that education she so passionately wished him to have. Now the hard years were over. Robert was promised a place on a newspaper. She was to live with him, and make his home for him, and rest.

It was, that June day, like a chapter in a radiant fairy-tale. But the story of her Robert is not a romance, woven from imagined things. It is a true story taken, detail by detail, from the clipped, scientifically phrased records of a great organization. Every day, for over twenty-five years, it has been writing in its dispassionate records romances as amazing as this. It makes those connecting portions which create a miracle of a child's life, giving it a wide path out—from misery, fear, and sometimes the shadow of death—to security and achievement

[*Continued on page 146*]

FINDING happy homes for foundlings and dependent children is the important responsibility of Homer Folks, head of the New York State Charities Aid Association. Over four thousand children have been placed with foster parents. Mr. Folks was one of the first Americans to adopt the profession of social welfare, a career he has followed since his graduation from Harvard thirty-six years ago.

JOHN DUNCAN DUNN, now of Hollywood, California, is a member of a Scottish family prominent in golf circles for generations. He has played the game for forty years, taught it professionally for twenty-five, and has laid out over fifty golf courses here and abroad. Mr. Dunn is the author of several books on the game, has coached many famous players, and once conducted the world's largest golf school.

Dunn *says* Golf Is Easy

After twenty-five years of teaching others how to play, John Dunn concludes that good golf rests on a few important fundamentals. Nearly all dubs share certain specific faults that can be corrected by intelligent practice

by Elon Jessup

WHETHER you are a discouraged duffer or can confidently step out and play in the eighties, there is something helpful for you in the experience of a man who has devoted a lifetime to studying the game and simplifying it for thousands of pupils. John Dunn makes the important distinction between essentials and non-essentials. It is his business to see that applicaton of his common-sense recommendations will take strokes off your score.

"THERE isn't an incurable fault in the game of golf," said John Duncan Dunn whose teaching of that often exasperating art is marked by such startling simplicity. "Not every person can become an expert at golf," he admitted, "and it's a wise man who knows his own limitations; but any one at all can become sufficiently proficient to enjoy thoroughly the playing of the game. And I call that being successful.

"A man can't enjoy playing so long as he considers himself a failure. Sometimes a person gets so thoroughly discouraged that he gives up completely and declares that it is impossible for him to learn the game. That is utterly untrue. He can learn as well as the next man if he puts his mind to it. Certain definite golfing faults have been the cause of that discouragement, and every one of those faults can be located and cured."

Here was a man who had played golf for forty years, and who comes of what has been for generations one of the most interesting golf families in Scotland or America, as you will see later. Surely no one could have been better qualified to discuss the subject, that day we got down to brass tacks on the "ancient and honorable" sport. People, says he, make golf needlessly difficult. That's his story and he sticks to it.

Anybody, but especially a teacher, having the courage to term golf a "simple" game is certainly some one out of the ordinary. If he is right, and this article can prove it, a wave of heartfelt gratitude should go up from despairing duffers and perspiring dubs all the way betwixt Shinnecock Hills and Rio Hondo.

As a matter of fact, Dunn has devoted most of the past twenty-five years to convincing golf pupils all over the country that golf really is a simple game to learn. They have all heard a great deal about the "mystery" of golf, but not very much about its simplicity. And so they hunt trouble. One of the principal ways they do this, points out Dunn, is through scant attention to fundamentals. But it all boils down to a mental attitude which he sums up briefly as follows:

"You have only to think a thing is difficult to make it difficult."

It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that John Dunn, during the past ten years, has been the means of eliminating more strokes from American golf than any other one man in the country. I have specifically in mind a host of so-called "duffers" who have come under his personal instruction and many more who have followed his straightforward, common-sense writings.

You won't read Dunn's name in championship headlines (although his uncle was the first American Open Champion), for John Dunn is teacher, observer, and analyst, first of all and player second. This, by the way, is almost universally true of the greatest teachers in all lines of sport. But if you happen to hear Gene Sarazen or some other champion discuss golf, you are likely to hear a favorable reference to "Dunn's method."

If Dunn's statements are notable for their sense of confidence and simplicity, his teaching methods are equally so. These are known from England and Scotland (where his father, a famous golf course architect, laid out most of the courses of his time) to Hollywood, California, where he has a golf school at present. Every now and then he is called across the country to lay out a new golf course, for he is architect as well as teacher. He has laid out a total of nearly fifty golf courses under such varied conditions as you will find in France, Holland, Florida, Vermont, and California.

At one time Dunn had charge of Spalding's golf factory in London. Later, in New York, he had the unique experience of selling John D. Rockefeller his first set of clubs. It was in New York that Dunn organized and was head of the largest golf school in the world. Under him were twenty-four instructors, including Cyril Walker, who later became the open champion, and the famous Walter Hagen. As many as one hundred and fifty lessons a day were given in this school.

What One Duffer Learned

DUNN'S notable success as a teacher of golf may be traced largely to his happy combination of an analytical and optimistic frame of mind. The analytical side of him has brought to light the existence of certain actual conditions in the game of golf. Some of these are unnatural twists and squirms of the body known as "golfing faults." The optimistic side furnishes the motive power for meeting and overcoming them. After many years of close observation, he says that there's no such thing as an impossible obstacle in golf. Anybody can play well. If you're going to do a thing at all, says Dunn, you might better do it successfully than make a failure of it. And one of these is accomplished just about as easily as the other.

"Failure at golf, as in anything else, is both mentally and physically harmful," he continues. "In order to derive any real benefit you have to play a game of which you don't feel ashamed. Witness players returning from a round at any country club. You can almost read the scores on their faces. What the exact figures may be does not matter especially, but the mental attitude of the men who have written them down matters a great deal. You see all the difference between the exhilaration of success and the depression of failure."

Dunn has neither the thought nor desire to turn out champions. His instruction is directed largely toward people who are either just taking up golf or who have played intermittently and want to better their game. He wishes more people would go to a good teacher before they ever touch hand to a club, for he says that one lesson at the beginning is worth dozens later on. Faults are easily eliminated when they haven't become a habit. The person who has never learned golf takes hold more quickly than does the person who thinks he was learning it, while all the time he was actually acquiring a lot of bad golfing faults.

Many of Dunn's golfing pupils are middle-aged men. I recall one of his pupils who might be called fairly typical, and the manner in which Dunn started him to bettering his game.

A powerfully built business man of middle age, possessing the confidence in himself that goes with a successful career, had taken up golf. He was an intelligent man, and he realized his limitations in an unfamiliar line of endeavor. So, having always been in the habit of consulting a lawyer, doctor, or engineer when in need of specialized advice, he showed equally good sense in seeking the advice of an expert in golf. He had engaged John Dunn to give him a series of lessons. The first lesson was about to begin.

The aspiring golfer knew that you played this provocative game upon an outdoor "course," having a length of about 6,300 yards, divided into eighteen "holes," the object of the game being to make the least possible number of strokes with various clubs throughout this rather lengthy stretch of countryside. It was to him a source of wonder that experts could go "around" in less than eighty strokes.

He could call by its right name each of the eight different clubs which supposedly constitute an up-and-going golfer's equipment. All of these graced a leather bag dangling from the shoulder of his freckle-faced caddie boy. How much more he knew about the game of golf remained to be seen.

Although free to admit that he'd played the length of a golf course only about a dozen times in his life, he mentioned with pride one stroke in particular during the last time out—a wonderful drive off the eighth tee. To be sure, he'd lost count of additional strokes after these had mounted past a hundred and fifty-three. But memory of that one long drive pleasantly lingered. If he could only repeat that a few more times, life would be worth while. Would Dunn show him how?

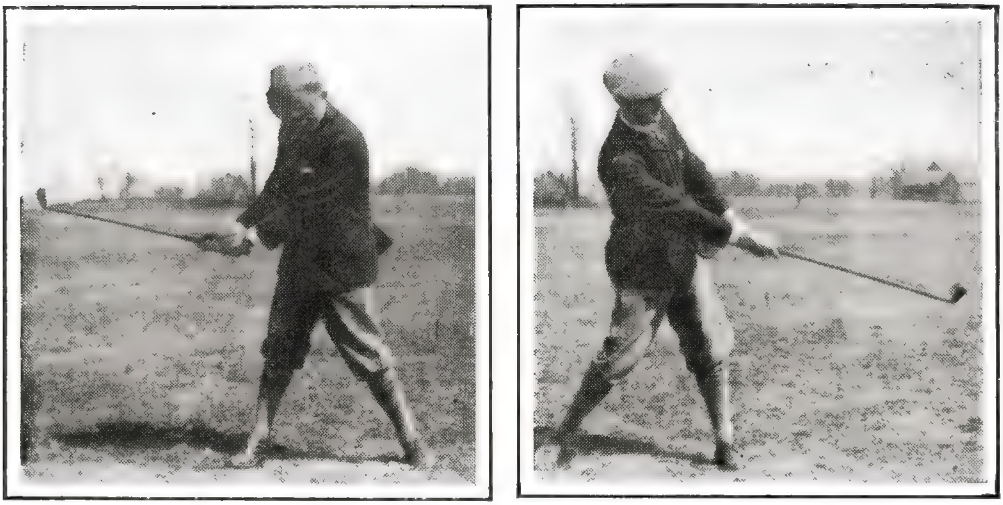
"Stand back and watch me drive this ball, Mr. Dunn," he suggested. "Tell me what's the matter if I don't hit it just right."

Dunn stood back without comment, awaiting developments.

The other man reached for his shiny, wooden-headed driving club and teed the ball with all the confidence of an old timer.

Backward and upward swung the club. Downward it flashed upon the small white ball. Of a sudden, something cracked. The ball hadn't moved from its tee of sand. In the golfer's hands dangled the shattered remains of a club. He regarded it for a moment with stunned surprise and then turned to Dunn like a youngster craving sympathy:

"I've smashed my driver."



In these pictures of the beginning and finish of a quarter swing, Dunn demonstrates an all-important shot in his method of instruction. He advocates practicing the short shot to the point of perfection before attempting the full swing. Once your short game is perfected, the long game will take care of itself and there is less danger of magnifying errors, as the arc of the club head is lengthened.

"So I see," came the disinterested response.

"It was my best club. You should have seen the long drive I—"

The knowing features of Dunn's sharp-cut Scotch face remained provokingly impassive. The dejected owner of the defunct driver trailed off into sarcasm:

"You act as though you'd like to see me smash a few more clubs."

Dunn's brief but wholly serious response came to him as a surprise.

"That is an excellent idea," said Dunn. "It would prove very helpful to your game."

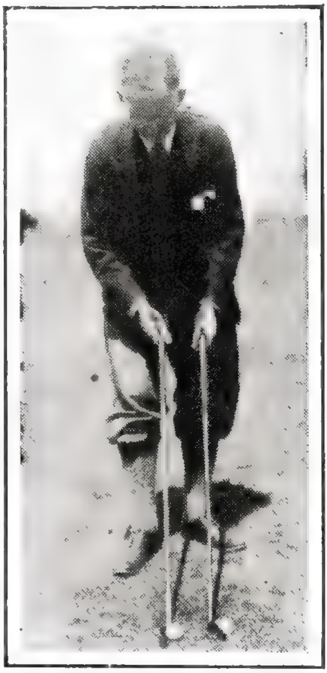
The golfer eyed him steadily.

"Tell me what you're getting at," he observed.

"I'll tell you first that you have the most valuable asset a golfer can possess," replied Dunn. "You have a fund of confidence. You know that if others can play a good game of golf there is no reason why you shouldn't. That confidence of yours is a thing to be saved and fostered. Don't let it weaken."

The golfer's injured feelings began visibly to calm down at this unexpected turn to the conversation.

"That's a little more hopeful," he remarked. "What other excuse is there for letting me live?"



A common way of spoiling a mashie shot is by turning the face of the iron as shown at the right. The club at the left is correctly held so the pitched face will carry a high, straight ball.

"Well," said Dunn with one of those Scotch smiles, "you've probably got patience, perseverance, and intelligence. You'll need them all. You've got to put in some intelligent practice; you'll have to get a clear understanding of your faults and learn how to eliminate them."

"How can I do that," asked the golfer somewhat more humbly.

"Golf is a mind game," remarked Dunn tersely. "And remember that the more you hold your game back in its early stages, the better game you will play in the end. Golf gets to be a very simple game when you keep this in mind. You've started by making this simple game needlessly involved and difficult."

The golfer scratched his head. "How did I come to make such an awful mess of that drive?" he asked.

"That's the fatal mistake of nine beginners out of ten," explained the teacher. "You have your heart set on the full swing with a driver. Well, you're through with one driver. Don't get another for a long time. The driver is a club that should be used only by an advanced golfer. It may ruin the game of a beginner. As a matter of fact, you have twice as many clubs in your bag as you need. The fewer clubs a man plays with during his first season, the greater his progress. Four are plenty: spoon, midiron, mashie, and putter.

"Of course the full swing is the goal toward which you are aiming. But the full swing is the sum total of golf. When you have once learned that, you have mastered the whole game. The man who starts out by concentrating upon the full swing, will never learn it at all; he will always play poor golf, irrespective of how long he keeps at it. For his game will be wholly lacking in foundation. All top and no bottom.

"The foundation of the full swing are the quarter, half, and three-quarter swings. Some golfers make the mistake of thinking of these three minor shots as separate and distinct movements. Actually, all four shots are identically the same movement, reaching its climax in the full swing. Each of the minor shots is the segment of a circle. If you perfect the respective segments, the full circle will take care of itself.

"A slight fault in the half swing becomes an exaggerated and serious fault by the time the club travels back to the full swing. Obviously, you can't prevent a disease when it's in its worst stage. The sensible method is that of preventing it from taking hold in the first place. This can be accomplished only through diligent practice of the minor shots. The longer you stick to the quarter and half shots, the better your game will eventually become. Make your short game perfect and the long game will automatically become so. Furthermore, I'd suggest that you practice these shots on a golf court instead of playing the course. Court practice is worth three times as much to a man as playing the game."

The duffer heaved a sigh of regret. No more striding about the links followed by an attentive, if secretly scornful caddie. He felt as if he were a little boy again and had been set back to a lower grade. But after all, he had come to an expert; he was paying for expert instruction. It was up to him to get his money's worth. He brightened. "Right you are," said he.

You ought to see that duffer now!

The Lore of a Famous Golf Clan

AS A young man Dunn studied medicine, and some of that knowledge he has never forgotten. He has always been a close student of the way people's minds work. These two things combine to give him a fundamental grasp of anatomy and psychology in his teaching. And just as a surgeon is always learning new things about the human body from his patients, so this eminent golf teacher has learned a great deal about golf from his pupils.

Naturally such a man has written as well as talked about his ideas. He is the author of several books on golf as well as numerous magazine articles. His most notable recent article was a lucid explanation of what he calls the "natural" grip. America's leading golfing magazine had offered a prize for the best article on the golf grip. Against most of the famous players and golf writers who competed, Dunn's article was easily first.

Here is a man possessing an unusually comprehensive view of the supposedly mysterious game of golf. He knows it intimately from every angle. A champion player might not be able to tell you how he obtains certain results in his perfect game. But Dunn, looking on, can tell you with crystal clearness just how that man is able to do what he does.

Perhaps he is considerably helped by the lore of a remarkable golfing family. His father, the late Tom Dunn of Bournemouth, England was the golf architect of most of the courses of his time. In fact golf-links architecture of that period is sometimes referred to as the "Dunn Era." John Dunn's brother, Seymour, of Lake Placid is the author of a text-book, "Golf Fundamentals," and both sisters are teachers of golf. Gourlay Dunn, another brother, who died as a Major in the British Royal Air Force, was one of the few golfers in Great Britain who ever beat Willie Park on his own home course, Musselburgh. The uncle of this quartet, Willie Dunn, already referred to, was the first Open Champion of America.

This knowledge of golf goes back a good many generations. John Dunn's grandfather and granduncle, "Wullie" and Jamie Dunn played in what is still known to learned golf fans as the "Great Match of 1849." Their opponents were those legendary giants, Allen Robertson and "Tam" Morris. The other grandfather, John Gourlay, was in another respect the "grand old man" of golf. He was Scotland's—and the "wurruld's" greatest maker of the old-fashioned leather and feather balls. In fact practically all the "feytherrs" still in existence bear the name John Gourlay.

Long before even his day this clan of Gourlays had been at it. To be exact, it was back in 1600, no less, that the first Gourlays were appointed "Makkers of the Gouf-ba's" to King Jamie the First of England and Scotland. One might almost have compared them to Old Man Golf himself. Certainly, beside them, Colonel Bogie is a rank upstart.

It was in 1896 that John Dunn the inheritor of all this golf craftmanship, came to the United States to work at the Ardsley Club. From there he went into the manufacture of golf-clubs in Bridgeport, and afterwards into the golf retail sales business in New York. Later he took charge of the English golf factory of A. G. Spalding and Brothers in England and later became Managing Director of the British Golf Company of London.

From that time on his principal activity has centered around the laying out of golf-courses all over the world, but he has never lost interest in the teaching of golf which he started at the big Wanamaker School and still keeps up at Hollywood.

As a result of such a background and such a fund of practical golfing experience combined, is it any wonder that John Dunn possesses an unusually comprehensive knowledge of golfing faults and why they occur?

"The most common fault of a golfing beginner," says he, "is that of raising his body during the swing. He is seldom conscious of the fact that he does this. A raised body need not necessarily mean a topped ball and he may think that so long as he hits the ball, it doesn't matter particularly whether he rises or not.

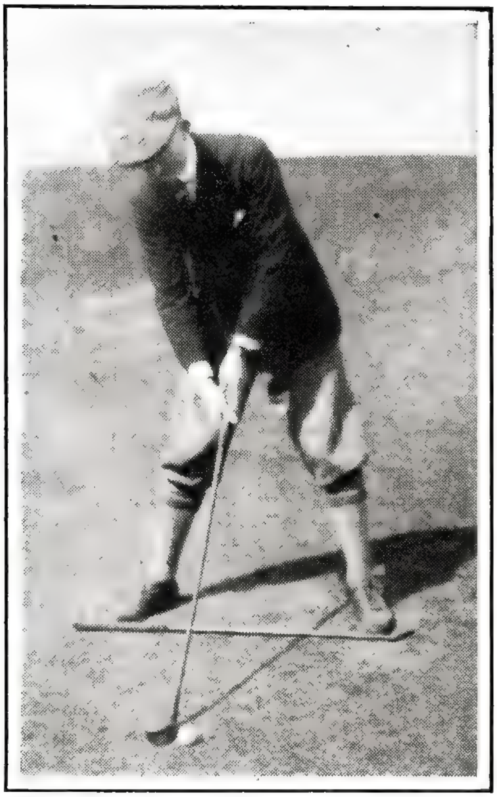
"Yet, an analysis of the stroke shows that it *does* matter. One set of muscles carries you forward in a bent position during the swing. Suppose that at the moment of impact between club and ball, the body rears up from its bent position. Another set of muscles automatically comes into play. This second set neutralizes the first. Naturally, there's a corresponding loss of power to the first set, and the ball doesn't travel very far. The correct golf swing requires a bent position of the body from address to finish, the shoulders being at all times on the same plane."

Dunn recommends will power and practice as the most effective means of overcoming this common fault. When giving golf lessons he sometimes stands to the left of his pupil and holds a club in a horizontal position a few inches above the other's head, when the ball is being addressed. In case the pupil rises up during the subsequent swing, he is reminded of the fact when his head whacks the club.

Without doubt, many photographs showing champion golfers at the finish of a swing are unintentionally responsible for an erroneous impression. Not long since I saw two photos of Walter Hagen, one of them showing him in a bent position, the manner in which he had actually finished a swing. The other, a posed picture, showed him standing fairly straight—not at all the way he had actually finished.

The common trick of trying to overcome the rising-up habit by keeping your eyes glued on the spot where the ball has been, does not meet with Dunn's approval. He calls this unnatural. A conflicting set of muscles are brought into play. The natural movement is that of following the flight of the ball with your eyes. He holds that you can do this just as well from a crouched position as standing straight.

It is typical of Dunn's knowledge of human nature that in his teaching he makes most of his suggestions constructive and positive instead of negative. They stick better that way. When a fault arises, he doesn't say, "don't do that." He says, "do this;" and forthwith indicates some definite action which will automatically cure that fault. This same positive attitude he advises for self-instruction.



The stance is one thing Dunn recommends every golfer to work out for himself. Then adopt the most comfortable one and ignore set rules. For the beginner he favors the square stance with the line across the toes parallel to the flight of the ball.

For example, he has found one of the most common faults in golf that of finishing a swing with the left heel off the ground. As a result of this poor balance, the body weight is held back upon the right foot and its full power cannot get into the stroke.

"If you say to your left heel, 'don't do that,' it may not pay any attention to you," remarks Dunn. "But if you concentrate upon the right heel and make a point of turning that completely around, the left will stay on the ground. It can't help itself."

Dunn pursues much the same method in curing slicing. He calls this the most frequent of all faults among golfers who have played the game for some time, and most people will agree with him. Instead of promising a chronic slicer that he will cure his slice, he tells him that he will teach him how to pull and hook. For, slicing is more of a mental condition than anything else, and the quickest way to be rid of it is to be rid of all thought or suggestion of it. After going to the opposite extreme and hooking a few shots, the slicer finds himself returning from the hooking to the happy medium of normal. As a quick cure for slicing, Dunn recommends the hooking of half-shots with a midiron, using only your right hand.

"Of course, in all such matters a person has to use good judgment and not over-correct a fault. If a doctor were to prescribe one bottle of medicine it wouldn't be wise to take two."

Mistiming is classified by Dunn as one of the most frequent of golfing faults. This means lack of harmony between body and club during the swing. To illustrate the point, he compares the body to the hub of a wheel, the shaft of the club to one of its spokes, and the club head to the rim of that same wheel. It is obvious that during the swing, the hub has less distance to travel than the rim.

During the perfect swing, the two, spinning in harmony, work in constant unison from address to finish. In other instances, the hub beats out the rim, which means that you have a case of mistiming. Stay as long as you can on your right foot, concludes Dunn.

Simple Cures for Common Faults

THE fault known as "waisting" is of quite common occurrence, too. This usually comes from allowing the head to drop toward the left shoulder during a stroke. Naturally the focus of your eyes upon the ball is entirely different from their focus when you addressed the ball. Dunn declares that one of the basic things of golf that we do not hear enough about is the importance of keeping the head still. It's quite as important as the familiar "keep your eye on the ball." A head that is inclined toward the shoulder during the swing will throw the whole body off balance. The head must be held rigidly centered at all times from address till the instant of impact.

To hit the ball with the heel of the club is one of the most natural of faults, observes Dunn, because of the centrifugal force generated in your down swing. But it is a fault that can be readily cured. He advises going to the other extreme and addressing the ball with the toe of the club. Furthermore, make up your mind that you will hit the ball with the toe. As a result of this thinking process you will probably find at the moment of impact that your mind has compromised on the subject and you have hit the ball in the exact center.

"In case this method fails, place two balls on the ground about four inches apart and make up your mind that you will drive the near ball without disturbing the other. After a few attempts the far ball won't bother you. This will cure you of heeling."

As one cure for the universal failing of topping, Dunn suggests crumpling up a small piece of paper and laying this on the ground, an inch or so behind the ball. Drive the paper and you will hit the ball. A suggestion of somewhat the same nature is offered to the man who is not following through properly with his iron shots. He is advised to lay two balls on the ground, a few inches apart, both of these in the line of flight. Take a mashie and send both balls down the course on the same shot.

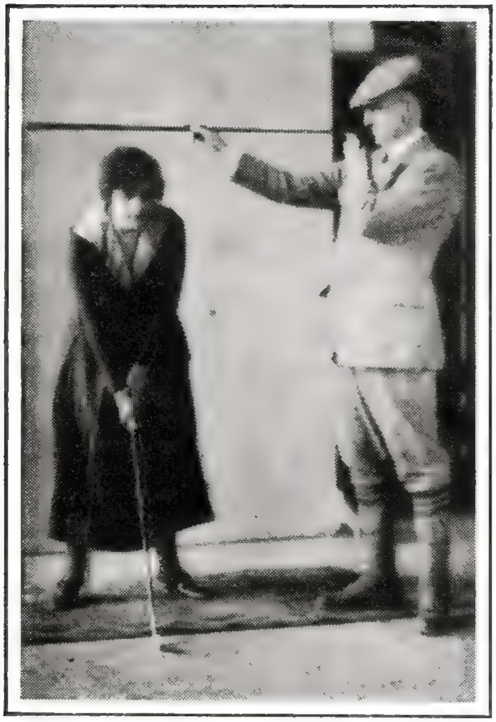
"A good many golfers raise the right elbow as the club travels to the top of the swing," continues Dunn. "This fault throws them off balance. The right elbow should be kept down; not rigid, but nearly so. I sometimes poke a handkerchief under the armpit of a man who persists in raising the elbow and I tell him I want to see the handkerchief still there at the finish of the swing. This proves quite effective. The left arm should be neither rigidly straight nor loosely doubled. Strike a comfortable medium."

First, last, and at all times, John Dunn believes in playing a successful game of golf. Although you can do this only with confidence, there should also exist a common-sense realization of one's own limitations. These limitations may be only temporary. A man may have gone "stale." But so long as they are there, a man should adjust his game to them. A well executed half swing is successful golf. A poor full swing is unsuccessful golf. Don't bite off more than you can chew.

"When a good player finds that he's temporarily off his game he doesn't persist in feeling depressed about it. He cuts down his swing to the point where he can play well and enjoy himself. The shorter the stroke, the easier it is to hit the ball. And the ability to hit the ball consistently, brings back one's old confidence. As he finds himself getting back into his accustomed form, he gradually lengthens out his swing. But back he goes to the short stroke, in case he discovers he is biting off more than he can chew.

"The average golf beginner would do well to study the methods of a good player in this respect. Most beginners promote themselves too fast for their own good. In doing so, they acquire faults which in time become deep-seated habits. If only they had the patience to hold back their game and stick to the minor shots which are the fundamentals, spotting any suggestion of a fault as soon as it appears, and ridding themselves of it before they go ahead, why then, they'd be playing really good golf within a season or two. Golf is a mind game and there is no more important application of this than in the recognition and elimination of a fault.

"Perhaps the most futile situation of all is the man who consistently practices his faults and thereby intensifies them without knowing



It is easy enough to find out whether or not you raise your body during the swing. Have a friend stand at your left side and hold a club horizontally a few inches above your head. If your body moves, your head will bump the club.

what they are. By all means have him go to a good golf instructor and have his case diagnosed. He's a sick man, so far as the game of golf is concerned. But he should use wisdom in the choice of his golf doctor, for poor instruction is worse than none at all.

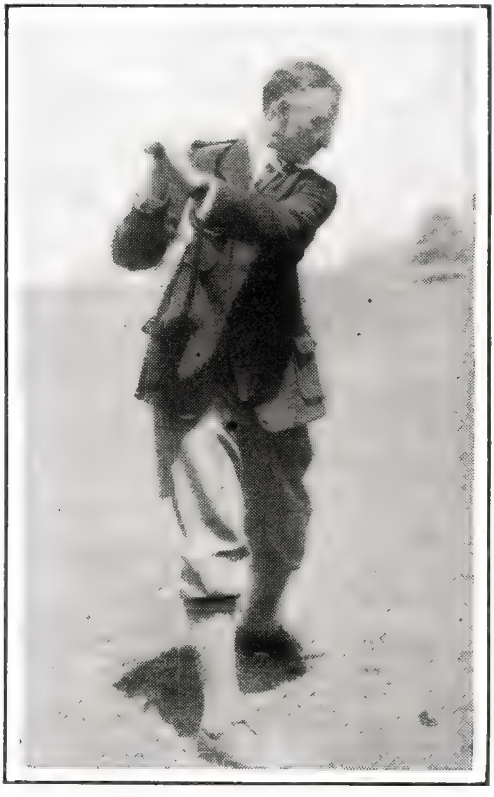
"Let him be especially wary of 'tips' from golfing friends. The man who puts one of these into practice is pretty sure to add to his collection of faults and go from bad to worse. Nor do I think much of some of the numerous books on golf written by experts. But I am wholeheartedly in favor of a man's studying and copying the form of an expert. Aside from a few unimportant details such as the manner of gripping the club, the form of all golf champions is practically identical. The books that they write, however, are sometimes so technical and confusing that a reader may readily receive the impression that the golf swing is a complicated, difficult movement.

"Let me repeat that the whole of golf is the swing. Your manner of gripping the club and the stance are of no vital importance. Some grip and stand one way and some another. But there's only one golf swing and that must be right. This swing is neither complicated nor difficult. Its so-called 'mystery' is nonsense.

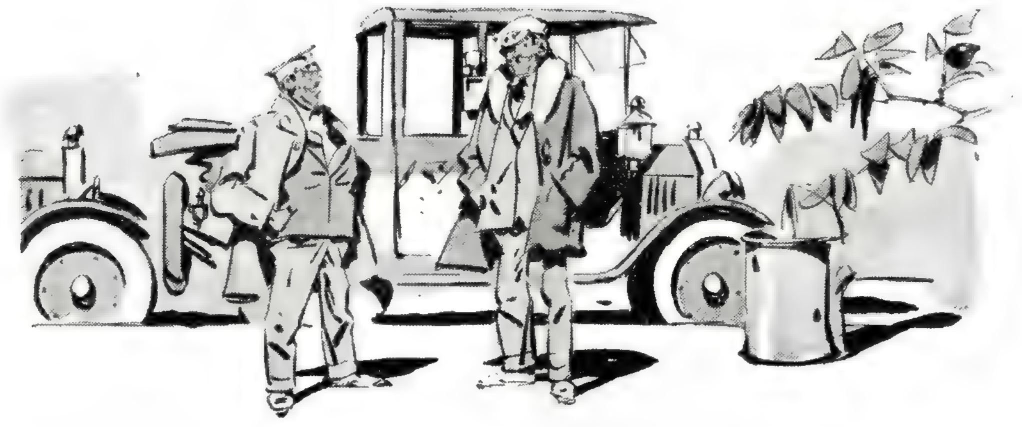
"Where's the mystery to a swing that is just as simple as wielding an axe on a tree and which is practically identical with this in many respects? A man can swing an axe because no difficulties have been created for him. But for these, he could swing a golf club with like accuracy. There is no better proof of this than the caddie boy who becomes a champion.

"The man who takes up golf late in life is up against obstacles just because this tradition of difficulty has been established, and also because some of his muscles have become set in unnatural ways. The fact remains that he is tackling what is essentially simple and which he or any one else can learn. But he has to work harder at it than a youngster, and he must have the patience to make progress slowly.

"Above all else, he must practice, practice, and continue to practice the fundamentals. And when faults appear, let him remember that every fault in the game of golf is curable."



A stunt that will help cure the habit of raising the right elbow at the top of the swing is to place a handkerchief between the upper right arm and the side of the body. Then complete a full swing without dropping the handkerchief.



The rollicking chronicle of a Broadway taxicab driver's $50,000 ride

Illustrated
by
Stuart Hay

Southbound

SAY listen. Maybe you're wonderin' how does the 3973 hack-steerers in Nyusa get by when there ain't no Sandy Claws. Well, take your dope straight, but it's confidential, get me? Sh-sh-sh! It's the tips that not only keeps 'em goin' but makes 'em wealthy. So here's a tip on the tip.

'Course each an' every bozo don't come across; it ain't expected. But if you're one of the birds that insists on stickin' with this terrible practice, an' slippin' your driver a velvet dimmy, let it go with some kind of a grin. An' the reason I mentions a dime is this: you can bring a dime most any old time, but don't bring a jitney. If they is one thing that sends us cab-drivers to the padded cells, it's a nickel tip. All on account the buffaloes is extinct or words to these effects.

The above statement is strictly on the up-an'-up an' I ain't one bird that only starts bein' a straight shooter since I'm rollin' my own bus. An' don't forget likewise while you got your hammer out they is bad eggs in every business. Just give the average taxi driver an even break an' he'll come back with all he's got to finish way out in front.

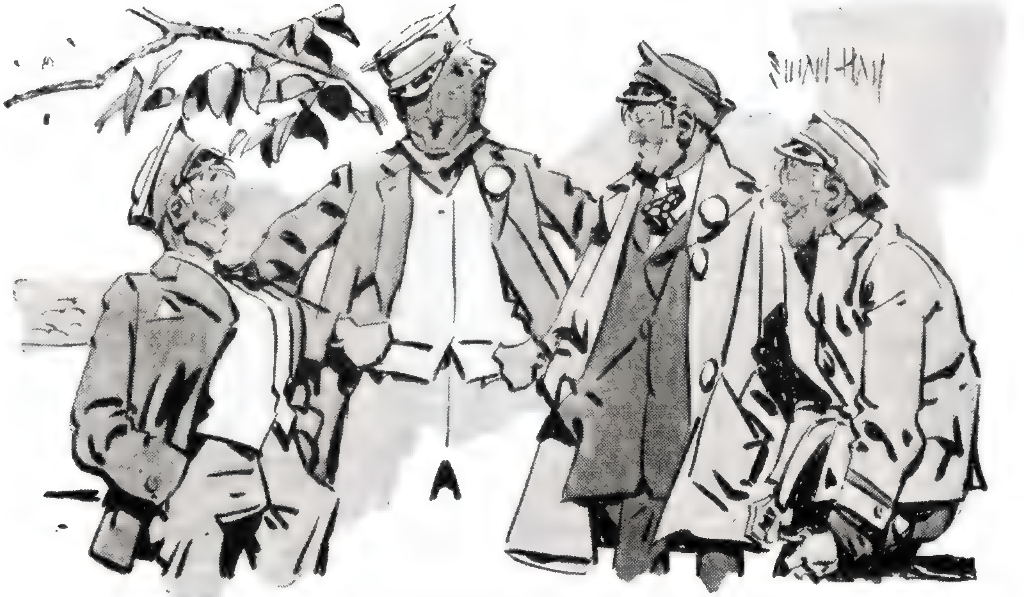
Y'know, most of the six million around Gotham call us gas-burners Terrible Turks when referrin' to us casual, on account we always has both mitts out waitin' for the old "baksheesh" which they tells me is the same as do re mi where the cigarets come from. Outside of that an' the fact none of us is worth the powder it takes to blow a New York nose, we'll pass if the crowd's big enough.

I'll admit they ain't many of us is human. What intelligent bozo'd ever sink so low as to be caught mutterin' they is such a thing as a honest cab-driver that slips into the back pew on Sunday mornin' while conscious? It ain't bein' done!

Well, look me over. Van Riper's the name on the door, Bill in the first place an' when I slant all this junk about the cab-drivin' crooks I has to chortle. Don't I ride plenty of these birds that puts the public wise an' hear 'em rave, an' likewise see them doin' *their* stuff? They ain't takin' a thing 'at don't belong to 'em; not if it's nailed down tight.

Say! I should stay awake over what these babies cackle. All I wanta do is miss the low places gettin' home on time. I gotta nifty little Harlem ranch an' a lady boss waitin' at the gate that'll knock your eye out if she hears you knockin' me. An' I guess the only reason I got a Frau to brag about is because I see her first when she needs a boy friend bad.

I admit she hits me hard the day she climbs



I looks around an' the boys is all givin me the wise-guy once over.

Traffic

By
Edwin Palmer

in my bus near Penn Station an' I don't think it over twice, either. 'Course, right then I don't know her or anythin' else except I find out for the first time I can't take it. Anyway, I ain't losin' track of her while she's stoppin' at the St. George an' it's a good thing for me I don't. Who does she turn out to be but Miss Fanny Wilmot, All-American, plain an' fancy, pie-makin' champ, sightseein' from Dubuque, Iowa, an' here for a good time on her own hook. Regardin' the turn I does her that sorta fixes things for her an' me, I'll write it on the ice. All I does is to horn in on a little graft that an excaped con is workin', her bein' one of the victims. He packs in all her dough for a set of dancin' lessons that ain't an' flies the well-known coop. Only this time he flies too near the roof an' yours truly clips him on the wing. Not only do I get my girl friend a refund but I work it so fast she can't get her breath. When she does, it tastes salty an' we're moonin' together in Atlantic City. That's how come.

Y'know some guys'll kick if they're in swimmin'. Not me. I know when I'm sittin' pretty. Take a peek at this hand. A reg'lar domicile, a Frau that's ace-high, an' a champ police pup to chew up any would-be immigrants while I'm steerin' the hack. An' say! I come near leavin' out somethin' else. We got some choice furniture in the flat an' among the articles too numerous to mention is a small-size taxi, same bein' what the Missus calls a bassinet. It ain't a bad lookin' little bus atall an' worth the twenty bucks, easy. Know what I mean?

Well, anyways, I got it all fixed up beforehand with Danny, the starter at the stand, that in case a 'phone call comes in for me from the Frau that she's takin' a trip in a hurry an' needs a cab, to send any one of the boys an' tell 'im to step on it. 'Course I'm hopin' to be there myself if she calls, but I can't figure to be.

The way it happens, I'm just after leavin' the garage kinda late this particular afternoon an' I grab a short call from a flashy-lookin' couple. It's only from the drive around 110th down to West End Avenue. Finishin' that, I hustle over to the stand an' get another one right away. This one is the wife of a friend of mine, Ed McManus, same havin' a date with Ed at the *Courier* office in the Roarin' Forties. So I run her down there an' shoot right back again to the stand. I'm only gone about half an hour but when I hit the line the call from my Frau is in.

"Who took it, Dan?" I asked the starter.

"I give it to Muggsy," he tells me. "You ain't gone two minutes when she give us the ring. So I figures Muggsy bein' a real good man I won't waste any time."

"Right Dan," I says, "an' thanks. Muggsy must have her over to Stork an' Company's Fifth Avenue Emporium by this time. If he don't grab another fare he'll be back soon an' gimme the dope, if any."

I LOOKS around an' the boys is all givin' me the wise-guy once over. It's the first they hear about it an' I guess I'm actin' kinda woozy, but in a minute I'm gettin' the glad hand from every bozo present. An' I know they mean it. I don't know if I'm actin' natural or not but it beats four aces an' the cuter how funny a guy can feel when a certain bird like the one up to Bronx Park that's long on legs an' beak threatens to make a call at his domicile. They tell me some guys can take this punch without battin' a hair. Well, if so, they gotta talk cash with me. I don't give 'em no credit, an' if you ask me there's a cylinder missin' somewhere.

"It's a great life, ain't it Bill?" kids Danny, the starter. "An' a bit upset you are too. I mind the old days when big famblies is the rage. Why say, the proud fathers'd be as excited an' puffed up when they orders number thirteen F. O. B. an' has Aloysius or Mehitable all picked out for the label as a new bull paradin' his first set of buttons. It's diff'rent nowadays," he goes on. "Big famblies is out of style. These days the first one is aplenty, number two is excess baggage an' the third one to Mr. Average Guy an' his wife is like bein' out when it rains diamonds with nothin' but a sieve. It's as welcome as a chaperon at a church picnic."

Most of the stuff Danny pulls is legitimate so from that I figures that this Frau I'm doin' so much braggin' about must belong in with the old-timers in this respect. She claims to me on the Q. T. that a even dozen is her share, which means *my* Frau is no fluke champ. She's in a class by herself an' I'm tellin' you, what she says goes for me anytime. I mean, she can reverse the decision any mornin' before breakfast or after an' find me votin' the same ticket.

Anyways, that's that an' for want of somethin' better to do, I amble over to the boiler an' start brushin' her up a little inside. But I'm still thinkin' a lot more about somethin' else than what I'm doin' when suddenlike I spots a nifty leather case, pocket size, stickin' down behind one of the extra seats. I picks it up an' right away it hits me that Ed's wife musta left it there. I beats it to the 'phone an' give Ed a ring at the *Courier* office.

"Hello!" says Ed. I tell 'im who's callin' an' why.

"No Bill," he says, after a minute; "I asked the Missus an' she says it ain't hers. What you find in it?"

"Didn't open it yet," I tells 'im. "It's got a combination that looks tough."

"Well, you know what to do with it," Ed laffs. "Just put an ad in the *Courier* an' everything'll be jake. An' by the way, Mr. Van Riper, I haven't glimpsed your noble profile to talk to since Broadway was a cow-pasture. In fact, not since we fixed the close-up of that escaped con, the bird that pulled the fake revenue stunt an' got your name in the papers. That was some time ago. I do know you're spliced now but that's all. How about it?"

"That last part of it's right enough, Ed," I says, "an' that guy you mention, same now residin' in Atlanta permanent, gets a risin' vote of thanks from this baby talkin' for helpin' out. If it wasn't for him I'd still be doin' the single act which is no good. In fact, I might not've run into my Frau atall."

"O. I. C." laffs Ed. "You run into this dame, eh? A fine stunt; knock a lady for a loop an' then to keep her from takin' it to court you propose matrimony an' she calls your bluff. Do I follow you?"

"Nix Ed, nix," I starts to squirm. "You ain't even headed in the same direction. This lady is all to the music an' then some. She's the well-known wow. An' say Ed—" I lower my voice for no reason atall—"there's somethin' goin' on besides the rent."

"N-o-o-o," comes back Ed, whistlin', "you don't so say?"

"Nothin' else but," I affirms, tryin' to look chesty over a telephone. "An' I guess you're goin' to have a job officiatin' wished on you when everythin' gets set. Is it O.K.?"

"Fine an' dandy," he chirps. "Well, s'long."

"Over the river," I hollers an' hang up.

Trottin' back again to the bus with the leather case in my hand I start workin' on the combination. It's got a reg'lar dial with numbers like a safe an' a real puzzler. But listen, y'know that feelin' you get sometimes when there's somebody watchin' you? That's what I get when I'm fussin' with this case. Even if the hawkeye happens to be in back of you somewhere you can't help feelin' it. I looks up an' across the street is a flat-tire watchin' me sharp from the curb. I give 'im the once-over twice an' he's still on the job. The third time I'm ready to ask 'im does he know where I can borrow a left-handed monkey wrench, when out comes Dan on the hotfoot.

"Van Riper!" he yells. "Hey Bill. Muggsy's in a jam on St. Nicholas. You better shoot, huh?"

Well, it's the first time in my unpromisin' career I ever hear Danny peddle unnecessary advice. I shoves the leather case under the seat, slip into low an' take the corner in high. Do I bury that button? You tell 'em! I pass Muggsy on St. Nick at 127th where he's shy a wheel an' the speed clock shows me 47 per. The bus is pullin' up at the curb by itself when I'm half-way upstairs to the flat. I shove open the door an' Bum, the pup, leaps at me. But one slant an' a whistle tells me he's alone. There's a note on the table. I grab that up, slam the door again an' in three hops an' a jump I'm back in the seat an' shiftin' gears. I swing back into southbound an' open her up, hopin' to cross 125th before the whistle blows for east an' westbound traffic. But I lose out an' in the two minutes I'm waitin' I give a look at the letter I picks off the table. It says:

> DEAR BILL:
>
> Everything lovely. I'm taking a little trip down Fifth Avenue for my health. Will expect you sooner or later. There's some pie in the cake-box. Adios. FANNY.
>
> P. S. I guess I'll have to take this trip in an ordinary taxi.

That don't sound so bad exceptin' she rings in a new one on me with this Adios stuff.

But maybe that's Dubuque where Fanny hails from, for Sweetie. Anyways the pie makes up for it, her bein' the undefeated pie-makin' champ of the great open spaces. Then I get the office an' start weavin' the bunch. I'm just gettin' clear an' ready to open up when I steal a peak in my cab mirror. What I see nearly knocks me for a puncture. There's a guy ridin' with me that I don't even know when he shipped an' my flag is up. That's my offense from a dick's lookout. But the way I see it, when a bozo climbs into my bus if I'm A. W. O. L. an' thinks he can ride gratis, that's an error for him in the box score. I snaps down the flag, steers for the curb *pronto,* an' reachin' around swings open the gate.

"All ashore!" I yells out, an' I'm kinda surprised at myself that I'm lettin' this bloke get away with what I consider a decent break. I guess I must be feelin' a little extra soft on account I'm thinkin' about some one else an' what's goin' on. Any other time I'd pick a bird like this up for a dumbell like he is an' start doin' my daily dozen. An' the funny part of it all he don't even gimme a tumble.

"C'mon!" I says, a little sharper this time; "all out. You heard me the first time."

The only answer I collect is a song from a siren on a fire-truck rollin' north. I jumps out an' peerin' into the cab I takes a good long look at 'im. He's a pretty smooth lookin' article, but kinda sappy. The only thing I can spot that don't look ordinary is his lamps. They're bad, what I mean, an' they don't even flicker when I cut loose on 'im.

"Say Gus!" I roars in, "what's the mysterious idea? You got one heluva nerve if they ask me. C'mon, once more. You gettin' out?"

"Eh," he says, "I'm headin' south."

"South is right," I agrees, startin' to froth at the mouth; "You're goin' down for the count P. D. Q. if you don't shake a leg."

"Don't get nasty," he snaps back, sittin' up; "I want to go south and go quick too. Money's no object to me."

"Why didn't you tell me you was ridin'?" I growls. "I'd let you know quick you couldn't go with me. I gotta pull in."

With that he drags out a roll an' peelin' off twenty shoves it at me.

"Let me know when we get to the South Ferry," he announces.

"Double that an' I might hear you," I bluffs, thinkin' I got him. But no sooner done than said.

"You win," I says, "but I gotta make a 'phone call from here before we travel."

He looks at me kinda quick.

"What's the matter?" I ask 'im. "Can't you wait that long?"

"Supposin' I can't?" he suggests.

"Then you are outa luck," I says, "I'm telephonin' from here, now."

I don't know how it happens right at this minute, but somethin' reminds me about the leather case under the seat. I fishes it out an' slippin' it into my hip pocket, I hops into Maxie Wengel's cigar store. I got my mind made up I'm goin' to ring up the hospital on Fifth Avenue an' collect the dope if it takes all night. I know I'm twice as liable to have a crash drivin' all the way to South Ferry with what's on my mind.

While I'm waitin' impatient for the connection it comes back to me suddenlike about the sly bird watchin' me at the stand while I'm tryin' to open the case. I can't dope him out atall but just then I gets the number I'm after and they proceed to take a load off my mind by tellin' me a certain lady I'm well acquainted with has dropped in to pay 'em a visit an' is feelin' fine. That's enough to make me grin back at Maxie himself. He spots me as I'm hangin' up the receiver.

"How's it, Bill?" he says.

"So far so good, Maxie," I comes back, "but you can do me a favor right now if you wanta." I hauls out the leather case. "Stick this in your safe an' leave it there till I tell you to move it. It's a little present I got for the Frau an' if I should run into a stickup, I might lose. Can do?"

"Surest thing you know," says Maxie, an' does it while I'm takin' a light.

A MINUTE later I'm back of the wheel again an' we're headin' south the bus runnin' smooth an I'm sittin' pretty with a good day's pay in the kick.

Take it or leave it, this guy don't open his face till we got the South Ferry sign starin' us in the face. Which isn't so bad, when I'm figurin' all the way down he's about to start jabbin' me for more speed. By this time, as they say in the movies, night falls without breakin' anythin'.

"Here we are," I calls out.

"Take the boat," he comes back, "don't let me detain you."

"Say Bo," I drawls, "I'm miles away from what kind of a graft you're workin' an' I admit you're a good customer, but let me in. How far you goin' an' do you want a flat rate maybe?"

"I'll take a sixty-five miles more at a dollar apiece," he says. "Are you on?"

"That's a bet," I says, "if I collect the sixty-five boffos in advance."

Without a mutter he slips the do re mi over my shoulder an' I ease the bus gently aboard the Liberty liner.

"Use it all up on the way to Philly," he directs me, "an' if you feel like stickin' up the flag till we hit Staten Island you win a bonus."

When he tosses that one I know now what I'm ridin' an' I can't say it tickles me pink. If this bird is on the up-an'-up, I'm the Queen o' Sheba's understudy, but I went an' let myself in, so it's up to me to go an' get myself out. An' what I mean I can get out from under quick if it's necessary.

"What's the choice, if any?" I queries. "Port Richmond or Tottenville?"

"The Port by all means," he shoots back, "I gotta stop about twenty minutes in Bayonne."

Then the bell rings an' I have a good smoke while I mull things over for half an hour on the briny deep. On the Q. T. I hands old Queen Liberty a salute on account I don't get over this way very offen an' a few minutes later we're gettin' a close-up o' the bright lights of St. George. Off the ferry we breeze up over the hills through Tompkinsville an' I settle down for a fast ride to Port Richmond. I'm not listenin' hard for any further mention of the bonus havin' kinda overlooked the idea between me an' you. But suddenlike, just when I'm convinced there ain't much traffic an' I can hit a fair clip, he starts chewin' my ear.

"Hey Driver," he hisses, "watch out for a dark crossroad an' turn in the first one you come to. There's a car comin' hell-bent in back of us that looks to me like a P. D. It might turn out kinda bad for you, too, if I'm right an' they nab us."

That don't sound good atall an' before I can even think it over we come to just the kind of a road he mentions. It's as dark as a smoke's pocket.

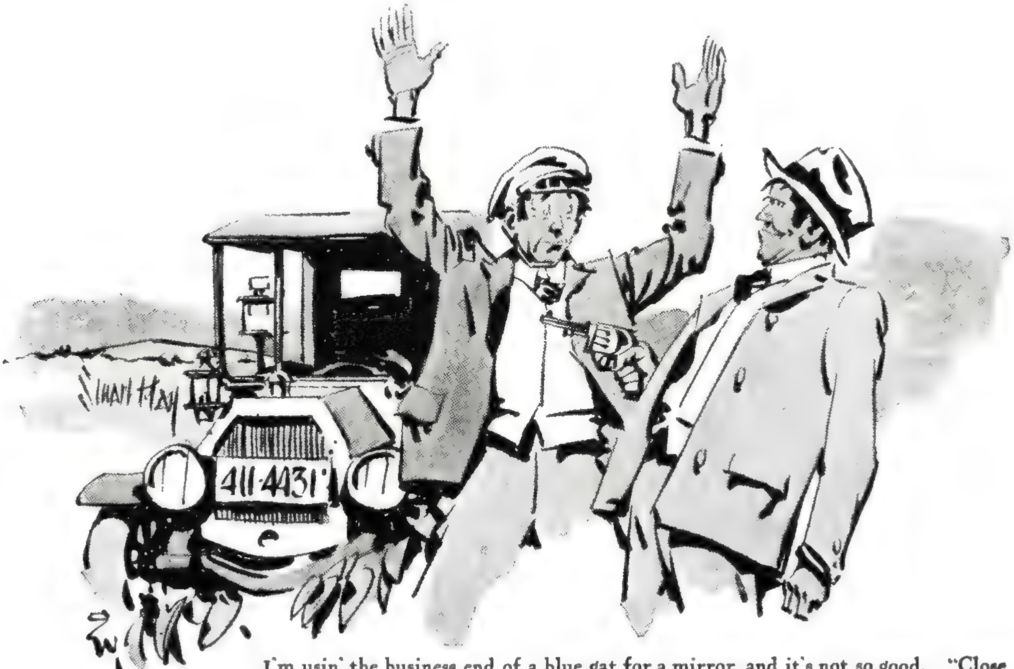
"Here's one," he snaps, "get in, quick!"

An' in we go.

I shut off the engine an' we sit there quiet till the car behind us shoots by. Even from where we're parked I can shut one eye an' see it's no P. D. car. I half turns.

"That ain't no—" My teeth clicks pretty. I'm usin' the business end of a blue gat for a mirror, an' it's not so good.

"What's the hop?" I begins, tryin' hard to look pleasant even in the dark.



I'm usin' the business end of a blue gat for a mirror, and it's not so good. "Close your office," he advises. "I want the leather case you got in your hip pocket."

"Pipe down!" he snarls. "Just stick 'em up, shut up an' get down."

"That's me all over," I says, "anything to oblige."

"Close your office," he advises. "I want all this loose jack I been throwin' away on you besides the leather case you got in your hip pocket."

When he pulls that one I start doin' some tall thinkin' but it's too tough. I'm outa luck tryin' to dope quick how I can beat this bird's game. He's got the drop on me an' I know I got as much chance tryin' to tell him the leather case is way back in Manhattan as my Frau has o' gettin' a divorce. So I starts climbin' down slow.

Well, I must be born lucky, I'm outa the seat an' all ready to handover when a car swings in from the main drag an' lights us up like a church. One thing whoever it is ain't lookin' for us. Maybe a pettin' party got done out of a choice nook. Course Desperate Desmond an' the gat he's wavin' at me don't show in the picture on account he's partly outa sight behind the cab. An' whoever it is if they see me an' the pose I'm holdin' they're too scared to get acquainted. Anyways I guess they're startin to back out when my bird takes just a peek. About two fifths of a second but it's enough.

Sweet Mama! What a sock! Right on the old button I slips him one with a written guarantee. But it comes a long ways from rockin' 'im to sleep. It just fazes 'im long enough for me to grab the gat an' twist it away. Then he's at me like a hungry wolf. I snaps the gun over my head into the forest an' we toe in.

I BEEN known to figure real prominent in some jams, free-for-all an' private, but for real action while it lasts I gotta admit that this one has all the preliminaries stopped. It wins the hand-embroidered gum drop. For a guy that's givin' away twenty pounds after absorbin' my haymaker he's good. He tears into me like he's the whole three musketeers an' I'm in a fight before I know it. I give 'im everythin' I got three or four times in a ten-minute round before he begins to stall an' cover up. An' I can't put 'im away if I go to—well, I don't know as that's anythin' to be ambitious about an' anyways he finely says "uncle."

"You win," he says, kinda sullen, as I drags 'im over by the wrist an' snap on the brights. "Say, let me sit down, will you?" he begs, "I'm dead."

"Only you forgot to fall an' stay down," I sneers sarcastic, but at the same time I ease up a little on 'im. He bends his knees as if to squat, but he don't. Instead, he does a back flip that's a pippin an' slips outa my grip like he's greased. Before I can touch 'im he takes a header into the bushes an' from the sounds he makes travelin', Joie Ray'll be an also ran if they ever stack up. An' I'm tellin' you it don't take this baby right here no time atall to breeze away from that dump with an empty bus an' head back to where I can see the nice bright lights. Mr. Woolworth's monument looks like home to me. At that I'm backtrackin' a C Note to the good on this trip. Ain't that somethin'?

I roll back again the same way we came an' what I mean, rollin' home hale an' hearty ain' such a bad feelin' after starin' a bad hombre's artillery in the face. Slowin' up at St. George I get the bus parked on the ferry comfortable, then I invest in a sportin' final to help soothe my shattered nervous system. This is the first thing I squint at:

DEMPSEY SIGNS TO FIGHT WILLS

But right under that is a choice little item that wrecks my eyesight.

GEM ROBBERY ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE

I steal one more look, then I let the sheet drift over the briny an' start a grin I can't wipe off.

Among the articles taken by the thieves was a small leather case containing two strings of pearls valued at approximately $50,000.

"Holy Hannah," I weeps, "ain't that the price of admission, no foolin'? Fifty grand! Wow!"

I can hardly wait to get a slant at the mornin' editions. Ain't it worth a bet I'll see some heavy sugar offered to get the sparklers back an' no questions asked? Let 'em ask if they wanta hear somethin'. I'll tell 'em.

Then it kinda comes back to me who I ride on my first call. The flashy couple I pick up on the Drive an' how they leave me all of a sudden on West End Avenue after the bloke inquirin' real polite where my stand is, on account he likes the careful way I handle a cab. There you are, another sample of the old dried-up apple sauce. It makes me start grinnin' all over again an' the guy sittin' next to me on the ferry starts tellin' that some of the dope they put in the papers about Dempsy an' Wills 'd make a horse laff.

But once more back in Manhattan, I get going quick, headed north again to where the Frau lies waitin' for the bell. No wonder I step on it. How do I know the bout ain't over an' she don't get the decision? I'm kinda dizzy myself from what takes place in the last coupla hours but if I'm anywheres near right, what I been through is easy compared to what she's up against; goin' one round to a finish with Kid Excruciation himself. An' I guess I hash it all over a dozen times more while I'm coolin' my heels, waitin' for a bird in a white coat to gimme the gun. He finely does an' tells me I'm waitin' nine minutes. I'll tell the knock-kneed world it seems to me like nine years.

They sure deal in 'em wholesale in this joint judgin' from the collection I lamps on the way in, but under the conditions maybe I'm seein' a few things where they ain't. Anyways, I'm as shaky as if I'm just after puttin' the new boiler through an argument with a ten-ton truck. They finely opens the ninety-seventh door an' there is Queen Van Riper all bright an' shiny, lookin' like the unusual million bucks. Then right in the middle of whatever it is I'm doin', in struts a nurse with somethin' all wrapped up. She steps over to me an' without sayin' aye, yes, or no, drops it in my arms like it's a parcel-post package. The way I glares at her we're both Bolsheviks.

"It's all right, Bill old dear," smiles the Frau. "That's the way they handle them here. They get 'em young an' treat 'em rough."

"I can stand it if you can," I comes back, feelin' kinda sheepish.

"Isn't it too wonderful for anything, Bill," whispers the Wife. I can only lean over close without havin' anythin' to say worth sayin'.

"Little Fanny, huh?" I says, finely. "The pride of Gotham."

"Little Fanny nothing," the Frau cuts in. "William Junior is the gentleman's name. Eleven pounds to the dot and the doctor told me he sent somebody right out to page Mr. Dempsey. I wonder what for."

Holy Hannah! Eleven pounds. Ain't that the lamb's tongue? An' I hafta laff that one off about pagin' Dempsey.

"He means we wanta invest in some boxin'-gloves pretty soon," I explains, "but we don't need to worry about that for a while yet. Not so you could notice it, an' besides, any bantam like this 'at can weigh in at eleven pounds an' start things rollin' like he does, 'll wanta do somethin' else besides push leather or steer a hack like his old man."

"Start what rolling, Bill?" she quizzes.

"You'd be surprise," I says.

"Why keep me in suspenders?" she murmurs, stealin' one of mine.

So what could be sweeter? Here I am sittin' pretty in Stork's Emporium holdin' my own an' likin' it. I spills it all to the wife an' she listens good.

"That's all there is, Honey," I says, turnin' to the Frau when I finish; "there ain't no more exceptin' I does it from the South Ferry to here in twenty-six minutes."

"That's a trunkful, old thing," she whispers, "you did some wonderful hustling on my—on our account."

"Yeah," I agrees. "A little bit, while you did considerable yourself. Only one of the diff'rences I can think of 'at I almost forgot to tell you, I catch a ticket for speedin' on the way up here. Laff that off." I says it kinda gruff an' for a minute she thinks I mean it.

"Never mind," she starts consolin', "maybe you can explain an' get off easy. It's your first ticket."

"Leave out the maybe," I grins, takin' another good squint at the cause. "I know the cop that gimme it well. 'Member me pointin' 'im out to you one night? Jack Westhead, the big guy at Broadway an' fiftieth."

"Yes," she admits, "but I thought he was a good friend of yours."

"He is yet," I laffs. "He don't know who it is till I jam on the brake an' on account so many guys is takin' it all in he has to come across with somethin'. So he slips me a ticket to the Cop's Field Days an' the whole three of us is goin' in on it."

"The three of us?" she coos; "Oh, Bill, you're the limit. What do you think this young man cares about any old field days?"

"He don't," I says. "It's the trip in your new see-dan he'll like an' yell for more."

"A sedan, Bill dear," she says, "mine? Nothing doing. We can't afford a Ford just now."

"Can't eh?" I comes back, registerin' disobedience for the first time; "Mrs. Van Riper, you ain't seen nothin' yet. You're goin' home in style. Wait till you peek at the boat I'm gonna have wrapped up for you. An' a dozen lids you get, too, same color as your bus."

Then I slant her way again an' from the Frau's lamps, I must know she'll wear 'em.

An' does she? Well, the jingle they offers me shortly after I scans the next mornin's paper 'd make many a guy think he's a plute. An' make out I hands it back on account I got too much already. Not me, I don't fit atall in a high hat.

A Wolf
and a
Wolverine

A FIGHT to the death between two deadly enemies of the animal world—and what a fight! The scene is a lonely cabin where two snowbound trappers, helplessly weak with hunger and exhaustion, look on enthralled while the savage conflict rages all about them. Such is the thrilling climax of Frank Richardson Pierce's story "The Red Marauder" in EVERYBODY'S for July.

Fifty Dollars for a Letter

A Prize Contest Announcement

BEFORE us is the fascinating life story of a particularly bright star of the music world. From it we learn with some astonishment—considering her present fame—that the groundwork of her professional training was laid in her childhood with the study of a series of music lessons that was published in her local newspaper. Her story will appear in a forthcoming issue of EVERYBODY'S.

Elsewhere in the issue now in your hands is the story of George Eastman, the man who has done more than any other one person to make ours a pictorial age. When young Eastman was a struggling experimenter, the chance reading of an article in an English magazine helped to put him on the right track—proved a turning point in his career.

Not long after Eastman thus found the clew to one of his earliest problems, a young English stenographer picked up a stray copy of an American magazine in a London tube train on his way to work. It contained a story about Thomas Edison which fired the young man's imagination. He was Samuel Insull. He sought out the great American inventor, became his secretary, and is now President of the Commonwealth Edison Company of Chicago.

Just a year ago this month, EVERYBODY'S began publishing the stories of living men and women who have come to the top—over a hundred in all. In that time at least one of these stories must have impressed you enough to recall it vividly. It may have contained a bit of inspiration, pointed the way to a solution of a personal problem, heartened you at a time when things looked black, broadened your point of view, or just given you a pleasant feeling of satisfaction at another's attainment of a kind of success you can understand and admire.

What story of such a real man or woman appealed to you most? It must have appeared in EVERYBODY'S within a year (issues of June, 1925, to June, 1926, inclusive). But you need not remember the actual title, the name of the author, or the exact date of publication if your letter is sufficiently clear to identify the subject.

For the most interesting letter about such a story, we offer three prizes: First Prize, $50.00; Second Prize, $25.00; Third Prize, $15.00. Preference will be given to letters of not more than five hundred words. The competition closes July 1st. Contributions cannot be returned unless accompanied by a two-cent stamp. The Editors will be the judges. Address: Contest Editor, EVERYBODY'S Magazine, Spring and MacDougal Streets, New York City.

He Pays Fortunes for Books

A dollar's worth of old pamphlets, which he bought at an auction when he was a young student, started Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach on his career as a collector. Today he is the world's most famous buyer of rare and precious books

by Eugene M. Pharo

THE most sensational sale in the history of book collecting was Doctor Rosenbach's recent purchase of the Gutenberg Bible, for which he paid one hundred and six thousand dollars at public auction. Twice before that he had broken records for the highest price paid for a single English book—in both cases the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare. Book collectors will make almost any sacrifice to obtain a desired volume, says Doctor Rosenbach. They will borrow money and will deprive their wives and daughters of money to accumulate costly volumes.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago a student of English literature at the University of Pennsylvania attended a book auction in Philadelphia. His studies had stimulated an inherited taste, for he came of a family of booklovers.

At the sale, a volume of pamphlets aroused his interest. It was a collection of Eighteenth Century literature, labeled "Miscellaneous Poetry." Most of the verse was obviously of little account, but "finds" had been made in the midst of trash, even in the waste in waste-baskets. The volumes were worth a sporting chance, especially since the bidding was mild. The collection was "knocked down" to the student for one dollar.

In the volume he found first editions of Akenside, Warton, Churchill, and other masters and would-be masters of the Popean couplet. They were passed over by the knowing young man as not very exciting. Excitement was reserved for the discovery in their midst of a fine copy of Gray's *Odes*, the first book printed by Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill.

The youthful collector's knowledge, which was not slight even at that early date, told him that the *Odes* were worth more than he had paid for the entire collection, so he rested content.

If, however, like many collectors, he had placed the pamphlets on his shelves, to be looked at rather than read, this purchase would not have heralded the beginning of the most noteworthy rare book business in the United States.

Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, for, as some of his Eighteenth Century books would say, "it was indeed he," continued to browse through the volume. And one day, several months later, as he read a series of rhymes with casual attention, something about one reminded him of his studies. He read it again, and the breath came short in his throat. He had a premonition that here was a find of importance. Hurriedly he looked up an edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, and began to turn the pages feverishly. At length he found the passage he sought. It placed the rhymes he had read, and revealed a discovery that later startled the book-collecting world, and, as he puts it, caused his own "downfall."

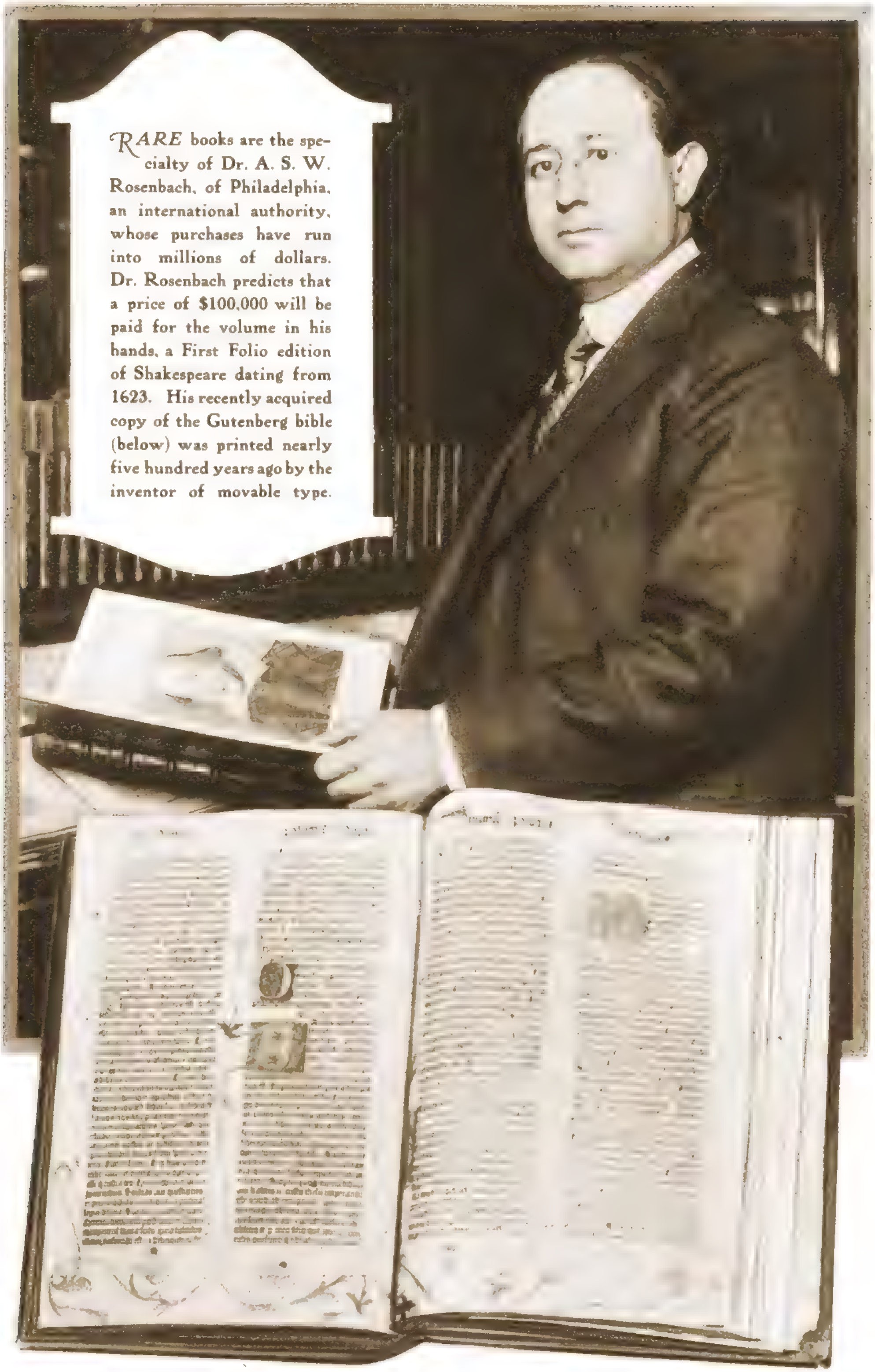
From that moment he began to forget his ambition to become a professor of early English literature. He was further seduced by two well-known collectors who thought Philadelphia needed an outstanding dealer in rare books.

The pamphlet that Doctor Rosenbach found in the company of other rhymes, which now became negligible by comparison, was the long-lost *Prologue* by Samuel Johnson, spoken by David Garrick at the opening of his theater in Drury-Lane in 1747.

The assertion may come as a anti-climax to a layman, but it is enough to make a book-collector's heart skip a beat. The *Prologue* is mentioned by Boswell in his *Life of Johnson* as a little masterpiece of "dramatick criticism." A few lines from it are quoted and it was also advertised by Edward Cave, the printer. Collectors therefore knew that there had been such a pamphlet, but none had ever seen a copy. It was a rarity of which no copy existed even in the marvelous collection of English books and manuscripts in the British Museum.

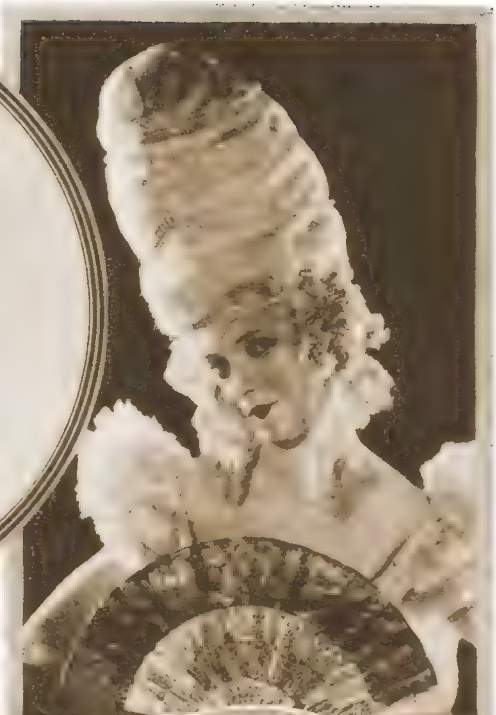
The discovery, Doctor Rosenbach says, gave him a greater thrill than any he has experienced since, although his name has become internationally known as a buyer of old libraries in

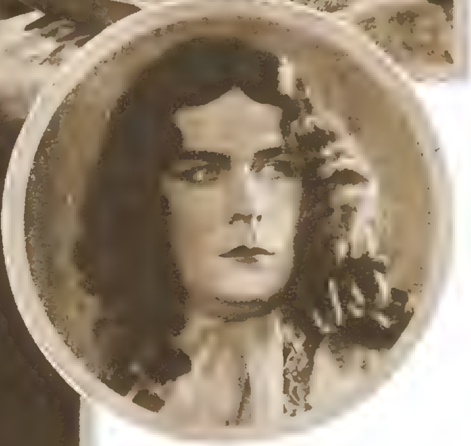
[*Continued on page 149*]

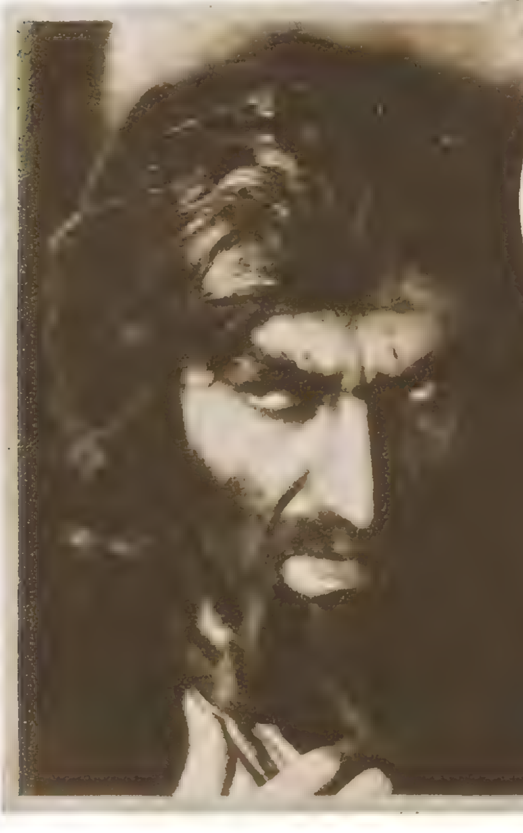


RARE books are the specialty of Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, of Philadelphia, an international authority, whose purchases have run into millions of dollars. Dr. Rosenbach predicts that a price of $100,000 will be paid for the volume in his hands, a First Folio edition of Shakespeare dating from 1623. His recently acquired copy of the Gutenberg bible (below) was printed nearly five hundred years ago by the inventor of movable type.

WILLIAM HEPNER, of Los Angeles, is America's premier wig-maker.' He opened his first shop forty years ago, at the age of fourteen.







THE most elaborate specimens of the modern wig-maker's art are made for the stage and screen. No satisfactory substitutes have been found for the fine natural hair and exquisite workmanship required to deceive the eye in such wigs as those worn by Lillian Gish (above) in *Orphans of the Storm*, Earle Foxe (circle) in *A Lady of Quality*, and Arthur E. Carew as *Svengali* in *Trilby*.

"Wigs *by* Hepner"

Three generations of American theater-goers have seen William Hepner's name on their programs. Motion pictures now use most of his handiwork, but thousands of individuals still order wigs, toupees, puffs, and transformations despite the vogue of bobbed hair

by Ariel E. V. Dunn

THE modern flapper's boyish bob was introduced a few years ago by a rather unusual incident which will be news to most people. The sudden idea of a very famous wig-maker was back of it. This idea he got from a relic of the year 1742, when it appeared in the form of a wig worn by the fashionable damosel of that courtly time.

DOZENS of heads of human hair of the same texture and color are required to make as little as two ounces of hair of even length for a good wig. A thousand dollars is frequently paid for skillfully made wigs of evenly matched natural hair. The finest dark hair comes from French and American convents, the coarsest from China. Natural white is the most highly prized by the wig-maker and sometimes brings as much as a hundred dollars an ounce.

William Hepner, master wig-maker and designer of many of the styles of hair-dressing adopted by women in this country and abroad, was the man responsible. For forty years, he has been counselor for the theatrical and fashionable worlds in all matters requiring hirsute authority. So far as hair-dressing is concerned, he speaks in America with the finality of an expert.

As for wig-making, since George M. Cohan facetiously nicknamed the wig the "Hepner," the actor's thatch has been universally so known throughout the realms of footlight and silver sheet.

Little progress, William Hepner admits, has been made in his own art of wig-making during the last three thousand years. His customers and those of other well-known coiffure inventors might not be inclined to agree with such modesty, but he speaks with the highest respect of wigs found on Egyptian mummies. The laws of early Egypt, it seems, compelled all men to shave head and beard in the interests of cleanliness. As protection from the intense heat of the sun, they adopted wigs.

One of these ancient head coverings, said to have been made in the time of Rameses II was examined by Mr. Hepner and found to be by no means a crude make-shift. It was well made and in an excellent state of preservation, despite the fact that the last time Rameses took it off and blew out the light was in 1273 B. C. One hundred years before that well-known young prince Tutankhamen was falling off camels, Egypt's Four Hundred attended all fashionable parties in wigs. One of these wigs, belonging to a court lady and dating from about 1500 B. C. was found in the temple of Isis at Thebes and is now preserved in the British Museum. Perhaps it is this lady's idea that Cleopatra adopted centuries later when she wore the wig that brought Mark Antony to her feet.

Whether Cleopatra introduced the Egyptian fashion of wigs to Rome or not, certainly they were all the rage from the early days of Augustus' Empire on. Roman ladies sported large mops of reddish gold hair "imported" from the captured barbarians of Germany and Gaul. And Roman public men readily took to wigs because the "tin hat" worn by that era's soldiers left many of their generals from Cæsar's time on, bald as an egg. One of them, Otho, wore a wig which could not be distinguished from real hair and another bald-headed emperor, Domitian, appears on all his medals with luxuriant curls.

It may or may not be a far cry from Cleopatra to Broadway and the day when an accident gave William Hepner the idea which crowned Miss America with the old "Bob" wig of the eighteenth century. The way it happened makes an interesting story.

Irene Castle was starring in *Watch Your Step* when she was suddenly stricken with typhoid fever. As often happens, it caused her abundant locks to become thin, and while still in the hospital, she sent to Mr. Hepner's New York establishment for expert advice. The wig-maker suggested that she have her head shaved and that she wear a wig until her own pretty hair grew out again. This Irene Castle refused to consider, but she made the counter-suggestion that her hair be cut off at the shoulder. Mr. Hepner at once remembered the pleasing effect of the old-time "Bob" wig and proceeded to adapt it to the present situation. By cutting Miss Castle's hair and curling the ends under, he achieved the effect that at once created such a furore. In no time the new kind of hair cut had attained the dignity of a style and proceeded on the way to its present popularity.

Thirty-eight years ago Mr. Hepner first burst into fame with an idea that transformed the feminine heads of that day. It was the transformation which he designed for Lillian Russell. His firm at the time was making wigs for this star's comic opera rôles, including those of the male characters she took. For her part in the *Grand Duchess*, produced at the Columbia Theater in Chicago, Mr. Hepner made a wig of curly hair which was water-waved, this being in the days before the marcel. So that she would not be delayed by a hair-dresser when hurrying for a train, Miss Russell desired something in the way of extra hair to wear while traveling. She asked Mr. Hepner if he could supply something on the order of the wig that she wore in the *Grand Duchess*. The master wig-maker carried out the outline, while leaving the back of the head uncovered except by the natural hair.

"What a transformation that makes in a person," cried the gratified actress.

"Transformation! You've named it!" responded the maker. That name was applied from then on, and the whole world adopted it.

In a similar way, another style of hair-dressing was introduced in 1906. Mr. Hepner was called to create a coiffure wig for Ethel Levey, cast for a part in *George Washington, Jr.*, George M. Cohan's play, in which she sang *Born and Bred in Virginia*. Mr. Hepner made for her a coiffure of small, soft puffs that lay across the back and top of her head. The many who inquired about her coiffure were referred to Mr. Hepner. The style had a great vogue for nearly seven years under the name of the "Virginia Coiffure."

Just How a Wig is Made

"WIG-MAKING is a specialized art, the test of which is to produce so perfect a wig that it deceives the human eye," remarks Mr. Hepner. "Seldom does one person start and finish a wig. The making includes many different operations, and depending on its type and quality, a wig is handled by from two to six persons before it is ready for delivery. The workers are both men and women, Americans and foreigners. Some of the most skilled are native born. Not infrequently foreign wig-makers who come to this country claiming to be experts, have to be trained to our way of making wigs."

It is interesting to know that most of the hair used is bought from the peasantry of France, Germany, Sweden, England, and Ireland, and from convents in this country. As American mercantile establishments maintain buyers in the trade centers of Europe, so does the wig-maker, and the art of selecting human hair is an infinitely more exacting one than that of purchasing Oriental rugs. Hair is shipped from Europe to this country in bales, undergoes fumigation and preparation, and is then distributed to dealers. Preparation means sorting hair for quality and separating it for length. The American excels in this work.

"Some of the New York firms have fortunes tied up in immense hair stocks," explains Mr. Hepner. "Even so, we sometimes find difficulty in securing an ounce or two of just what we need out of thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of hair. I have scoured the country, often for months, to get a small amount of hair of a certain color, quality and length.

"The best quality of natural blond hair, usually shading into the red, comes from France, Sweden, Germany, England, and Ireland. Very dark hair of good quality comes from Spain, although the finest dark hair is from the convents of our own United States and from France. Italian and Russian hair is coarse. Coarser still is Chinese, Japanese, and Indian hair. Quantities of Chinese hair are used, however, in the making of the cheaper wigs for theatrical purposes. When carefully prepared, refined, and bleached, it appears to be of a much better quality, although after being worn a short time, it begins to mat and becomes rough.

"Dozens of heads of hair of the same texture and color are required to make up two ounces of hair of the same length. In preparing the hair, specially made brushes and hackles are used to draw off the various lengths, and care is taken not to mix up the roots and points of the hair, thereby producing combings which are practically worthless.

"Hair value increases rapidly in proportion to the length. Hair twelve inches long is worth a dollar an ounce; fourteen-inch hair is worth one dollar and fifty cents per ounce; twenty-two-inch hair sells for about four dollars; twenty-six-inch hair for six dollars; twenty-eight-inch hair for about eight dollars. Longer hair up to thirty-six inches, which is very rare, is usually worth about twenty dollars an ounce, depending upon texture, color, and quality.

"While quality of hair largely governs the price of the completed wig, workmanship is also an important feature. During my experience, I have made wigs which easily brought a thousand dollars each. These were made from the finest of natural white hair in lengths ranging from eight to twenty-six inches. Natural white hair is so difficult to obtain that we treasure some in stock today which could not be duplicated for a hundred dollars an ounce. Natural

Nearly seventeen hundred expensive wigs were required for the screen version of Sabatini's *Scaramouche.* Hepner's stock of ten thousand wigs was drawn on for mob scenes, but for the principal characters the wigs were made to order from special measurements. The sea of heads in this picture shows how faithfully they duplicated the styles of coiffure in vogue in the historic period represented.

wavy hair is, of course, more valuable than straight. Very short hair is made into toupees and the longer hair is used for coiffures and wigs.

"A very ordinary wig for theatrical purposes may be made in an hour and a half. Chinese hair is used, perhaps, or maybe some substitute for human hair such as coarse hair from the goat, horse, or mountain yak. Sometimes human hair combings are utilized. The finest Chinese hair up to thirty-six-inch length can be obtained for twenty dollars per pound, in comparison to a hundred and fifty dollars to two hundred dollars paid for hair from other countries.

"The average wig of the best quality hair is worth from a hundred and twenty-five dollars to three hundred dollars, although the highest-priced wigs often command from five hundred to six hundred dollars. Theatrical stars are good customers for expensive wigs. One worn by Julia Arthur in the part of *Mary Magdalene* cost six hundred dollars. Mary Garden, Jane Cowl, Alice Neilson, Madame Matzenauer, Frieda Hempel, Madame Nazimova, Ellen Terry, and Marion Davies have all purchased costly wigs for their work."

The first step in making a wig is the blocking. This means laying the silk gauze or net foundation on a special block constructed for that purpose and shaping it to a certain pattern and measurements. As no two persons have the same head measurements or have hair growing around their faces in the same way, extraordinary care must be taken in the blocking. This is particularly important, as it is this careful fit, supplemented by cunningly placed elastics, which holds the wig on tight.

A second worker in the wig shop sews the foundation, after which it is passed on to the ventilator. The ventilator is a person who, using a small tool like a needle with a very fine hook, draws a few hairs at a time through the net or gauze foundation. The quality of the finished wig depends largely on the number of hairs drawn through with one operation of the needle.

An expensive wig always has what is known as a "French parting" which some claim is a new discovery in wig-making. Mr. Hepner, however, declares he remembers seeing his mother make "drawn partings" which were identically the same, back as far as fifty years ago. He says the orthodox Jewish women years ago wore what were called "Sheittles," front pieces, which were always made of drawn partings.

THERE is a trick to making drawn partings. One hair at a time is drawn through the netting or silk gauze to the other side of the material, along the line where the parting is to be.

The piece is then turned around and the hair ventilated by pulling the hairs one at a time, back through to the other side. This makes a very natural appearing part. The hair looks as if it were really growing in the head. Drawn center or side partings may also be made separately and later be sewn into a wig or toupee.

The foreman's duty is to explain exactly how the wig should be fashioned, whether the hair is to be thinner or heavier in certain spots, whether the gray hair is to be intermingled all over or possibly just around the temples, and just how the coiffure is to be arranged.

The sole aim of the conscientious wig-maker is to produce a wig like the owner's own hair. When the ventilating has been completed, the wig is turned over to the presser who presses it and sews in the elastics. The last operation is performed by the dresser, and the wig is ready to wear.

Mae Murray, the popular little film star, gives Mr. Hepner credit for securing her first job in the theatrical world. She had tried persistently to break into the "Follies" but was discouraged until she hit upon an unusual idea. Borrowing a wig, she once more visited the manager who had refused to consider her.

"See here, I thought I'd told you we couldn't use you," growled the manager, with a grin.

"But I could be a Nell Brinkley Girl, and you haven't one," argued Miss Murray.

"You're too small for that character," hesitated the authority, wavering a bit.

Then Miss Murray triumphantly placed the "Nell Brinkley" wig on her head. That settled it. She got the job and still buys "Hepners" for her screen work.

For four decades, Mr. Hepner's name has been linked with the theater. In by-gone days no actor would appear on the stage without a complete make-up. In all of the Shakespearian plays as well as in all of the famous operas, even in the light opera-bouffes, *Pinafore*, *The Mikado*, and others that made Gilbert and Sullivan famous, wigs and beards assisted the players. Even the critics stressed the artistic make-up of certain actors, designating a work of art and giving credit where it was due.

Oftentimes, a manager or stage director, after the production had been under rehearsal for

Mammoth motion picture spectacles have created a market for wigs in vast quantities. In D. W. Griffith's *Orphans of the Storm* eighteen hundred wigs had to be provided for the actors in one elaborate scene. Because of frequent close-ups that magnify the least detail, wigs to be used by characters on the screen must be made with very much greater care than those intended for the stage.

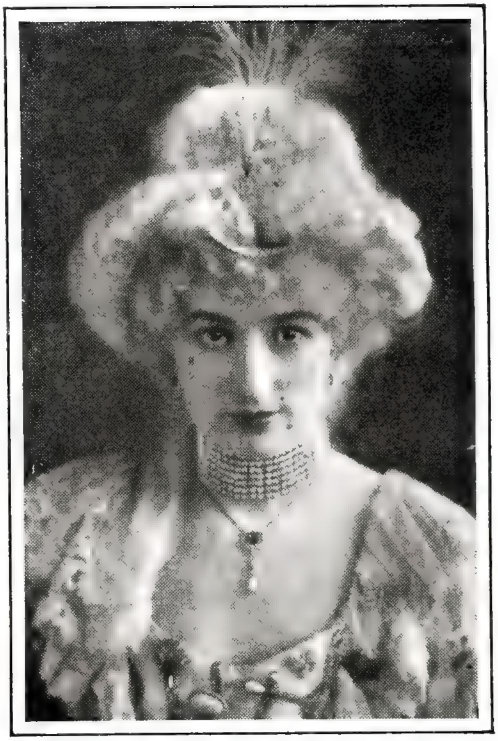
weeks, was beset with fears that one of the cast was not fitted for the part. But with the application of the make-up, these fears would vanish. The man's entire personality changed with the substitution of face and form, and he walked off with the honors. Many a good part would have been killed had production managers depended upon the appearance of the actor, taking no account of his ability or of the subtle influence of make-up on a sensitive nature. Author, producer, and stage director alike anxiously awaited the dress rehearsal which was frequently given several nights before the opening of the performance in order to perfect the make-up as well as the situations and cues.

Mr. Hepner made up fifteen men in the extravaganza *Beauty and the Beast* some years ago. The play, one of the Drury Lane productions, was put on by Klaw and Erlanger, and the characters represented a group of New York politicians and capitalists including Morgan, Rockefeller, Russell Sage and others equally well known. As the men came out on the stage one after the other was recognized by the audience and hailed by name. The play was a big success.

On one occasion, Mr. Hepner made up twenty-four men in the semblance of popular senators and congressmen with the result that they were instantly acclaimed from the front of the house, and it was to the wig-maker that the critics gave the credit. That was during the scandal involving Senator Breckenridge who was one of the notables portrayed.

"Fewer wigs are used for stage disguise today," states Mr. Hepner, "but the paramount actors of stage and screen depend upon wigs as never before. More than a mere resemblance to a type is necessary to make a man eligible for the character. A person born with the features and lank body of the Great Emancipator is not necessarily a convincing Lincoln on the stage. Not at all. Although he may be cast in the earthly mould of the martyred president, his soul and mind may be as widely divergent as the poles from that of the character he seeks to enact. The result is a tragedy. But, take a man of lank body with a big brain and understanding heart and, above all, the vision, lacking which none may rise to heights of greatness, then and only then can he emulate heroic deeds. The reason is obvious. The actor with sufficient brain and soul can slip into the spirit of the other person. In fact, he *is* for the moment what he appears. That is the measure of true genius and without that the stage, and by the stage I include the screen as well, will decay.

"Now, here is where the art of make-up in all its branches comes in. Any ordinary person may be built up and disguised so that even his own mother will not recognize him. I *know* from long experience that this can be done, but no artist, regardless of his cleverness, can inject brains into a dummy."



Twenty years ago the "Virginia Coiffure" caused almost as much of a stir as Irene Castle's bob did later. It was made by Hepner and introduced by Ethel Levey, then singing *Born and Bred in Virginia,* one of the song hits of George M. Cohan's play, *George Washington, Jr.*

Mr. Hepner predicts that in the future, motion pictures are to prove an even more important medium for the presentation and perpetuation of Dame Fashion's vagaries than the legitimate stage. Most of the wigs for the Los Angeles picture studios are manufactured in the William Hepner establishment in that southern California city. Ten thousand wigs is the usual stock on hand, although the making of two thousand is considered a good year's work.

Mr. Hepner is in direct charge of his Los Angeles establishment, which not only cares for a very large private clientele, but caters to the needs of the motion picture studios. The New York Guild, of which Arthur Kershaw is manager, lends a hand in all rush work, the California house reciprocating in case of necessity.

When the writer was in Mr. Hepner's office not long ago, a wire came ordering six hundred wigs to be delivered in ten days. That order created no excitement. "Six hundred wigs is only a small order," explained Mr. Hepner, "but one hour's delay in delivery might mean a gigantic loss of money to the motion picture studio. Griffith's mammoth spectacle *Orphans of the Storm*, in one elaborate scene alone, used eighteen hundred wigs. From eighteen hundred to two thousand wigs were furnished by us for a stupendous scene in each of the following pictures, *Janice Meredith*, starring Marion Davies; Griffith's *America*, and Douglas Fairbanks' inimitable *Robin Hood*. *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* required sixteen hundred wigs and *Scaramouche* called for almost seventeen hundred."

The reason of course, that wigs are an absolute necessity to many so-called "costume productions" is that for some two hundred years wigs were an important part of dress in Europe, and for part of that time in this country. It was toward the end of the sixteenth century that false hair began to be extensively used by the ladies of Europe, for the first time since the popular wigs of the Roman Empire were abolished by the Church, in 672.

Queen Elizabeth gave the revived custom a good start, and is said to have had at least a hundred different wigs. This style of periwig however was an imitation of real hair, and it was not till a generation later that the fashion of long hair among the cavaliers indirectly started artificial wigs for men. Louis XIII of France was bald, and when he hid this under a natural colored wig the fashion at once became popular and spread to England, after the close-cropped Puritan or "round-head" days of Oliver Cromwell. Courtiers imitated the flowing locks of Louis XIV with what presently became the powdered "full-bottomed" wig.

This full-bottomed peruke was the most elaborate affair ever worn by men, before or since. It rose over the head in a tremendous parted cascade and descended half way down the back in a regular waterfall of powdered white curls. In front, on each side of the face, it descended across the shoulders and chest in two similar waterfalls which reached as far down as the elbows. The fact that all army officers of any rank were compelled to add this contraption to their field equipment undoubtedly added greatly to the horrors of war. It was these miserable soldiers no doubt, who were responsible for the later and much more convenient tie-wig which omitted the two side flaps in front, and tied all the excess hair behind in a clubbed queue.

For more than a century, no gentleman of fashion dared appear in public without a wig, although as time went on, it diminished in size to the type in which the generals of our own Revolution are pictured. But by this time it was dying out, and began to be superseded by the fashion of natural hair worn in a queue and powdered, which was ended by the French Revolution. Among other things this saved some six or seven hundred dollars which had been the price of a first-class wig.

Clergymen, who had originally opposed them, and military officers still clung to the old wig, however. To this day there are certain Welsh regiments in the British Army that still wear a triangular black patch on the back, originally intended to keep their clubbed queues, oily with bear's grease, from staining their coats. Wigs are still the style for the English Bench and Bar. The Speaker of the House of Commons and other dignitaries still affect the enormous full-bottomed wig hanging down on the chest. The English judge has one with side flaps formed of precise curls much resembling that worn by Queen Anne and the Duke of Marlborough. The undress wig of judges, barristers, and advocates is a relic of the later tie wig, with a funny hole in the top for ventilation. There are men who make this class of wig who know nothing whatever about making any other kind. Modern American wig-makers, however, must be able to turn out any style of wig for a theatrical or motion picture production.

When once William Hepner contracts to supply wigs for a production, the entire responsibility of outfitting the principal characters and the supporting cast is thrust upon him. A knowledge of history and period styles is absolutely essential and research into the fashions of centuries ago is often required. Wigs for the principal characters are made from careful measurements, but stock wigs in ordinary head sizes are used for those in the mob scenes.

Wigs in Public—and Private

BECAUSE of the frequent "close-ups" which magnify every detail, wigs for screen work have to be made more carefully than those for the legitimate stage. Furthermore, they must be artistic, as grease paints and the make-up used on the stage to deceive the eye, can have no place in the films. Each wig used by an important character must be of an exactly correct shade, which calls for a certain amount of technical knowledge. Red hair, for instance, films a soft black, while it takes an exceedingly light shade to come out as blonde.

"The wigs we now make not only can not be distinguished from the wearer's own hair in pictures," says Mr. Hepner, "but are so perfect as to deceive the eye of the expert. Until recently directors objected to wigs and I have known one to request a star to have her hair more becomingly dressed and then to exclaim 'Fine! That's what I want!' when she appeared in a wig. Imagine, the director did not know his lady wore a wig until the picture was completed!

"But directors have at last learned what wigs can do and that has changed their ideas. A

[*Continued on page 178*]

The secret cipher plays a prominent part in the latest popular ingenuities, and brain teasers in pictorial form tempt you to get out your pencil and paper

After the Cross-Word Puzzle—What?

By Prosper Buranelli

WITS trained to a keen edge by cross-word puzzles are now turning to other word and letter combinations that offer new challenges to their skill. Mr. Buranelli is Puzzle Editor of the New York *World* and one of the editors of the famous series of Cross-Word Puzzle Books. In addition to some fascinating new puzzles, he offers helpful suggestions for their solution.

BEFORE you say it can't be done, let's do it. I am going to give you a cryptogram, a message in cipher. It is written with a hidden alphabet, with each letter standing for another letter.

It is the kind of tricky puzzle which seems as though it might become the new fad. Between twenty-five and thirty newspapers all over the country are running cryptos, and all report contributions flowing in, just as with the cross-word puzzle when it started to get going.

```
GAPA  CQ  UWA  BGNB  CQ
ZPANB.  WU  XUJTDA
MUFADQ  BU  LADI  EUJ
BPE  NWX  QUDMA  CB
VNW  TA  XUWA  CW
BFAWBE  KCWJBAQ.
```

Here's how. When Poe solved the famous cryptogram in "The Gold Bug" he counted letters. E should be the most frequent, of course. We, however, will look for tell-tale words and letter combinations. Are there any one letter words? These are in all probability A or I. No, there are no one letter words. How about double letters? If you found a double letter in the middle of a short word, say a four letter word, it would most likely be a vowel. There are only two double vowels in English, EE and OO. However, our cipher contains no double letters.

In a cryptogram always look for words in which a letter occurs more than once. That is often the give away. We now begin to see a couple of interesting things in our cipher. There is GAPA and there is BGNB. The latter is very interesting. What is a common four letter word that has the first and last letters the same? You may have to think it over for a while, but after you have solved a cryptogram or two, you will have it firmly fixed in your mind—THAT. Suppose, then, that BGNB is THAT. The commonest three letter word in English is THE. It is always likely to occur. Does it appear in our cipher? It will be BG—. No, if BGNB is THAT, there is no THE among those present. But let us try further. There is the other interesting four letter word. GAPA. One very common four letter word has the second and last letters the same. Yes, that's it. If BGNB is THAT, then G stands for H. GAPA begins with H. The word is HERE. Once you have suspected one or more letters fill them in straight through the cipher. That is important.

```
HERE        E   THAT
GAPA  CQ  UWA  BGNB  CQ
 REAT                 E
ZPANB.    WU    XUJTDA
   E     T     E
MUFADQ  BU  LADI  EUJ.
TR      A         E    T
BPE  NWX  QUDMA.  CB
 A      E      E
VNW   TA   XUWA    CW
  E T           TE
BFAWBE   KCWJBAQ.
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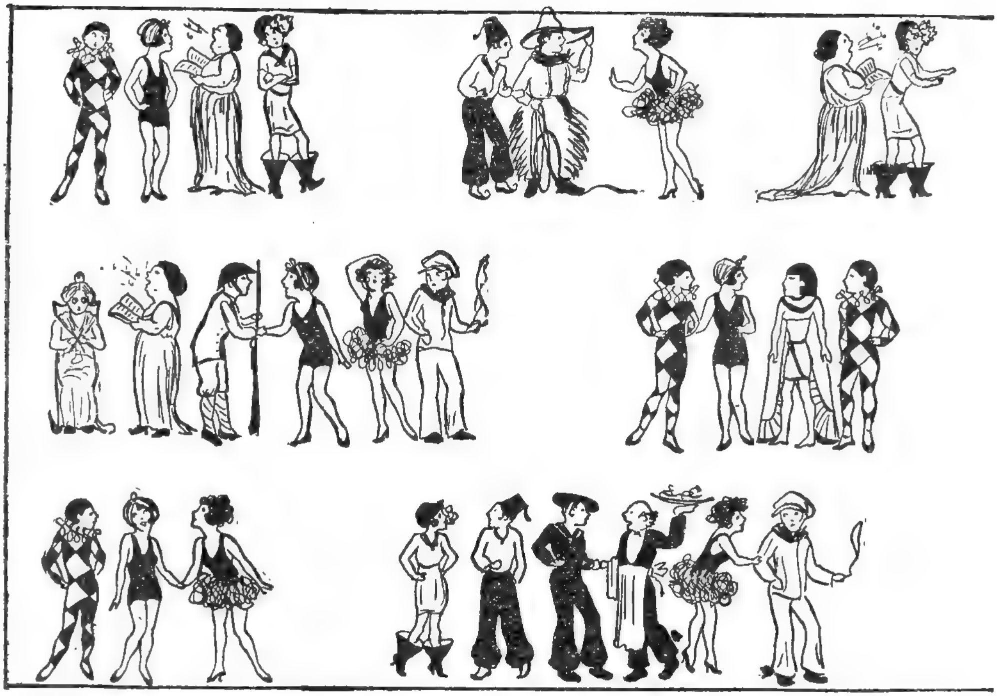
Now you can work the rest of it out for yourself. -REAT can only be GREAT. TR- can

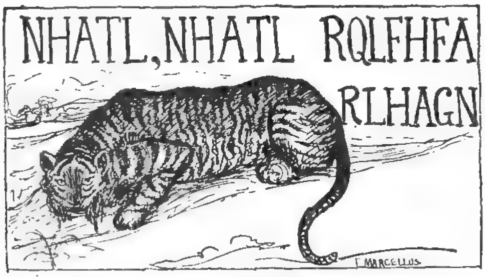


In the cryptogram each figure represents a letter in the alphabet. The chorus girl stands for one but each figure retains the

only be TRY. Fill in the other Y, and you have -E-TY in place of BFAWBE. N looks like the right letter to precede TY. Fill it in, and the first line is almost complete.

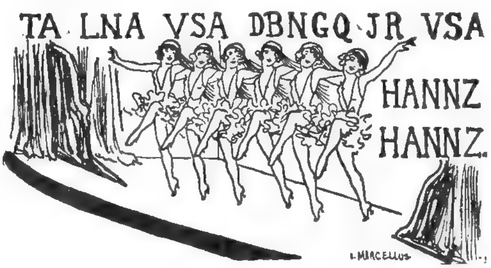
Now I am going to give you one to do for yourself. It is easy, and is combined with a picture to give a tip-off. The thing that discourages beginners with cipher puzzles is the fact the first clues do not readily strike their eyes. They can't get hold of anything for a beginning.

The picture illustrates a word that occurs once or more in the cryptogram. Guess the word, and, if it contains the same number of letters as any word in the coded phrase, there is a start.

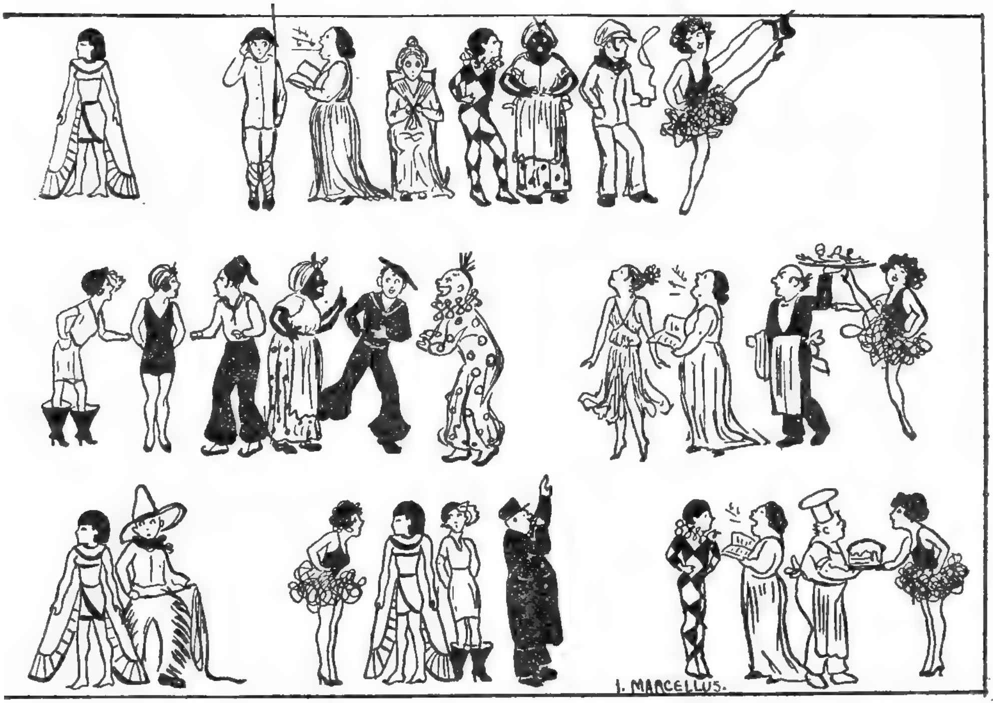


I think this way of presenting a cryptogram is an excellent one for beginners at the art of the hidden alphabet. It can be made highly decorative and pictorial, always an advantage in a puzzle. Incidentally, as a bit of shop, the cross-word puzzle was helped a lot by the fact that its diagram could be made into a symmetrical and ornamental pattern.

Here is another picture cryptogram, a little more difficult than the first.



The next one will be "straight," but I am going to help you to a start by pointing out the clue. It is the THE and THAT combination. Look for it. The diagram, TH, is, by the way, the commonest two letter combination in English. Whenever you see two letters occurring together several times in a puzzle, TH is a likely guess. It is particularly probable as the beginning of short words. There are no words that occur more often than the short ones beginning with TH, as witness: THE, THEM, THEN, THEY, THESE, THERE, THOSE, THAT, THAN, THIS and so on.


J. MARCELLUS.

letter, the harlequin for another, and so on. Postures change to provide interesting groupings, same meaning throughout.

Now, putting pencil to paper, go ahead.

NM BQYKP LYMTPSEYHN CHK LSDGQDLRF NR XCHX QX QK NSYR QDXRYRKXQDE XCHD XCR BHNSJK LYSKK ZSYF TJVVIR. QX QK OSXC RDWSMHOIR HDF ORDRBQLQHI; NHM QXK TSTJIHYQXM EYSZ ZSYIF ZQFR.

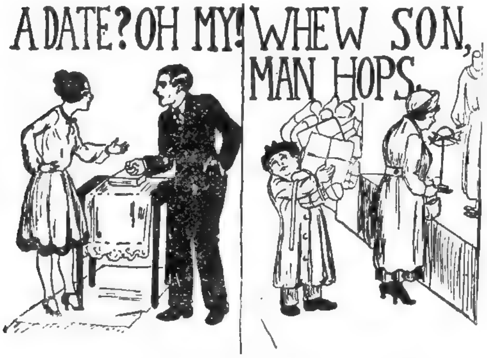
Here is another, for which I will again give you a start. A double letter at the end of a long word is nearly always SS or LL. If it occurs one letter removed from the end it is likely to be LL followed by S or Y, and, if followed by Y, it is likely to be preceded by A.

AZB YXMN OFNPFYNXAY OXY XP FXYA ZPF. LFGJXLY KZG AZB; PZS TF. M KMPXVVA WZS MS SJZBWJ.

And now for an easy one for you to tackle on your own account.

NJ AZS CGGA BTGBUCJGTURG, HRG UOG TGZCUO KFS N WU OUJ YSDUT WNCZTAZAGOJ NC AS MPZNA JFZJ HZMUO, HGZOC, BTROGC, BGB ZOW BTGBZTGWOGYY KUO JFG KZT.

The cryptogram is finer as a problem of solving, I think, than its relative the anagram, although the anagram admits of many beauties of construction. The anagram is a word or phrase which is composed of the same letters as another word or phrase. The letters of one are rearranged to form the other, and the two, to be excellent, should relate to each other. The best anagram I know of is the immortal one composed by a prominent New York lawyer. It is—THEY SEE, and the answer is—THE EYES. Both phrases are made up of the same letters. Here are two picturized anagrams, in which the illustrations give clue to the answer.


A DATE? OH MY!
WHEW SON, MAN HOPS.

Solve these, and see how you like that kind of puzzle. There is not the long workout that you find in the cryptogram, the kind of workout that made the cross-word puzzle so popular. It is a sort of a hunch solution. You look at the anagram and the letters of important words of the answer seem to form themselves into their natural succession. Or you may try several words that suggest themselves as likely, and see if you can find the letters to spell them out.

Another similar form is the word enigma. In this you take the letters in a sentence or sentences, and form other words of them. These words are then expressed by definitions. You guess the words from the definitions, as in the case of the cross-word puzzle, and then distribute the letters in accordance with numbers given with the definitions. The numbers indicate the places of these letters in the answer. Thus you will have something like this: My 5-2-6 is unit. You guess the word ONE, then O is the fifth letter of the answer. N the second and E the sixth. You have already written the numbers down, from one up as far as the highest number given in the enigma, and now, as you guess the words, you put the letters over their proper number, until the answer becomes evident. This kind of problem offers some very pretty chances of acute reasoning. Here are a couple of examples:

I begin an old popular favorite. I contain twenty-two letters.

My 9-10-7-8-2-22 is a fruit much eaten at breakfast

My 5-19-3-21 is duration

My 17-18-16 is a month

My 20-1 is written after the name of a capital

My 11-13-12-14 is saucy

My 15-4-6 is a mound

I am the name of a famous picture

My 2-3-8-9-10-5-14-4-16-16-6-18 is surprising

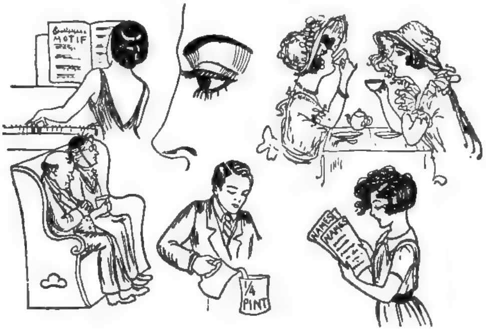
My 1-25-7-23-22 is carried on

My 11-12-13-17-21 is a hag

My 19-20-28-29-26 is hurled

My 24-27 is a note of scale.

The rebus is generally supposed to be the most decorative kind of puzzle extant. It consists of pictures, as in the following:



Each figure stands for a syllable or syllables of the answer, as pictures of hair and a ring would give HERRING.

But I think the cryptogram lends itself to picturization more readily and provocatively than any other kind of ingenuity. Instead of letters you can use figures. Take the picture cipher that has been given already. It is decorative. The chorus girl stands for one letter, the harlequin for another, and so on. It gives a pretty form, too, for a discussion of the workout. Instead of saying, in the XYYX the double X is double E, and therefore the X must be S or D, giving SEES or DEED, you have the much richer vocabularly—in the HARLEQUIN DOUBLE CHORUS GIRL HARLEQUIN the double CHORUS GIRL is double E, and therefore the HARLEQUIN must be S or D, etc. The figures are a little confusing, but if you will try at them for a minute, you will get used to them and they become quite beguiling.

The cryptogram is very ancient. People in the dimmest past have written down concealed messages, which other people have tried to decipher. In old ciphers the method was usually letter substitution, as in the examples we have seen. It seems a poor way to conceal what you want to say, when such messages are so easily deciphered, but the hidden alphabet has always had the glamour of great mystery around it. People took it for granted that a coded message, as such, was far beyond their ingenuity, and regarded the dealing with such matters as limited to men of weird mental capacities. Of recent times, though, a simple letter substitution has come to be regarded by those that know as merely an ingenious delight, which can be made as easy or difficult as the constructor pleases—that is by putting in or leaving out more or less obvious clues. For secret writing in a useful way, very intricate systems of ciphering have been developed, involving the use of key words, complex arrangements of the alphabetic letters and such like. These really do test the wits of the expert. This latter is an extraordinarily skillful person. He does not quite hold to the opinion expressed by Poe, one of the earliest enthusiasts of cryptography, that any cipher which human ingenuity can devise human ingenuity can solve. But he does say that with sufficient patience an expert can solve any practicable cipher, that is any cipher not so complex as to be useless for actual communication.

And now for a few more puzzles to give the reader a moderately long stretch of ingenious exercise.

DJJC AJM QHR GJSIDR DRQQRMN.

QHRW UYDD HRDK, BN WJS OBF RBNYDW NRR. QBWOW HOW QVL IWQQWOP QBHQ HMMWHO OWUWOPWD SOWNEWKQIZ CK QBCP. VHQRB QBWJ.

KJS QXK HSQQSO XKOU DP KAQSJ OSTSOPSU. DQ DP V BKKU NKIEDJVQDKJ QK GSSL ZKRO SZSP KJ. QCSOS VOS JK KQCSOP NKIIKJ.

FJN FTLCSMXFSNMP HTLI NUFTM TMWSMV BNMV JNLWP XLT UNGMW SM FRSP CTPPXVT. FRTI JSBB NUFTM VSHT ING X USMT YTVSMMSMV UNL INGL PNBGFSNM.

DSVMVEVI BLF GSRMP BLF SZEV TLG GSV NVZMRMT LU Z XSZIZXGVI, UROO RG RM ZG LMXV GSILFTSLFG GSV KFAAOV.

OKIVUBXP PKQSBVN JKU. ZKQ IXZ VJAKQJPVN PNKQCHV. PVJXADPZ VTVN. NVIXDJO PBV UKNR.

After you have solved all of the above cryptograms you will know enough about deciphering to tackle almost any message with a hidden alphabet, providing, of course, that it is not too difficult. There are only a few things that must be kept in mind. Once you have picked the THE, THAT, and the other small words, you should have little trouble in working out the rest of the message.

There is one possibility in the cryptogram, for it offers a lot of amusement. Perverse puzzlers take a delight in writing to one in cipher and making him solve to find out what the letter says. Some merely cipher an important statement in a missive. We shudder to think how far this sort of thing may go.

Answers to puzzles will be sent to readers on request.

A Princess

A young exiled Russian beauty

By
Grace Sartwell Mason

By the author of "The Golden Hope," "The Shadow of Rosalie Byrnes," etc.

MICHAEL CORCORAN was all that a young American should be—chivalrous, good-looking, successful. With a fortune of his own making, he had gone to London and there, while having tea one afternoon, come upon a magazine article dealing with the misfortunes of Princess Kyra Kamnieff, formerly of the Russian nobility. A stranger approached and introduced himself as Remy Sazanoff. Was it possible, Corcoran asked, that one so beautiful as the Princess Kyra should be forced by misfortune to sell cigarets in a Turkish cabaret in Constantinople? It was. The American was deeply touched. He would like to succor such a one; and Remy was sure that he could arrange a meeting. One thing, however, escaped Corcoran, and Remy found it to his advantage not to enlighten him: through an editorial error, Kyra Kamnieff's photograph and biographical sketch had been substituted for that of her cousin Julie. Julie *was* a princess, and a former fiancée of Remy, to boot. Kyra, American born but of Russian extraction, was not of royal blood and while with her father at the embassy, had become involved in the revolutionary imbroglio. Julie was unhappily married and her personal charms rapidly fading; Kyra, still single, possessed a striking beauty. For this reason, Kyra was coerced to masquerade as her cousin in the hope of aiding Julie who, left to her own devices, would eventually succumb to the dissipations of her indiscriminating life as hostess of the *Red Sarafan*. Once arrived in London, Kyra was met by the scheming Remy Sazanoff and presented to Corcoran, who immediately installed her in an exclusive hotel and lavished personal finery upon her. There followed a week of intoxicating pleasure, while a deep and sincere friendship sprang up between the quixotic American and the beautiful Russian pseudo-princess.

This month's instalment.

FOR two persons of congenial tastes with a week, a magic wand and something they wish to forget, London has without doubt, possibilities. And London in May cannot be beaten except by London in June. At discovering all of its pleasantest bypaths Corcoran proved himself exceedingly accomplished.

"The thing to do is never to have a plan when you set out," he declared. But she suspected that he spent a great deal of what was left of his nights over a plan. For there were never any of those boring moments that happen when one person wishes to dream over the river view at Richmond while the other is wondering whether the headwaiter at the Savoy will keep a table. In all their wanderings during this enchanted week there was an effect of spontaneity, and yet she knew it was not by chance that the motor always arrived at the right moment, that tea in some charming place always offered itself when she was beginning to feel weary. She accepted this bright and dreamlike week with an intense enjoyment. There were often hours on end when she did not think even of Julie.

She discovered Michael Corcoran to be an interesting companion, quite aside from his incredible skill with the magic wand. He had humor, he was sensitive to beauty, above all he was like a boy who plays at an absorbing game. The game was to see how much of sheer delight, of carefree happiness he could give her. He talked little about himself, but a few of the facts of his life came out in his humorous references to his Aunt Cordelia, whom he hated cordially but without bitterness.

This lady, it appeared, had somewhat grudgingly taken him into her home when he became an orphan at an early age. She had never had children of her own and she did not in the least understand the soul of a small boy. Nevertheless she undertook his training with all the enthusiasm of a medieval torturer. To such good effect that at sixteen he ran away from her austere roof. From that time on, foot free, he made his own way in the world, and managed to get for himself an education.

It was while he was still a student at a Western university and was working during the vacation on a Wyoming ranch, that the seed of his fortune was planted. In a poker game one night in Cheyenne his winnings included a supposedly worthless piece of paper. It had been carried around in the pockets of a drifting ne'er-do-well while this person waited for a

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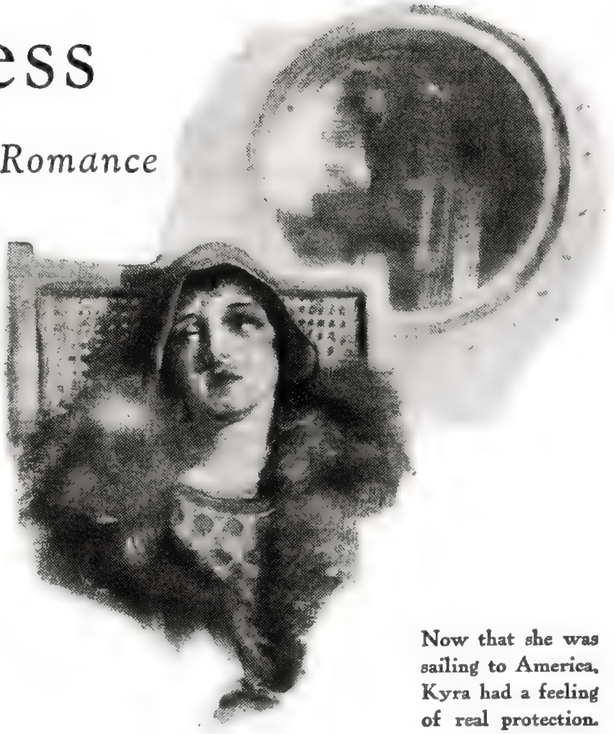
in Distress

becomes a magnet for Romance

Illustrated by
Stockton Mulford



Now that she was sailing to America, Kyra had a feeling of real protection.

chance to trade it for anything from a jacknife to a week's grubstake. It was the deed to a small tract of Oklahoma land, of so dubious a value that its possessor was allowed to throw it into the jack-pot only after a hot argument.

When the news of a new Oklahoma oil strike came to Corcoran's attention he left the university in the middle of the term with the ragged piece of paper which a half dozen times he had been on the point of throwing away, in his pocketbook. Although he had pretended to himself not to believe in the authenticity of the thing he had, on that night of the poker game, been credulous enough to see that the deed was made over to him in due form, and he now discovered that he possessed title to a piece of land well within the limits of the new oil territory. Within two years he had made a fortune, within five he was what the newspapers called a well-known oil magnate.

Although some of these facts were incredible to her with her different background, what she did understand was that he had come through his hard and somewhat garishly colored life with an amazing fineness of quality. She had said that there was no such thing as chivalry left in the world, but she knew now that she would never say that again.

It was toward the end of this enchanting week that one evening they wandered down through the Temple to the embankment. The sun had set and the long clear twilight fell about them. The figures of men, the long line of vehicles moved across London's Bridge, like a silhouette across a pale golden screen.

They sat down on a bench, silent for a while before the beauty of the evening.

"The week is almost over," she sighed. "I have played and now I must begin to think about working. Do you think I can get something to do? I've never been trained for anything but it seems to me in this huge city there must be something—"

"Dear little Kyra."

She looked up from her contemplation of a barge drifting down the river in a golden glory, to meet his eyes. She knew all at once why this perfection of friendship could not last. He put his hand over hers.

"You know that I love you, don't you, Kyra?"

"Oh, please, do not say that. It cannot possibly be true. It is a mood of this moment."

He shook his head, trying to speak lightly. "No, it's not a mood. It is just as I knew it would be, like a part of me. Like something I've waited for and expected, which has at last come true. Kyra, will you marry me, and let me try to make you happy for the rest of your life?"

She looked at him with pity in her eyes. "I can't forgive myself. I should have told you before—"

Her voice failed and for a moment there was a silence between them which he finally broke: "You mean there is some one else—"

For answer, she drew the small locket from her dress, detached it from its chain and placed it in his hand. He looked intently at the romantic and handsome head framed by the thin gold line of the locket. When he handed it back to her he smiled at her reassuringly.

"Are you married to him?" was all he asked.

She shook her head, looking down at the picture. "I do not even know whether he is alive. But that makes no difference. I love him. I can't forget him, Michael."

He patted her hand gently, although his face had set in lines of endurance. "That is all right, Kyra, I'm not going to worry you. But if you feel like telling me, I would like to know about—him."

SHE had met Cyril Baryatoski, she told him, during a curious fortnight when a dozen persons, friends of Julie's, took refuge in the Kamnieff country house after the break-up of Wrangel's army. Some of them had already been in various counter-revolutionary plots. So far as any of them knew each day was their last. And each of them had tried to outdo the others in gaiety and indifference to their future.

Cyril Baryatoski and herself had met and at once had felt an attraction to each other which was given poignant intensity by the peculiar quality of the circumstances in which they met. As the son of a general in one of the Imperial regiments, Cyril was in especial danger.

"And yet, I do not think I knew how much I cared until the very end," she said. "It came just at daybreak one morning. I was awakened by the sound of men and horses under my window, and I knew they had come for Cyril. I wrapped a dressing gown about me and ran to his room to warn him—and to say good-by. We had only a few moments together. Michael—" she looked at him and in the deepening twilight he saw her, how white her face had grown—"can you imagine those moments, with death clattering up the stairs? We promised to wait for each other, if we lived, and we said good-by."

She looked out at the lights on the river pricking through the twilight, and drew a long breath. "I have never seen him nor heard from him since. My cousin Julie says he is dead or has forgotten. I cannot believe that. All these years, in every place I have lived, at each new corner I turned, I have expected to see him."

"But if he were alive, surely he would have found you?"

"That would not be easy. The persons who were in the house that fortnight have scattered over the face of the earth, some of them have died, the house itself was burned, not even a servant remained on the estate. None of us dared to leave a clue behind. You see?"

"Nevertheless, if I—" he stopped himself, but she understood what he wanted to say.

"Ah, but he is not like you, a practical man. For all his high spirits and bravery he was Russian, which means that he was something of a dreamer, a fatalist. An obstacle that you would overcome in the most matter-of-fact way, would have plunged him into a lethargy of despair."

Corcoran recognized that he was not yet able, perhaps never would be able, to engage her imagination sufficiently to dim that memory, but it was unbearable to face this aspect of the situation.

"Don't you think, if you gave me a chance—" he urged. And then his voice broke as the intensity of his disappointment rushed over him. "Oh, Kyra, my dear, I would be so good to you. I would make you care for me."

She put her hand softly over his for a moment. "Dear Michael. I am sorry."

No more words were needed to convince him he was defeated. For a few moments he sat still, with the bitter taste of despair in his mouth. Then with a long breath he drew himself together and touched her shoulder reassuringly. "We won't talk about it any more just now. You've been through enough without my adding my bit. Come, we'll dine somewhere, and I'll try to make up for this bad hour I've given you."

He was glad that the dusk between them hid his face, for it was difficult for him to smile. But his tone was cheerful and taking her hand he drew her to her feet.

"By the way," he said casually, "another of your wishes came true today—at least I made the final arrangements. I meant to have told you when we sat down. I've arranged for a trust fund to be deposited in a Paris bank for your cousin Julie. You told me she wished to live in Paris, didn't you? Well, this will give her an income sufficient to make her fairly comfortable for the rest of her life."

She stood silently staring up at him as if she could not believe her ears, and then she made an exclamation of such happiness that it revealed to him how desperately she had prayed for Julie's safety. "You—you have done all that without my asking?"

"My dear child, of course. I knew what you wanted most of all, and that was enough for me."

In the darkness she drew nearer to him, the white blur of her face was lifted toward his. "Michael," she said, in so low a tone that he had to bend his head to hear, "I haven't anything, and there is only one way I can repay you. But—if you—if you want me—"

Suddenly he gripped her by the shoulders and thrust her back, away from him, holding her at arm's length. "Stop it, stop it," he groaned. "You poor baby— Do you think I want to buy you? My lord, no! Never, never let me hear you say such a thing again—my Princess, my little Princess—"

Abruptly he drew her to him and for a moment they clung to each other desperately, each aware of a quality in the other deeply touching. In the darkness he felt her face pressed against his shoulder. He touched it with his fingers and then gently released her.

"Everything is all right now, little Kyra. You're not to talk to me about repaying anything, you understand that? Come along, before that Bobby up there arrests us for loitering in the dark."

They began to climb up from the Embankment in silence. The policeman who had been watching them turned away with an Olympian indifference. It was not surprising that he took them for contented lovers, for the girl, like a child afraid, had slipped her hand into the man's as they turned their backs to the river.

THEY did not dine together that evening after all, for Kyra found herself tired when they reached her hotel, and Corcoran was depressed. She had a solitary meal in her own rooms, and soon after Remy Sazonoff was announced.

She was disinclined to see him, but feeling that she had neglected him during the last few days, she allowed him to come up. There had been at the beginning of the week an exceedingly disagreeable moment when Sazonoff's ironic eyes took in the fact of her sartorial transformation—but—"Leave him to me," Corcoran had said, a trifle grimly, and Remy's politeness since then had been beyond criticism. If at moments his smile was a bit too bland, she ignored it lightheartedly. She did not mean to let him spoil her delightful week.

They talked politely now of Richmond where she and Corcoran had had tea the day before and of some Russian paintings they had been to see that afternoon.

"You are enjoying London—it is doing you good—" he said presently, as she poured coffee for him. "Today I have a letter from your cousin. I am afraid our poor little Julie is suffering from the heat of Constantinople."

"She will never have to suffer it much longer," she interrupted. "Has Michael Corcoran told you of the arrangement he has made for Julie?"

She saw his bright eyes sharpen instantly. "No, he has told me nothing. You are the one favored with his confidence, although it was through me—"

"Yes, yes, I know. But he has only just finished his arrangement. You will be delighted to hear that our Julie is to have an income that will make it possible for her to live in Paris quite comfortably and it will continue as long as she lives."

Sazonoff did not take this news quite as she had expected. He set down his coffee cup sharply and stared at her coldly. "An income?" he repeated. "You mean that Corcoran has paid over to you a sum of money—"

"Oh, no, it is what he calls a trust fund, I believe. You know, a certain sum is placed in a bank and Julie receives from that an income which is paid her four times a year. It seems to me by far the best arrangement possible. You know, Julie is a little extravagant, and in this way—"

She stopped, brought to a pause by the change that had taken place in Sazonoff's face. All its bland politeness had shattered into a sudden rage. He sprang to his feet, and involuntarily, she put the table between herself and him.

"You little fool," he cried. "You should have made him give you the principal. What good will a pinch-penny income be to—to Julie?"

She was certain that he had started to say "to me," but as suddenly as his rage had risen he got control of himself again and muttered an apology, "Really—" he shrugged his shoulders —"I wish you had left the affair to me. What does a money grubbing American know about the needs of an aristocrat? The arrangement is impossible but when I have spoken to him—"

"You will do nothing of the kind." Her eyes flashed. "I'm ashamed of you. He is the kindest man in the world, and what right have you to question his way of helping Julie? What is it to you, Remy Sazonoff?"

He retreated before the indignation in her eyes, and in a few moments he took his leave. She sank into a chair by the open window, still trembling a little with anger. What, she wondered, had Remy Sazonoff to do with Julie's future? "Nothing, if I can help it," she cried aloud.

She awakened next morning after a restless night with a sense of depression. She had breakfast in bed and telephoned to break her engagement with Corcoran for luncheon. She wanted to write her good news to Julie, but most of all she needed time to think. Now that Julie's future was provided for she felt suddenly listless and sad. She was now confronted with the necessity of making some sort of plan for her own life.

After she had written her letter to Julie and posted it, she took a hansom to Hyde Park where she read or wandered about all afternoon. She had a curious sense of waiting for some decisive thing that was to happen. At four o'clock she suppressed an impulse to telephone Corcoran and had tea by herself under the trees.

"I can't go on being his guest," she said to herself as she sat there. "It is incredible that I should have accepted what I have. I don't seem to have thought anything out straight. But tomorrow I must start out to find work. I must get a small room somewhere, I must pack away these lovely frocks. Perhaps I can sell one or two of them for enough to keep me until I can find work."

As she rose to go she heard a clock striking somewhere far away through the trees. She thought, "Twelve o'clock striking for Cinderella," and shrugged her shoulders with a wan smile.

When she returned to her hotel she found that Corcoran had left a message: he would be glad if she would dine with him, he would call for her at seven-thirty. The maid who gave her this message handed her a letter. She glanced at it carelessly as she took off her gloves and hat, then a premonition like a shiver went through her. She knew before she had looked at the signature that it was from Saidan.

She looked about her at the room, so solid, so charming and so British as if to reassure herself that Constantinople was a long way off, before she read the letter. How could Saidan have discovered her address?

Almost the first sentence of the letter answered her question. He had intercepted a letter from Sazonoff to Julie, addressed in care of the restaurant. But why should Remy have done that, she wondered, when he knew Julie's own address? That, too became plain, almost immediately. For included with Saidan's letter was the intercepted letter from Remy to Julie.

She read Saidan's brief note first: "*Ma cherie*," he wrote, "I send you this letter because it will very much interest you. Also you will know that Saidan has not forgotten you. It will remind you that his offer remains open to you. When you are convinced that the Princess Julie can do quite well without you, will you think of poor Saidan? At any rate, do not think that I lose you. No matter how far away you go, that distance is not impossible for Saidan to cover. Until we meet again, then my charming Kyra— Saidan."

Her hands were icy cold when she took up the other letter. She felt no scruple about reading it. She must know what Saidan knew if she were to warn Julie. She read the letter, in Remy's fine dashing hand, through twice. Then she put it down and sat looking straight ahead of her.

She sat there while the slow poison of the letter dripped into her mind. It was not the definite phrasing that she got its meaning from, for Remy Sazonoff was clever at indirection, but in the treachery of its double meanings, in the spirit that breathed from every sprightly line.

They had made a dupe of her, Remy and Julie between them. It was their intention that she should be used to get from Corcoran as large a sum as possible, of which Remy was to have his share. They were then to meet in Paris, and the implication was that life would be brighter for both of them in each other's society. Their past relationship was not referred to, but it lay there between the lines for her to sicken over.

She understood now Remy's anger the day before. Slowly she began to understand more, the vague fears for Julie that had turned her heart cold.

And her own anger rose swiftly. Springing to her feet she began to walk the floor, planning her revenge. She would tell Corcoran the whole situation and command him to recall his benefaction. She would never see Sazonoff again; she would return Julie's letters unopened.

Then she stood still, the wild color dying out of her face. For herself what excuse could she offer to Michael Corcoran? Could she tell him that she had allowed herself to be named to him by her cousin's title? Could she make him believe that she herself had been an entirely innocent catspaw? He loved her, but would even his devotion stand the strain she had allowed herself willingly to be used so ignominiously? Could she face this humiliating confession?

AND then the desolation of a great loss flooded over her. More bitter than Julie's death was this loss to her, for if Julie had died she could still have gone on loving her memory. But now she had nothing but this aching hurt in her very soul. She knew that Julie's loveliness which she had adored from childhood was poisoned for her now. With the finality of youth she said, forever.

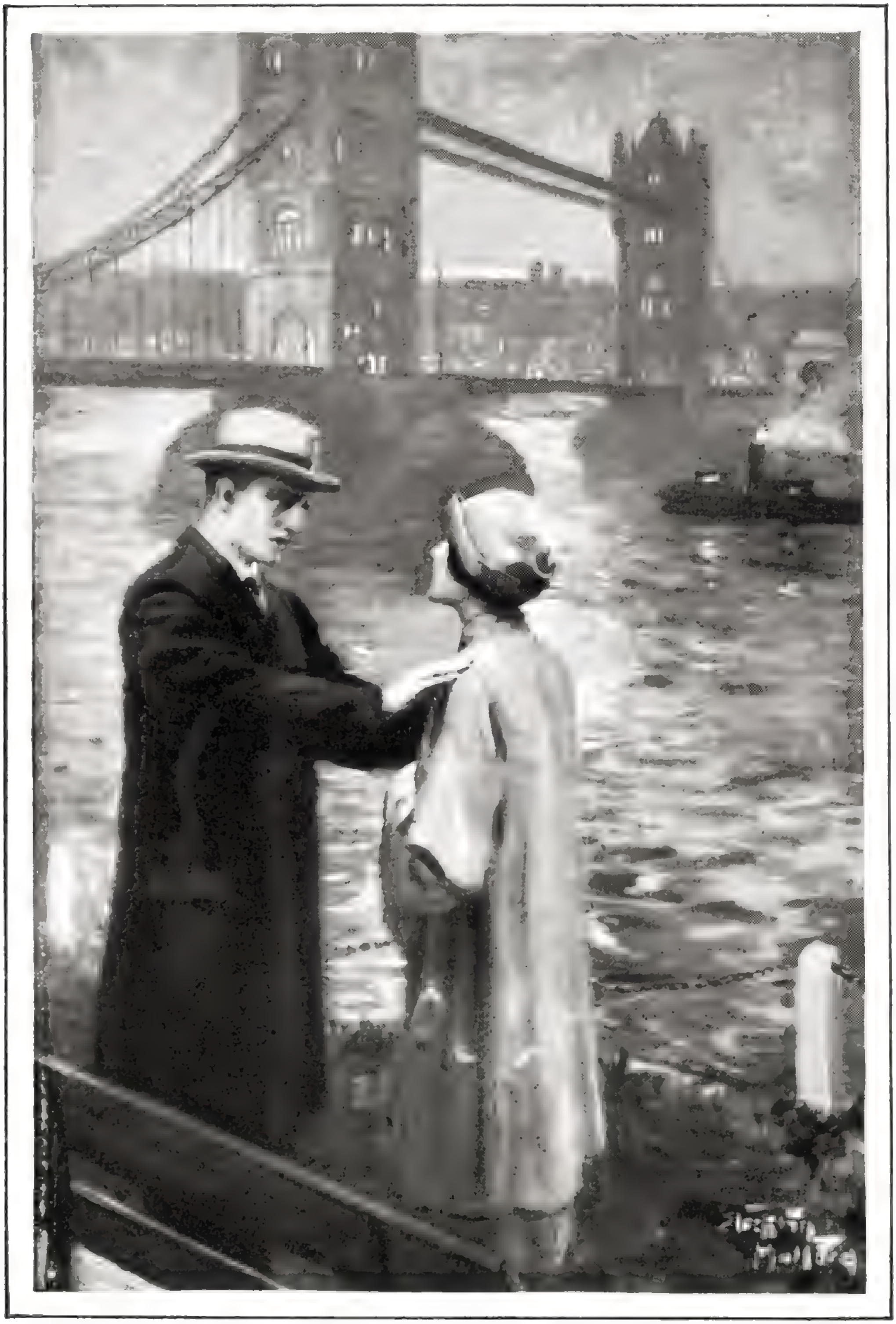
But just as clearly as she knew that none the less she wanted for Julie the haven that Corcoran's benefaction offered. Although Julie was lost to her now, it would still torment her to think of Julie's beauty treading its precarious way through poverty and obscurity. She could not bear that thought. But on the other hand could she with any decent self-respect let Corcoran go on aiding Julie?

The walls of the room reeled around her and a knifelike pain stabbed through her heart. Her eyes were blinded by tears, the floor seemed to sink away from her feet, as she groped toward a chair. She was dimly aware that some one had tapped at her door and had come into the room, but she was weeping now, heartbrokenly.

She felt arms about her and heard Michael's voice in her ears begging her to tell him what was wrong. When he saw that she could not reply, he lifted her and carried her to the sofa.

"I am ill," she whispered with difficulty. "My heart—hurts—"

He sprang to the telephone. In another moment the staid hotel found itself vibrating as it had not done since one terrible occasion when a Grand Duchess tripped on a loose board and fell down-stairs. A doctor, the proprietor, two maids, the housekeeper, and finally a trained nurse materialized at the bidding of a man who issued curt orders, out of tight lips.



"Michael," she said in a low tone, "I haven't anything, and there is only one way I can repay you. But—if you—if you want me—" "Stop it, stop it," he groaned. "Do you think I want to buy you?"

The little princess whom they had all speculated about was ill. A shock of some sort, the doctor said. She was carried to her bed. A few minutes later the doctor came to Corcoran. He looked keenly at the American with the flaming gray eyes.

"You are a relative, sir?"

"No. We are engaged to be married," said Corcoran promptly. "I want the best consultants there are in London, if you think them necessary. I want two good nurses. I have already ordered a special maid detailed to this suite. If there is anything more I can do or get—"

"No, no," exclaimed the doctor hastily. "I believe the young lady has merely had a shock of some sort. Add this to years, I judge, of overstrain and probably malnutrition and you have a case for rest and nursing. She is conscious now, but she seems troubled about a letter."

CORCORAN had already picked up from the floor various sheets of notepaper which he had folded and placed in one of the drawers of the writing table. He now took them out and went into the bedroom.

Kyra's eyes, enormous and dark in her white, pinched face, lifted. "Burn them," she whispered as he laid the letters under her hand.

He went to the grate and touched a match to the written sheets. Bits of phrases curled and twisted in the little flames. He saw his own name twice and part of a sentence—"Do not think that I lose you . . . no matter how far away. . . ." And the word "Saidan."

"Saidan," he thought. "Look him up, too."

He dropped the charred bits into the grate and went back to the bedside.

"If I am going to be ill, Michael," she said faintly, "you won't leave me, will you?"

He knelt holding her hands between his own closely. "My darling, I'm not going to leave you, never fear. I shall not be farther away than that room there, precious dear."

"What a frightful nuisance I am, Michael," she smiled faintly. "But I am going to need you so much. Perhaps I'm even going to ask you to take me to America. Would that—would that be impossible?"

"Nothing is impossible that you want," he returned steadily. "But before we start for America don't you think a nice long sleep would be a good thing? I'll sit right here, I won't leave you—there, you poor little kid, close your eyes."

With a sigh as if at last a certain peace had come to her, she closed her eyes, but her fingers still remained curled about his hand.

For a few days she tossed in a fever or lay quiet in a stupor of exhaustion. But she was aware of the most exquisite care folding her like wings. Presently she was sitting up again, in a room that was bright with flowers and the enticing bindings of new novels. It seemed to her that she had gone through a sort of battle and now that the smoke had cleared away she knew what she meant to do. She was going to pay Michael Corcoran back in the only way she could, and in doing that she meant to start a new chapter.

On the first day she was able to drive in the park they sat under the same beech tree where they had had tea on the second day of their enchanted week together. Today she wore the slim little gray cloak he had bought for her on that delirious first day. Its collar of blue flying squirrel was a charming background for her face, somewhat thin from her illness, and it accented her dark hair and the deep blue of her eyes.

When the waitress had brought them tea and gone away, Kyra said, "You were very good to me while I was ill, Michael. I knew you were there. I felt you, like the shadow of a tree in a thirsty land."

"I hung about quite a bit," he admitted.

She was silent a moment, the brim of her wide hat hiding her face. Then she raised her head and looked at him. "Do you still want to marry me, Michael?"

"More than ever," he said quietly.

"But you deserve something better than a person with only half a heart, I think."

"Does that mean you will marry me if I ask you again?"

"Yes."

He sat perfectly quiet, looking up into the branches of the great beech. The light that animated before and flamed into his eyes died down. "Then I do ask you again," he said quietly. "But there is one thing I must make sure of—you don't dislike me, do you? You don't feel afraid of me or shrink from me, do you?"

"No, no," she cried quickly. "I like you so much that sometimes it almost seems as if I love you—"

He stopped her with a hand over hers. "No, you needn't say that. Love is a very different thing from what you feel for me. I know you don't love me, but I am willing to take a chance on your changing. The important thing is that you should never feel obliged to pretend. Don't ever do that, Kyra. It would make you hate yourself, and I should know it was pretense, anyway."

Her face quivered and her eyes became warm. "Do you know that you are very sweet, Michael? The best thing God ever did for me was to let me know you."

They were silent then for a moment, each engrossed in thoughts too deep to be expressed. She looked up at him finally with a wistful smile: "Michael, don't you think it possible that I really do love you and don't know it?"

He looked at her with hungry eyes, but he shook his head. "No, your heart is still too full of—other things. But nevertheless—" he leaned across the table and took her two hands for a moment between his own—"I am going to marry you. I want to take care of you, and this is the only way to do it. I can't leave you to struggle along alone any longer." He sat a moment in silence looking down at her slender hands. Then he gently released them.

"I will give myself six months," he said. "If at the end of that time I have failed—well, I'll do whatever seems best for you. God knows, I may be a fool, but this is the best thing I can see to do. Only, there is one condition I think I must make, give yourself, give us both a fair chance by putting out of your mind the past, every scrap of it, every shred of it, if possible. Do you think you can do that, Kyra?"

"That is what I want to do," she declared eagerly. "I should like to go to America as soon as possible, to begin over again. The past is behind me and I am through with it."

"And your cousin Julie?" Studying her face he saw it harden, and then become sad.

"Thanks to your kindness, Julie is all right now. She is part of that past I am through with, and I am not going to think about again."

ON THE morning she was married, two letters were brought up to Kyra while she was breakfasting. One was from Julie, and on the other she recognized the spiderly scrawl of Saidan's handwriting. She dropped them quickly into her lap where she could not see them. When she had finished breakfast she first wrote a brief line to Remy Sazonoff telling him she was to marry Michael Corcoran in an hour, and marked it for delivery that evening. Then she took the two letters from the table and tore them in two without taking them from their envelopes. She touched a match to Julie's familiar writing and felt a sharp pain in her heart. Then she held Saidan's letter over the flame. It caught and blazed up. Just as she dropped it from her fingers her eyes caught the postmark and she leaned closer, staring, "Paris."

Saidan in Paris? She started up as if his flat yellow face had appeared in the room. Then she drew a long breath. In a few hours she would be at sea. The new chapter would be begun; already she had refused to acknowledge that the old had any power to reach out to touch her or harm her.

Together that evening they watched the last dim shadow of the coast of England receding and the darkness deepening about them. They stood at the rail, leaning there close together. And it came over Kyra Kamnieff suddenly that she had given over her life into the keeping of a stranger. What was it that she really felt for him? A vivid sense of enjoyment in being with him, a complete confidence in his strength, a faith in his decency and fineness, a half bewildered wonder at his simplicity under which she knew there was a shrewd cool brain.

But now in the darkness something of the same fear and distaste for men that she had known in Saidan's cabaret oppressed her. She moved a little away from the touch of his arm.

"You are tired, Kyra?" he asked. "Do you want to go in?"

"Oh, no. The air is so delicious."

Corcoran drew their steamer chairs closer to the rail and wrapped rugs about Kyra. In the other chair touching hers, the glow of his cigaret made wide half circles as he moved his hand occasionally.

"I've never told you, have I," he said presently, in his quiet drawl, "why I was so taken by the idea of your being a princess?"

"No," she said faintly. She had put the fact of her borrowed title resolutely out of her mind, hoping it would never be referred to between them again. Starting a new chapter had not involved a confession of her deceit, she had decided it was best to bury it along with the rest. Michael knew she was never to be called Princess; she had signed the marriage register as Kyra Kamnieff, and had let it go at that.

"I should like you to understand," he was saying. "You must often have thought of me as a title-hunter. Well, I was in a way, but not quite the usual way."

He laughed absently and went on to tell her how his Aunt Cordelia had believed fairy-tales were destructive of morals and common sense and had burned half the books his father and mother had given him. He was an imaginative boy, and when he rescued one page from the sacrificial fire it became for him extremely important.

"It was the picture of a princess in a golden gown," explained he. "Mind you, I was only about nine, and probably not quite normal from being alone so much and hating Aunt Cordelia. Anyhow, this princess got all mixed up in my mind with the memory of my mother. She had a smile like my mother's. And she looked totally unlike Aunt Cordelia. You see, she formed a sort of ideal in my mind. I promptly began to believe that a princess must be something more desirable than any other kind of person, something especially sweet and beautiful and good."

HIS chair creaked as he turned a little toward her in the darkness. "Perhaps it sounds exaggerated, but you have no idea how comforting that picture was to me. All of my secret life for the few months I possessed that picture seemed centered in her. I made up my mind that as soon as I was old enough I should set out to look for her."

"Poor child," she murmured, sympathetically.

He was smiling as he lit another cigaret. "Oh, I was not to be much pitied, when I think of the women my princess saved me from later—although she herself had very nearly faded out of my conscious mind. But here is the curious thing that happened. I say I had forgotten that old page from a fairy-tale, and I suppose I had. But with my very first bit of luck, when I found the Oklahoma land was valuable and my ambition was aroused, I remembered that forgotten princess. I said to myself, half joking, you know, that nothing less than a princess would do me. And for her, of course, I must have a fortune so that all sorts of lovely things could be hers. When I had got my fortune and it looked as if there was going to be enough, even for a princess, I came abroad. I hope I don't sound too silly?"

"Please go on," she murmured. "And then you saw my picture—"

"Yes. And the instant I saw it I knew I had found my princess. Up to that moment I hadn't acknowledged to myself, you understand, that I was really searching for her. But when I saw your picture, I knew I had been looking everywhere for a long time.

"But if—if the name under the picture had had no princess in front of it, would you have fallen in love with it?"

THERE was silence, for a moment from the other chair. "I don't know," Corcoran said finally. "It is hard for me to disentangle what was the result of my years of imagining, from the fresh impression your picture made on me. But I'm inclined to think— Oh, it doesn't matter, does it? The facts are that I loved your picture and I loved you the moment I saw you. The title only made more perfect what was already perfection."

It was some time before she stirred or spoke. Then she gave a small sigh as if she had dismissed something from her mind. She put her hand shyly on his arm. "I am going to try to be the right princess, Michael," she whispered.

But when a few moments later they crossed the deck and went into the warmth and brightness of their suite where a stewardess had put his flowers in a vase and unpacked Kyra's bags, it was all she could do to keep smiling. "This kind of a marriage," she thought, "is all wrong. How am I going on with it?"

He put his arms about her with a sudden hunger, "Kyra, do you know you've never really kissed me yet?" he said, in a low voice.

She lifted her face obediently, but a sort of stiff quiver ran through her, as if her soul had stirred in protest. With an uncontrollable gesture she pushed him back.

"Oh, I hate myself, I hate myself," she cried.

"Kyra, don't say that. Why do you hate yourself?"

She put her hands over her face and sat down upon the side of the bed where the stewardess had laid out her rose-colored negligée and the little satin mules. He sat down beside her, trying to comfort her. "Why do you hate yourself, Kyra?"

"Because I've done something wicked," she sobbed. "Marriage ought not to be for safety or protection or comfort. It is like taking something beautiful and degrading it—it is sordid, what I've done. I didn't marry you because I loved you, but because I want to be safe. And I'm—ashamed—I'm so ashamed—Michael—"

His face turned gray as he listened to her sobbing half coherent words. He knew she was struggling to express the very essence of her girl's soul. Something of her new conception of the spirit of marriage came to him also in that moment.

"Kyra, listen to me, dear. Maybe neither one of us understood quite what we were doing. I can see what you mean and I—Kyra, I'd cut off my hand before I'd offend against what you feel to be the very best. God knows I don't want our marriage to start off that way. I know what you mean. If I hadn't been so blindly in love with you I'd have known that it's no marriage unless there's love on both sides. But I do know—I've come to my senses. Listen, child and stop crying. You and I are going to make this thing come out right. And we're going to start in by regarding our marriage as not a marriage—not for us. To every one else it may be, but to us it's going to be just a friendly partnership— Are you listening to me, Kyra?"

"Yes," she whispered, her face against his sleeve like a child's.

"Just a partnership, Kyra. We'll try to make it a sweet, happy partnership until you yourself want it to become a marriage."

She looked up at him through her wet lashes, her eyes full of wonder.

"I think you are the most amazing person in the whole world," she breathed.

Quietly as they had managed to leave London, it became evident not long after they arrived in America, that not even Michael's care had saved them from newspaper publicity.

Upon landing they had decided to stay in New York for a few weeks until Kyra had had a chance to become acquainted with her native city. Corcoran had taken a suite at the Plaza so that Kyra could look down upon the tree-tops of Central Park, and here for a few days they led an idle and happy existence. Each day as they became better acquainted with each other, they discovered tastes in common. Their marriage might be one in form only, but their complete understanding lent to these first few weeks a tranquillity that was rather extraordinary in the circumstances.

In the later afternoons they would stroll down the Avenue that was an unfailing source of interest to Kyra, or they would drive up to the Claremont for dinner, and go afterward to a frivolous summer show. Corcoran knew very few persons in the city, and these were now out of town. They might have been two castaways on a well equipped desert island, for all they were troubled by the outside world.

Then one morning when they were breakfasting in front of the open windows of their sitting room, a letter came to Corcoran.

"Oh, damnation!" he groaned. "That looks like Aunt Cordelia's handwriting."

When he opened it a newspaper clipping fell out. It was a brief news item cabled from London to a New York paper to the effect that Mr. Michael Corcoran, wealthy oil man of Oklahoma, had recently married in London the young and charming Princess Kyra Kamnieff. The New York paper added the information that a Mr. and Mrs. Michael Corcoran were registered at the Plaza. It was evident that the hotel reporters of both London and New York had been on the job.

Aunt Cordelia wrote briefly but to the point. It seemed to her, she said, that in consideration of the past, he might have let her know he intended to marry. As the only living member of his family she would like to receive his wife, the Princess, in proper form. Would the Princess waive formality in consideration of Aunt Cordelia's age, and allow him to bring her to dine? Would Thursday suit the Princess? Unless they were motoring down to her Long Island place the six-thirty train was a good one.

Corcoran looked annoyed. He declared that it was one of his weakest moments when he had softened and called on his Aunt Cordelia in the spring on his way to London. Now she would try to run their affairs. She had taken him back to her arms when she found he had become a successful man, and now that he had married a princess there would be no dodging her.

"Horrid old snob," said Michael.

But Kyra, although she had been dismayed by the number of princesses in Aunt Cordelia's letter, was more tender-hearted. She pointed out that after all, she had saved him from going to an orphan asylum when he was a child—and besides, Aunt Cordelia lived in the country—she would like so much to see an American country house. This was enough for Michael—he would have kissed his Aunt Cordelia to amuse Kyra—and on Thursday they duly motored down to Long Island and dined with their lone relative.

It was excessively annoying to Corcoran, who had looked forward to a brief session to find that Aunt Cordelia had hastily gathered together a party of eighteen or twenty, to whom Kyra was impressively introduced as "my dear nephew's wife, the Princess Kyra, you know."

"Look here," her dear nephew whispered fiercely in her ear, "Kyra hates being called Princess. Lay off it, won't you?"

BUT Aunt Cordelia had seldom had so shining an opportunity. The result of this dinner party was that Michael Corcoran and his wife, "the Princess Kyra, you know—yes, of Russia, direct descendant of Peter the Great, you know—" began to find, at once, invitations to dine, to week-end, and to go on simple little picnics where three butlers served the luncheon.

A good many of these invitations they refused, but Kyra had found her first taste of the life of the lovely country houses unexpectedly attractive. She had beauty and charming clothes. She confessed that she liked being made much of, she liked the gay, expensive perfection of some of these week-end parties. She liked them partly because she was young and all this luxurious, fast-moving life was so new to her, and partly because they effectually kept her from thinking.

In short, the result of Aunt Cordelia's conscientious reading of the society columns was that one day Kyra said, "Michael, have you made any plans about where we shall live?"

He returned that he had been waiting to see what she liked best.

"Then I think I should like a country house," said Kyra. "I should like to raise flowers and vegetables and have horses and dogs and servants that stay with one for years—"

"Hold on! There aren't any of the last in this country," he laughed.

"But what I mean is, I want a home that belongs to us and I want to pretend that it has belonged always to us and always will—I want to dig in its soil and plant things that will be there when my—"

She caught her breath and a warm color came into her cheeks. She had nearly said "when my children have grown up—"

His eyes lighted but he merely said: "So you want to put down roots, little Kyra?"

"Not unless you want to, yourself. I don't know about your business—"

"If I run out to Oklahoma two or three times a year, it will be enough. There is no reason why we shouldn't have a place on Long Island if you think you'd like it. Perhaps we'd better rent a place, to make sure it is going to suit you."

He could not rid himself of a sense of the impermanence of their relationship. It was not altogether because he had set himself the task of winning her love within a certain time. It was because of something rather feverish and variable in Kyra herself. He knew that she often threw herself into gaiety because she was trying to forget. There were times when their companionship was so close and so sweet that an outsider would have said they were a married couple in love with each other. But there were days when she plunged into any diversion that offered, when her high spirits seemed to have an edge to them.

And on these days he suspected that she locked away the tiny photograph in its gold locket somewhere out of sight, because she could not bear the pain of looking at it.

He found presently a charming old country place to rent. It was on the Sound and its lawn and gardens ran down to the water. Kyra cried out with delight when she saw the flowers in one of the terraced gardens and the long gallery, paved with old rose colored bricks, looking out over a wide stretch of the Sound.

She clasped her hands around Michael's arm with one of her rare gestures of affection. "Ah, I know we shall be happy here. Won't you buy it, Michael, so I can begin to put down those roots you spoke of?"

"Perhaps. It all depends—" he said, staring absently and a trifle somberly out over the water.

He had never made an obvious effort to win her, although all of his days were an unobtrusive effort to make her happy, to make her forget the nightmare days that were past. Since their first night he had never offered her a caress or a touch of the hand. "That wouldn't be playing the game," he had told himself at the beginning. And he knew that now, in these surroundings that would soon become like home to both of them, the rôle he had chosen would be increasingly difficult to play.

"I don't suppose there's another fool like me in the world," he thought, digging his hands into his pockets at the touch of Kyra's hands on his arm. "Anybody but a romantic idiot would think he had the right—"

He turned on his heel abruptly and strode off to inspect the farmer's house that stood in its apple orchard in a far corner of the estate. A few days later they had taken possession of the place and their daily life became like that of all the other country houses around them.

Kyra's social success which had started with the dinner at Aunt Cordelia's had become assured, thanks to the unusual type of her beauty, to her title, and to the piquancy of her varying moods, to the slight accent she could assume at will, to her French frocks—in short, to the fact that she was a beautiful novelty. Michael Corcoran himself was liked, although he detested golf and bridge and refused to play them. But he rode magnificently and his polo was sensational. In a lazy, somewhat detached way he aided Kyra in her hospitalities and by the time the autumn was in full swing, Green Gates had become one of the most popular houses of the section.

Kyra had become extremely fond of her neighbor, little Barbara Van Vliet. They rode together frequently and Babs' dogs or her motorcar were generally in evidence at some time during the day at Green Gates.

"Do you know the reason Kyra likes me?" she said one day to Michael, smiling her boyish smile at him. "Because she knows I like you frightfully."

"No, no," cried Kyra, hastily, "I like you because you're an American flapper."

"Ah, but you wouldn't ask the Dillard girl to your last house party because she condescended to Michael when you had her before."

Kyra flushed faintly, "But why not? Of course, I'm not going to let any one be rude to my husband—my very nice husband."

HER tone was light, but as she passed him on the way into the house she touched his hair with the tips of her fingers. Instantly, before his will could control the action, his hand had gone up and caught hers. After that, with Babs' interested gaze upon them, there was nothing for him to do but to touch it with his lips, before he released it.

"For Pete's sake, why do you both look so flustered?" cried their guest. "If you could know how famished I get for something sweet like that—why, if my father and mother come near each other I expect 'em to snap. But it's different with you two. That's why I love—"

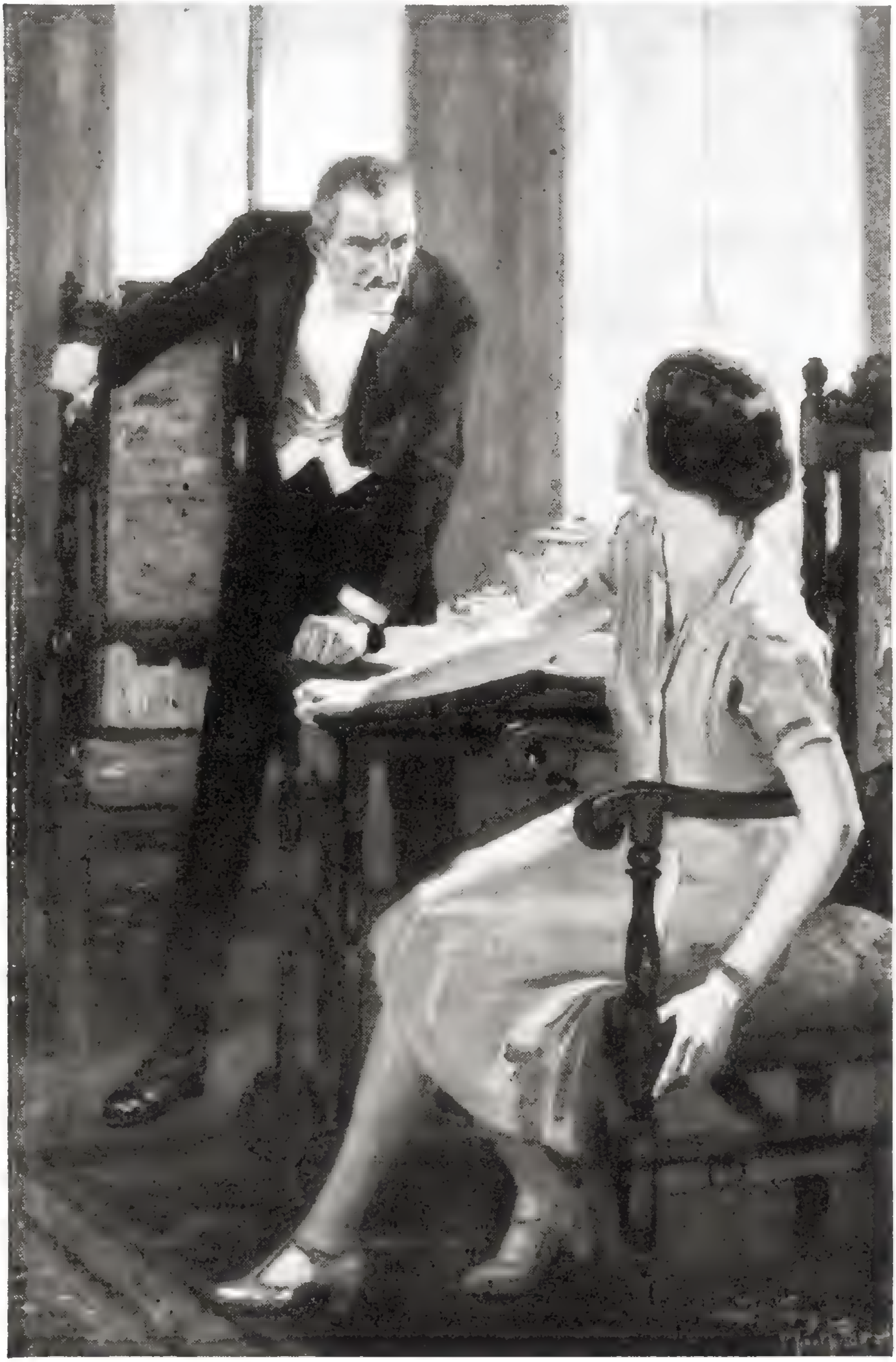
"Barbara darling, we're going to be late for Mrs. Mellish's luncheon," Kyra interrupted. "Did you say you were not coming, Michael?"

He declined, and when he had seen them off in Barbara's car, he stood for a long time staring off at a white cloud bank over the Sound. Then lounging up the broad stairs to the upper corridor, he moved aimlessly down it toward his own quarters. But before the open door to Kyra's room he paused an instant, and then crossed the threshold.

The room was sweet with the autumn sun and the scent of the sea that came in through the open windows. It was full of the daintiness and the fragrance of Kyra herself. A maid had been mending a tear in a lacy evening frock and had left it lying for the moment across a chair back when she went out. He held it to his face for an instant and then tenderly replaced it. On the dressing-table among the gold and crystal oddments lay the battered little locket. The picture of Cyril Baryatoski presented its romantic profile to his gaze.

He stood for some time looking down at it before he gave an ironic glance at his own countenance and turned away. "I'm beaten," he thought, "and I might as well face the fact. If only it was easier for me to let go of her— But I shall have to learn to. My six months are almost up and I've got nowhere."

He was sitting in the small library at the end of the upper corridor which he had himself made his own office and study when he heard Kyra returning late that afternoon. As usual he



Suddenly Kyra stopped talking. She was brought to a pause by the change in Sazonoff's face. He sprang to his feet in a rage. "You little fool," he cried. "You should have made him give you the principal."

listened to the sound of her footsteps coming along the hall. He always knew by their tempo what sort of mood she was in, whether she was gay or whether she was tired or depressed. And now he said to himself that something had happened to weary or depress her. Her footsteps were slow, they hesitated outside her own door a moment as if she stood there, thinking. Then they came along the hall toward his study, reluctantly, it seemed to him.

But when she came into the room she dropped into a chair with an effect of carelessness. "Who do you think," she said at once, "is visiting the Mellishes?"

"A celebrity from Czecho-Slovakia or royalty from Borneo," he made a guess.

"How well you know Mrs. Mellish," she smiled. "But this time it is neither. It is someone we both know—Remy Sazonoff."

She studied his face and tried to look as if she were not doing so. She had never quite understood what Michael really thought of Sazonoff, and since she wished to forget him, his name had scarcely been mentioned between them since their marriage.

But now not even her closest scrutiny could make out what effect this announcement had upon her husband. He grinned and said, "Well, I could worry along without seeing him for some time. But of course, if you want to ask him here—"

"Would you mind very much?" she murmured. She twisted one long white glove into a ball, smoothed it out and regarded it absently. "After all, he did introduce us didn't he?"

Her smile, he noticed, was strained. Of late she had begun to bloom, to look almost sturdy, but in this moment something of the expression he had first seen upon her face had returned.

He put out his hand to stop her as she reached the door. "Look here, my dear girl, don't think you have to ask Sazonoff here if you don't want him—if he reminds you of things, I mean. You're under no obligation to him—"

"No, of course not, Michael. I should like to have him, really. He is—amusing. Mrs. Mellish is frightfully impressed by him. She met him at Deauville this summer. Babs talked about him all the way home."

"Had he any news of your cousin?"

Kyra moved quickly toward the door. "Julie? He saw her in Paris. She is very contented there. I must run along and dress. You remember that the Mellishes are dining with us tonight? I told them to bring Remy, of course. I asked Babs to make the number even."

She went quickly down the hall to her room and closed the door. When she came down dressed for dinner in an ethereal white frock he had never seen her looking so lovely, but her eyes gleamed nervously.

Sazonoff, with the appearance of a man amused with the whole world and with what he knows about it, made his appearance accompanied by the admiring Mrs. Mellish, and the somewhat less gratified Mr. Hubert Mellish. His clothes were those of prosperity and he announced with his engaging air of candor that he had come to America to perfect his English and hunt crocodiles.

"The air of America agrees with the—Princess," he said with bright-eyed admiration and the slightest perceptible accent on the title.

"So he's come over to hunt crocodiles," murmured Hubert Mellish in his host's ear. "Humph! More likely heiresses. Watch that Van Vliet kid. D'you think I ought to warn her father? Only it wouldn't do any good. Headstrong little piece she is!"

It was indeed evident that Barbara had abandoned herself to a growing infatuation for Remy Sazonoff. She giggled a great deal during the dinner and became suddenly pathetically young and helpless looking. As soon as the men came back into the drawing-room after dinner she attached herself to Sazonoff and eventually led him off to show him the moonlit Sound from the terrace.

THERE was bridge and some one played a Chopin Nocturne and some Stravinsky, not too well. Kyra gave her place at the bridge table to another woman and went out. In a few moments Barbara Van Vliet looking slightly sullen came back into the drawing-room. And on the lower terrace moving down toward the strip of beach, Corcoran saw Kyra wrapped in a white cloak, strolling slowly with Sazonoff.

When their guests had gone and Kyra was going up the stairs to bed, Michael said carelessly: "I wonder if little Babs is losing her heart at last?"

"Babs?" Kyra's thoughts were plainly somewhere else.

"Didn't you notice that she seemed to think Sazonoff hung the moon in the sky?"

Kyra stopped short on the stair landing, a startled expression in her eyes. "You don't think, really, that she may fall in love with him?"

"It seems quite likely. She likes older men—and Remy has a way with him."

Kyra's blue eyes darkened and gazed past him as if what she contemplated was exceedingly distasteful. "And I have asked him here for the week-end," she murmured.

Corcoran passed his arm reassuringly through hers as they went up the stairs. "Do not worry, child. You can make an excuse, put him off, can't you?"

"No," she said quickly, it seemed to him that the suggestion frightened her, "I—I'm afraid I can't do that, Michael. I've asked other people, too."

The following Friday Remy Sazonoff arrived with an amount of luggage that half filled the station-wagon. Michael returning from a ride found him having tea in front of a leaping fire, with Barbara Van Vliet and Kyra. He appeared at his gayest and most audacious. Barbara's often discontented eyes were full of happy light. Kyra looked white and still.

"My dear Corcoran," Remy cried, "could you let me have a horse tomorrow morning at dawn? Not a moment later. At that unappreciated hour Miss Van Vliet has promised to ride with me."

"Kyra hasn't asked me to her house-party," cried Barbara, "so I'm going to be even by luring away the star guest. She doesn't like it, at all, do you, Kyra dear?"

"Of course, she likes it," Remy interposed. "A good hostess always wants her guests to do what makes them happiest. Isn't that so—Princess?"

WHEN Barbara reluctantly rose to go, Michael slipped an arm through hers, and announced that he was going to take her home. Disregarding the appealing glances she shot at Sazonoff, he went off with her himself.

"You won't forget tomorrow morning?" Barbara said to Remy as he bowed over her hand. "At the gate on the other side of the orchard?"

"I shall not sleep tonight—not even an eye shall I close," declared Sazonoff with his half mocking, half tender smile.

When the door had closed upon his host and Barbara, Sazonoff turned back to the fire. He stood with his back to it, looking with appreciation at the profile of his hostess against the dark brocade of her high backed chair.

"A very charming young girl, your friend," he began smilingly. "But you are not too eager for me to ride with her tomorrow, am I right?"

Her face darkened. "Nor any other day," she said in a low voice.

"No? Why not?"

"Because I am fond of her."

He regarded her with an unruffled face, though his eyes were no longer bland. "My dear Kyra, I thought after our talk the other evening we understood each other. After having proved yourself somewhat, shall we say treacherous?—once, do not think I shall be so easy to deal with again. I intend to marry as you did, some one with money. I prefer that she should be young and tractable. Also pretty—I have, as you know, a fastidious eye."

"But not Barbara," she cried out.

"I think she suits me quite well," he said equably. "Of course, there are still inquiries to be made. But Mrs. Mellish tells me the Van Vliet fortune is ample—"

Kyra rose with an uncontrollable anger. "I had really forgotten what you were like. I won't have it. I won't let Barbara—"

"No? And how can you stop it, may I ask?"

"I can tell her you are a fortune hunter. I can tell her about—you and Julie." Her voice sank lower and she looked at him out of angry, unhappy eyes.

"That would be a sad mistake. For then I should turn around and tell your husband about—myself and Julie. Whatever it is you think you know, I am in a position to know a great deal more about Julie and myself. Do you think your husband, amiable as he is, would then continue Julie's income? Do you really think so? Then, about your—title?"

"A title is nothing to my husband," she said desperately. "That is not why he married me."

"But of course not," he hastened to say politely. "It was your charming self. But will you be quite so charming to him when he learns that the title, despised though it may be, never belonged to you?"

She made no answer and he went on reasonably: "Then there is the publicity and the ridicule that will fall upon him when it is known you are not the Princess Kyra. You have social position, it is evident, which has been built up, of course, on your charm, and your husband's wealth. But I imagine that the title has helped—oh, a very little, probably, but—no, I really cannot believe that either of you will find the situation to your liking. Corcoran is—"

She suddenly held up a warning hand and moved swiftly back to her chair. Corcoran's footsteps had sounded across the flagged gallery.

When he opened the door the firelight fell upon Kyra's face, white and impassive. Her head was thrown back against the high back of her chair, her eyes were half closed. Remy Sazonoff was helping himself to a cigaret from a silver box on the tea table. He was evidently just completing a sentence:

"I am sure," he was saying, "I should like nothing better."

"Nothing better than what?" Corcoran strolled up to the fire and spread his hands to the blaze.

"Nothing better than a week or so in your charming house. Kyra has just been asking me what my engagements are. Later on, I shall go to Palm Beach with the Mellishes. But at the moment I am free—if you like—"

The pause was barely perceptible. But in the instant that it lasted Corcoran glanced at his wife and met an appeal in her eyes.

"Kyra knows our social calendar," he said quietly. "Very glad to have you, if it suits her plans."

TO BE CONTINUED.

His Hobby Is a Miniature Town

Five years ago a few packing cases and the enthusiastic interest of a nine-year-old daughter gave George E. Turner an idea. Now his complete toy city of diminutive buildings attracts visitors from all over the country

by Ann S. Warner

NO WONDER round-eyed children exclaim with delight at their first glimpse of the picture-book city that a Denver business man built for himself high up in a Rocky Mountain canyon. It is a bit of fairyland captured and brought to earth to be seen and touched and marveled at. Once it was merely a means of diverting Mr. Turner's mind from business cares, but since the little town became a Mecca for tourists, it has brought happiness in most unexpected ways to the man who created it.

HIGH up a mountain canyon twenty miles from Denver, tourists of the scenic wonders of the Colorado Rockies run across one of the most unusual contrasts to be seen in that marvelous country. In a country where they have become used to the gigantic, they are suddenly stricken dumb by the minute.

Their cars wind up Turkey Creek, on one of the main mountain highways, through a rocky canyon until the road branches and the stream becomes smaller. Suddenly they come upon Tiny Town tucked away between two sloping hills.

"Oh," cries a round-eyed child, "is that where the fairies live?"

The creek is dammed into shallow pools, giving a still setting of beauty for the Lilliputian buildings. Swans sail with fairy-like unreality past stately ocean liners less than twelve feet in length. They are the only visible signs of life except a hobbling caretaker who might have stepped from an old world Hans Andersen tale. He appears as much a figment of the imagination as does the rest of the scene.

The town itself covers about the length of a city block. Yet the three yards of Main Street, with garage, grocery, barber-shop, poolroom, and stores, are so realistically done that you sense even the dusty gasoline-laden glare of such a street. The lodging house over a store that assures you by a sign on the side of the building, "No Bugs," fits as typically as does the "Teapot Dome" gas station at the edge, reaching out for all newcomers.

In the midget residence district green lawns grace the streets. The row of bungalows, each enticingly different, the hip roofed little big house on its spacious grounds, the warehouse on a side street, the ornate tourist hotel, the squat schoolhouse, the Gothic church whose tall spires barely top a man's shoulders, the petite library, and the Country Club are all set off by minute trees, young pines and spruce that carry out the proportions exquisitely. On the very outskirts sprawls a prosperous ranch, its few feet of skilfully spaced diminutive buildings suggestive of fertile acres.

And this is entirely the product of one lone brain that belongs, not to a woman, nor an artist, but to a shrewd, hard-headed, successful business man.

Wrigley announces his wares by the most expensive electrical sign in the world, Victor speaks to his public through "His Master's Voice," Fuller plays domestic Santa Claus with sample brushes. Equally effective in its way is this miniature town which suggests an excursion into childhood's realm of elves and gnomes rather than anything commercial. And what does it advertise? Nothing less than the moving and storage business of Mr. George E. Turner of Denver. And it advertises his business well, too. But it is not at all impossible that the advertising side of it serves best of all to leave Mr. Turner feeling quite comfortable and happy about spending just as much time as he pleases on what has now become an absorbing hobby.

"I started Tiny Town about five years ago," he told us, but he did not tell of the courage it must have required. Before it reached large dimensions people must have ridiculed the idea of a man putting up all those toy houses to amuse himself, or even his children. But Mr. Turner, a big rugged man of sixty-six with a fist that can clench to the consistency of rock, obviously has a force and originality that would not be daunted by that.

Let him tell it himself as he related it to us, sitting in the sun in front of his house on the hillside across from Tiny Town, on ground built up and out by rock terraces so that the road is almost underneath and the town spreads itself in ideal perspective.

"We had land up here before that—not the entire two hundred and forty acres, but enough for a summer cabin. One Sunday I was reading the papers and saw a picture in the supplement of a miniature town a policeman had built on the sidewalk of Chicago. Nothing unusual in the idea—but a town over by that creek—in that setting! It started me going."

A Big Hit With the Youngsters

IT WAS not hard to see that when Mr. Turner began thinking about anything, action inevitably followed. The next slack day at his warehouse he set his packers, who were carpenters, building toy houses according to his designs.

"We brought up part of them," he continued, "and put them beside the creek. My nine year old daughter went wild with delight. Then I had to go on with it." He switched abruptly, "Not many machines here today. Some Sundays we have regular traffic jams."

Practically every car, as it passed us, stopped amid a chorus of exclamations. Children jumped out and ran to peer through the fence and shriek with glee. Then the older people decided they wanted to get out too. Staccato snatches of their conversation drifted up to us.

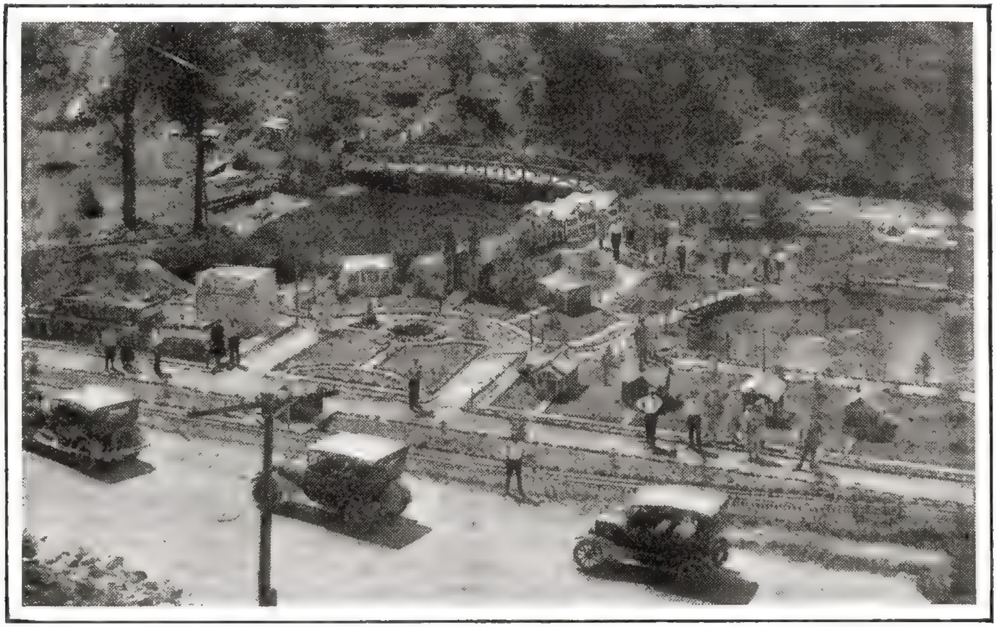
"I had to come back and get some fresh material," came in a woman's laughing voice. "My kiddies insist I have every bedtime story center around this town. From elves to chipmunks—what hasn't inhabited these houses!"

"Where's my camera?"

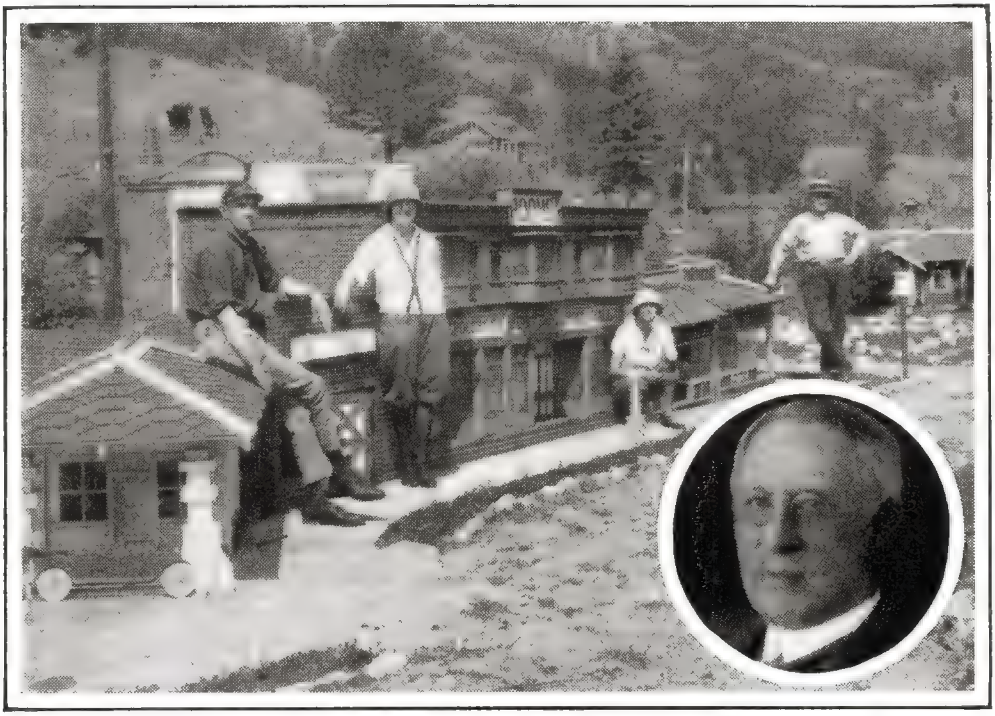
A man's voice, "Say, we've been here an hour already and if we're ever going to get to Joe's we've got to get started."

A shrill voice suggestive of gum in the mouth, "Yeh, the first thing that fellow in Kansas City asked me—the minute he learned I was from Denver—was what was new in Turnerville. When I had to admit I'd never even seen the place you should have seen his opinion of me go down. Doesn't that get you? But now I'm up here I don't know as I blame him." It is said that children coming from apartments begin teasing to move into houses. They seem to grasp in these midget homes a conception, not given by the big houses in the city, of what it would mean to them.

Mr. Turner made a sweeping gesture. "Can't you see the advertising possibilities in it?" The business man in him came to the fore for a moment. "Hardly a person comes into the office without mentioning Tiny Town." He pointed to skilfully distributed signs telling



Like a fairy village, all Tiny Town is spread out before you from the rock terrace in front of George Turner's house. The shoulder-high Gothic church in the village square, the ornate tourist hotel beyond on the lake shore, the rows of little bungalows, the pretentious mansion with its grounds, and the country club are all set off by small trees that carry out the proportions perfectly.



George Turner had his carpenters set up a few toy houses for his daughter beside the creek one day and they proceeded to become a town which already covers a city block. The three yards of its Main Street here shown, with garage, grocery, barber-shop, pool-room, and stores are so realistically done that automobile tourists and casual passers-by can hardly tear themselves away.

that "Turner Moves for Less—Why Pay More?"

"You can't estimate how many new people come to me because Tiny Town put it into their heads, but it's a big percentage."

Discovering this, Mr. Turner felt free to indulge in his hobby as extravagantly as he pleased. Tiny Town complete, he began extending it up the hillside, making dwarf reproductions of certain picturesque mining properties that made the Rockies famous in early days. Because the mines were high on the mountain sides, the mills he copied were built in tiers. An impression is given of buildings slipping, after they were built to adjust themselves to the sloping ground. The wonder is they stick to their precarious holds.

Below the mills, modern Tiny Town is wired with electricity. Up-to-date lamps dot the streets. To drive at night down the dark canyon and come upon its myriad lights reminds one of a little fairy village. A switch in Mr. Turner's house enables him to flash them on at any hour of the night.

Another astonishing thing. Strains of sacred melody issue from the wee church. Bells chime the meeting hours. Some one in the pygmy home sings "Carry me back to Old Virginny." This touch of realism is produced from Mr. Turner's front porch, by using an amplifier on the Victrola machine connected with a broadcasting horn in the midget buildings. The jazz from the Club House is loud enough to dance by, and the bells can be heard a third of a mile down the road.

Off to one side of Tiny Town, Mr. Turner has built a lifesize reproduction of an Indian pueblo. Inside is an oldtime saloon, bar, rail, faro games and all. The walls are lined with a collection of supposedly extinct bottles.

The Wild West in Miniature

"I'M PUTTING up a lifesize copy of Fort Bent, built in Southeastern Colorado in 1847—one of the earliest buildings erected here by a white man. See. Over there," he said, pointing to the other side of Tiny Town, where men were busily at work a short distance up the hillside.

"Notice all those roads on that mountain back of it? There will be wagons all along there, drawn by galvanized iron horses, mules, oxen, and burros." We had already seen the collection of oldtime vehicles, queer fire engines, quaint carriages noted once as stylish turnouts, and worn wagons of past utility. "Farther back I'm going to have a night camp—the sort they made while crossing the plains, surrounded by a circle of covered wagons. I've got some cabins that date back to the days of

'59 and I'm going to bring them up here complete."

He is trying to do all he can to resurrect the spectacular days of the Sixties when Buffalo Bill was in his prime. Mr. Turner himself knew those days. He said, "I came out here when I was a two year old. That was in '61—long before the railroads. I came in a stage coach—like that one on the hill." He pointed toward a coach drawn by six galvanized iron horses, motionless in the bright sunshine. "Then our family went up into the mountains. Central City. We stayed there eight years. Then they had to come back to Denver for my health. I had to give up school. I got about as far as long division and that's all.

"My father ran an express wagon. Just an ordinary one-horse wagon like you used to see any day. I had an idea I wanted to go off on the railroad—braking. To keep me from that my father gave me a horse and wagon of my own. And I stayed home and worked. Pretty soon I began thinking how much more my father and I could do if we had an extra horse—to be resting up while we were using the other ones. At last my father agreed to get it. Cost ninety dollars and my half was a big sum for me to pay. But I finally did it. Then I began figuring how much more I could do if I had an extra horse myself. My father wasn't going to let me leave him behind and we each had two horses. Then I began figuring how much more we could do if we ran an extra wagon. My father still agreed to keep up with me and we got a man to drive it. It took hustling to keep all that going.

"Then I had a chance to buy some lots and we built a house and stables. Along about then I got married. I began to want to get out of the express game. Any one would! That waiting and waiting around for a chance to make a quarter hauling something somewhere. It's no way to earn a living. So I branched out into a sort of curio business, still hiring men to drive the old express wagons.

"Somehow, about then, luck turned against me. Things went wrong on every hand. Before I knew it I was broke. There were days when if my father hadn't helped me we would have starved. I decided it wasn't any use trying to make money in Denver. I gave up and went to a little mountain town—back to driving a lone express wagon."

Mr. Turner shook his head at the memory of those days. "But not for long," he took up the story again, his figure bracing as he recalled the rousing of his fighting spirit. "I got to thinking of the possibilities of a flat wagon for moving furniture. I came back to Denver for good and dickered until I got one. I drove the same two mules I'd been driving up in the hills. I had a sign on back, 'Fine Furniture Carefully Moved—Wood and Coal Delivered.' Some mixture, eh? The first day I delivered a load of wood. The second I got a chance at some furniture. Soon things were getting better. I had a desk in a coal and wood store, so I had a telephone. Then one mule went lame. I got a horse. Looked funny all right—horse and mule paired up. But I got another horse soon.

"Somewhere I heard about covered moving vans. I thought about them a lot and at last got somebody to write a business letter. Pretty soon I got a folder with a picture of a big van on it. I carried that around for days. Finally I got a van. It cost me four hundred dollars.

"I had a one-story office. I built it so it wasn't true with the street corner—came in at an angle. You couldn't miss it. I began using the slogan, 'The World Moves—So Does Turner.' That is original with me. Then some man said if I'd build a globe he'd make it turn by electricity. We had it up on top of the small office building. Everybody had to see it."

As we listened we sensed the vigor and energy behind the simple words. He went on into details of an opportunity that had come his way to take over a great warehouse at a bargain and we saw how the passion to acquire things had made him dare shoulder the huge debt.

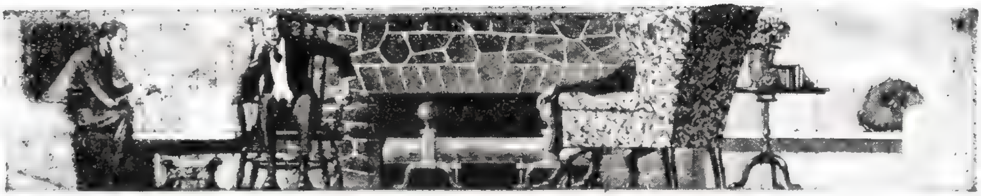
And in the very telling of all this we saw the strain he had labored under. He had needed a Tiny Town to divert his mind from perplexities and disheartening worries.

Building Future "Tiny Towns"

"Now," he explained to us, "it isn't only a place I can go to. It interests me in other places. It sets me traveling all around the country. Everywhere I'm snapping pictures to see if I can carry out some new idea here."

To all but himself it seems as if he had accomplished enough to satisfy any one. But perhaps he hasn't, perhaps this hobby will keep on developing. How many successful business men, for instance, have gone back to the well-remembered village of their boyhood, only to find it changed past all recognition? It is not impossible that some such man will conceive the idea of putting in permanent form the surroundings of his childhood, and that other Tiny Towns, taking the idea from George Turner's, will grow up in various parts of the country.

Suddenly this reverie was broken. With a plop a swan landed in the water of the little lake. The shadows were growing long and pointed. The miniature scene was uncannily clearcut with the tinted lights of a sunset at high altitude. Soon the long shadow of the mountain cloaked Tiny Town with quietness, and came on across the road to us. The sun with a last flash went down behind the mountain. It would still be shining on the plains, but it was time we were leaving the canyon—back to the world but carrying with us the witchery of Tiny Town.



Everybody's Chimney Corner

A birthday greeting to "a lot of fine people"

"ONE thing you will discover for yourself on this job," said a veteran editor as he looked over our plans last June, "is that there are a lot of fine people in this world." And his prediction has proved to be true. In a twelvemonth we have published over a hundred real-life stories about men and women who have raised themselves far enough above the heads of those about them to attract attention for some worthwhile achievement. With an astonishing number of them life has been a constant battle, a struggle against handicaps of poverty, environment, bad health, lack of educational opportunities, and all the other barriers commonly considered obstacles to success. Have you ever noticed, by the way, how often these conditions are offered as excuses for criminals, failures, delinquents, and the human burdens of society generally? It is refreshing to know that we have yet to find in this group of representative American men and women a single one who was embittered by hardships or who harbored any feeling of resentment because of ill-fortune or fancied injustice. One and all they are among the enviable company of mortals who have a goal that to them seems worth while and who win their way through to it, with little time, it seems, for vain repining, for envy, enmities, or grudges.

TAKING a look back, one is struck by the great variety of talents displayed, by the diversity of careers that beckon to ambitious men and women—proving that there is no one royal road to what we vaguely term Success. Equally striking, and sometimes amusing, is the disparity between the public estimate of what makes a man great and the special skill that is his own particular pride. Only a few days ago we were reminded of it by a racing enthusiast from far-off New Zealand who was an appreciative reader of our story about John E. Madden. All over the world where there are followers of the sport of kings, Mr. Madden is known as the breeder of an unprecedented number of winning horses and as the man who has won the classic Kentucky Derby several times, whereas to win it once has been the life-long ambition of lesser breeders. But it is doubtful if any of Mr. Madden's famous turf victories have given him as much lasting satisfaction as his ability to shoe a horse! Many who remember EVERYBODY'S story of Mr. Walter P. Chrysler have since read of the Smithsonian Institute expedition to Africa that he has generously financed out of his automobile profits. Such a reader might well ask himself what imaginable treasure the expedition could bring back that would compensate Mr. Chrysler for the loss of his patent pride in the ability to step into a machine-shop with a kit of mechanic's tools and hold his own with the best.

ONE advantage that a story of a living man or woman has over fiction is that the story doesn't end when you close the book, and subsequent chapters are added to it indefinitely. A few weeks ago when the newspapers broke into headlines to announce that Mary E. Dillon had been elected president of an important city gas company—the first woman to be so honored—many a reader must have recalled EVERYBODY'S story of "Coney Island's Gas Lady" and of the timid girl in her 'teens who went to work in a gas company's office in fear and trembling because she had been discharged from a near-by amusement park for her inability to earn a dollar a day. At about the same time, as it happened, the frail hands of Mrs. Elizabeth Bartlett Grannis were folded for their last rest. The newspapers reported the high lights of achievement in the career of this fragile little person of eighty-five who had devoted a lifetime to the cause of the unfortunate, but only those who read her life story in these pages have any real appreciation of the heroic aspect of her single-handed fight of years against strongly-intrenched official opposition and indifferent public opinion. In the end, her work had been so well done that the conditions she reformed, in asylums and prisons, now seems incredible. The ink is scarcely dry on our story about Doctor Rosenbach, in this issue, when the cable reports his purchase of some rare Keats items at unheard-of prices. Right under our eyes railroad history is being made on a scale to stagger the imaginations of the so-called empire builders of another day. And foremost in the making are Leonor F. Loree and the Van Sweringen brothers, names that have become real and vital personalities to EVERYBODY'S readers.

OBJECTION is heard, from time to time, to biographies of women on the score that they lack the element of glamorous adventure and of real hardship that fall naturally to the lot of so many men. Not so, let it be said, or else EVERYBODY'S has had some singular exceptions. Echoes still come to us from the story of Captain Blanche Leathers, the Mississippi River steamboat pilot, whose fuller reminiscences would supply the material for an absorbing book. Then there was the story of Dr. Esther Lovejoy, President of the American Women's Hospital Association—a story combining the account of a significant achievement, reflecting a rare personality and painting a picture of a bleak frontier, origin of almost Lincolnesque remoteness and austerity. The still-doubting Thomas is referred to the story in this issue of Mabel Walker Willebrandt, aptly enough called "Prohibition Portia." If there are fewer and fewer contemporary stories of the kind, about either men or women, it is because the sod hut and the little red schoolhouse are, like the log cabin, rapidly becoming museum exhibits.

NO LESS gratifying has been the evidence of "a lot of fine people" among readers who have made suggestions, comments and criticisms out of sheer good-will in the spirit that prompts a friendly lift to the other fellow and with no thought of reward other than the satisfaction of having said the "good word spoken in season."

In that year-old announcement which is the text of these remarks emphasis was put on our hope and expectation that the new policy would result in a magazine edited to a large extent by its readers. How well or ill we have succeeded from your point of view is only partially told by circulation figures and by the voluntary letters of comment that have passed over this desk in the course of a year. We say "partially" because rows of figures fail to reveal which of our new readers have come into the fold permanently because they like the present EVERYBODY'S or which of the old ones have departed after testing a sample. Nor do letters, welcome as they are, tell a complete story, for the friendly disposed reader who sits down to write us a note of comment, favorable or otherwise, may not be representative of his neighbors' silent vote. Frankly, we'd like to hear from more of you and more often—hence the prize contest on another page, which was devised to help stimulate the laggard thought, the shelved impulse, the half-forgotten recollection.

AMONG other things, it was our conviction that some of our nearly half a million men and women would have untold stories that the rest of us would like to know. Last month we offered you one unique feature made up entirely of offerings from readers, "The Best Letter I Ever Read," a collection affording glimpses of romantic, dramatic, and vital events in human lives, all taken from treasured letters. Next month, under the title "Never Touched Me," you will find another feature similar in its origin —true stories of stirring and dramatic escapes from death and disaster. These "thrillers" have the advantage of being actual experiences reported by the participants. You would have to go far indeed to find their like in the fiction of adventure.

NO MAGAZINE that we know of offers more frequent occasion for readers to share in the shaping of its contents. Even on the fiction side there is opportunity for suggesting titles to be included among the reprinted stories of the past in the department headed "Old or New." The people who have "made" all famous fiction stories were not the publishers nor the reviewers but the generations of readers who gave the story a claim to permanent fame by their continuing approval of it. A story that lives in *your* memory may have made a similar impression on hundreds of others. If enough readers recall it vividly after a lapse of years, it has answered satisfactorily one of the hardest tests. Selections for future publication are being considered constantly. Your vote in favor of one may be the deciding factor in our choice.

SOMETIMES we are able to reciprocate effectively—as many of our readers have discovered for themselves. The preparation of some of our special articles requires a fund of information that is only partly drawn upon in the published version. Frequently, too, our contributors are well-informed authorities in their respective fields. Now and then some article in EVERYBODY'S will probably have a special appeal for you because of the new light it throws on some business, art, profession, hobby, or diversion in which you have a special interest. Feel free to ask us for any supplementary information that occurs to you. If we are unable to supply it, we may know who can.

IN CLOSING these anniversary remarks, permit us one earnest admonition. When you read a story in EVERYBODY'S by or about a man or woman who is doing something you consider admirable, *tell* him—or her—or us—or your friends. There is a tonic effect in joining that happy throng of "a lot of fine people," and their leaders, in the words of the showman, deserve a hand.

A Fiction Feature Extraordinary

The OLD or the NEW

Two moving stories of pathetic human lives are reprinted in the following pages: *The Fool and the Idiot*, by Maarten Maartens, and *The Doll's House*, by Katherine Mansfield

THIS department feature is designed to present for contemporary readers two fiction stories of exceptional merit that have appeared elsewhere in print. As a rule, one story is either a short masterpiece of enduring fame that has long survived its author or a tale published years ago but having a persistent appeal because it has made an unforgetable impression on discriminating fiction readers of varying tastes. Along with it is presented, for comparison, a story of similar character, either by a living author or one who wrote in the spirit of our time.

One of the rarest finds in short fiction is the story of pathos told with sympathy, restraint and conviction. The pair selected for republication this month are outstanding examples. If they remind you of others, by all means tell us about them.

The following names of authors are indications of the variety and quality of the stories published in this department in the course of a year:

- Prosper Mérimée
- Edward Everett Hale
- Richard Harding Davis
- James B. Connolly
- Edgar Allan Poe
- Owen Wister
- Frank R. Stockton
- Robert Louis Stevenson
- O. Henry
- Stephen Crane
- H. G. Wells
- Nathaniel Hawthorne
- Wilkie Collins
- Edith Wharton
- Joseph Conrad
- James Hopper
- Donn Byrne
- Eugene O'Neill

In making selections from published fiction the first requirement is story interest—the fame of the author is secondary. The editors want to make the series as representative as possible and will gratefully consider your suggestions.

The Authors

Maarten Maartens

IN FULL, the real name of Maarten Maartens, a Dutch novelist who wrote in English, was Jozua Marius Willem Van der Poorten Schwartz. He was born in Holland, passed his boyhood in England, went to school in Germany, studied law in his native land, at Utrecht. Toward thirty he turned author, and his first published novel, *The Sin of Joost Avelingh*, won him recognition. He divided his productive years between Utrecht and Paris or the Riviera. Some dozen of his novels were quite widely successful; his countrymen read them in translations. Probably the one most read over here was *God's Fool.*

He was always what is called a strong writer, of the psychological type, with a powerful sense of the dramatic, and a special interest in moral problems. As to permanent fame, he is proving to belong to that legion of capable novelists whose works are admired in their lifetime, and don't outlive them. He died in 1915, at fifty-seven.

It may well be that his masterpiece was this story, *The Fool and the Idiot*, reprinted in the following pages, which is evidently founded on fact and could have been written in a day, and which for seventeen years has reposed in the files of the defunct *Metropolitan Magazine*, uncelebrated by authorities on the short story. As will be seen, it is pathetic, and its pathos is so moving because it is the genuine article, cleared of all sentimentality with the acid of irony. It dispenses, and gains by dispensing, with the usual bids for tears. Multitudes of authors have given us the self-sacrificing hero who seems a fool, a clod, until his deed reveals his worth. Maartens' pair are a real fool and a real idiot, and remain so; when one of them says, "God," he doesn't know how patly he is saying it—although at the end they are, no doubt, God's instruments.

It is this, the pure diamond tear-drop, so to speak, as opposed to paste, that has suggested pairing the story with Katherine Mansfield's. It will be strange if your enjoyment of either story is not enhanced by appreciation of the other.

Katherine Mansfield

IN 1923 Harold Beauchamp, a banker of Wellington, New Zealand, was knighted, and in the same year his third daughter, Kathleen, died at Fontainebleau, in France. As she was "Katherine Mansfield," it is altogether possible that it will be as her father that Sir Harold will be longest remembered.

She seems to have been brought "home" to England very young, and to have lived much in France and Germany. At twenty-three she was married to Middleton Murry, a journalist critic. She was then finding markets for creditable stories that have been since collected, but the ones that made her famous began appearing six years later, after her attracting attention as a brilliant reviewer; they fill two books, *Bliss* and *The Garden Party*, a few overflowing into the posthumous *Dove's Nest.* She also wrote poems, and she had it in mind to write novels. Tuberculosis ruled otherwise when she was thirty-three.

She is a short-story writer for epicures, and will be, especially in this country, where most of us prefer the forthright yarn-spinner. In her characteristic work much is done, by finesse, between the lines, even to the fathoming of human nature that is her main concern. Critics are far from agreed upon her greatness. Admirers rank her with the masters. She more than once forgot to *tell a story* in any fashion, made more than one story look subtler and more profound than it really is. But her best are wonders. Volumes are conveyed within one or two thousand words.

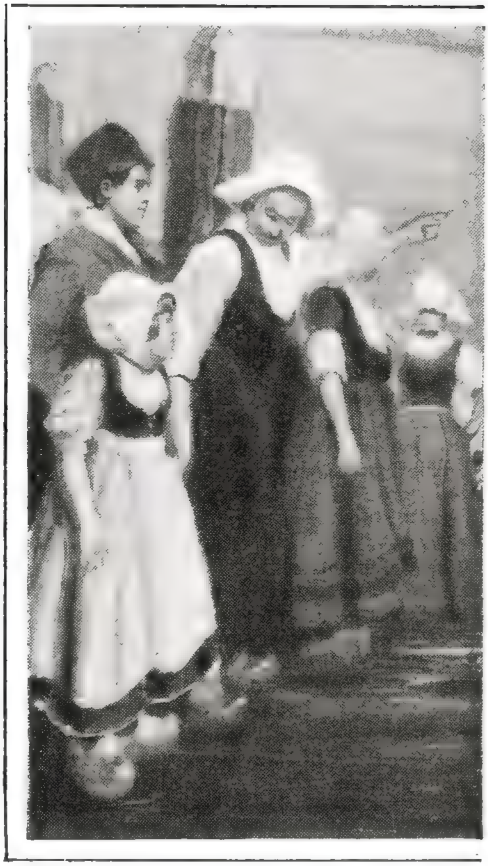
The Doll House, reprinted in this issue, is as much the conventional tale as she wrote after finding herself. Its scene is her childhood's New Zealand. Notice how, as in Maarten Maartens' story, the effect is enhanced by omitting soft music, etc. Think what an ogress Dickens would have made of the cruel aunt, what juvenile martyred saints of the unhappy sisters! Here they are not even very bright or interesting children. And yet you might be challenged to read to the end without a big lump in your throat.

The FOOL and the IDIOT

The story of two simple souls who attain their hearts' desire

By
Maarten Maartens

Illustrated by
John R. Peirce



The minister prayed aloud. The idiot's mother

(Reprinted. See announcement on page 120)

THE fool and the idiot sat side by side.

They sat, each in front of the cottage he lived in, on his rush chair, hard up against the dull brick wall, on the long narrow dyke, looking out to the gray North Sea.

They sat there daily, when it was dry, through nine months of their monotone year. The rest of the time they would sit indoors, each by his stove, with only the thin partition-wall between, and pine for each other.

Nobody knew the fool's name, except his wife, if she hadn't forgotten it. Nobody could have told you the idiot's, except his mother, who would have thought you were mocking her. But the fool had been christened Peter, and the idiot, John. They were unaware of the fact. They were also unacquainted with the meaning of the word "christen," and a Christian had never come their way.

The fool was an old man, the idiot a boy. The fool's wife declared he had grown silly in his age, but those who had known him in his youth said she only took that view to explain why she married him. But he had been good-looking and vigorous in his day, with mild blue eyes that had little but good-nature behind them; many a brisk young woman wouldn't mind such a master and lord.

Lord and master in his own house was the idiot, whose widowed mother slaved for him all the livelong day. She set the idiot in his chair with his pannikin of dinner in a "hay-pot," and went out charring. She would do anything for him except allow him to have the fool in the house, because the fool was a fool. The fool's wife, who had a pension of a pound a week, left by a dead mistress, would do anything for her husband, except allow him to admit the idiot, for the idiot was an idiot, and not fit to enter a house such as hers.

So the fool and the idiot sat side by side in the sunshine, if they could, or in the want of it, if they couldn't, and kept each other company throughout long hours of silence, with occasional question and answer, often in intervals of half an hour's clouded thought. Nor did the

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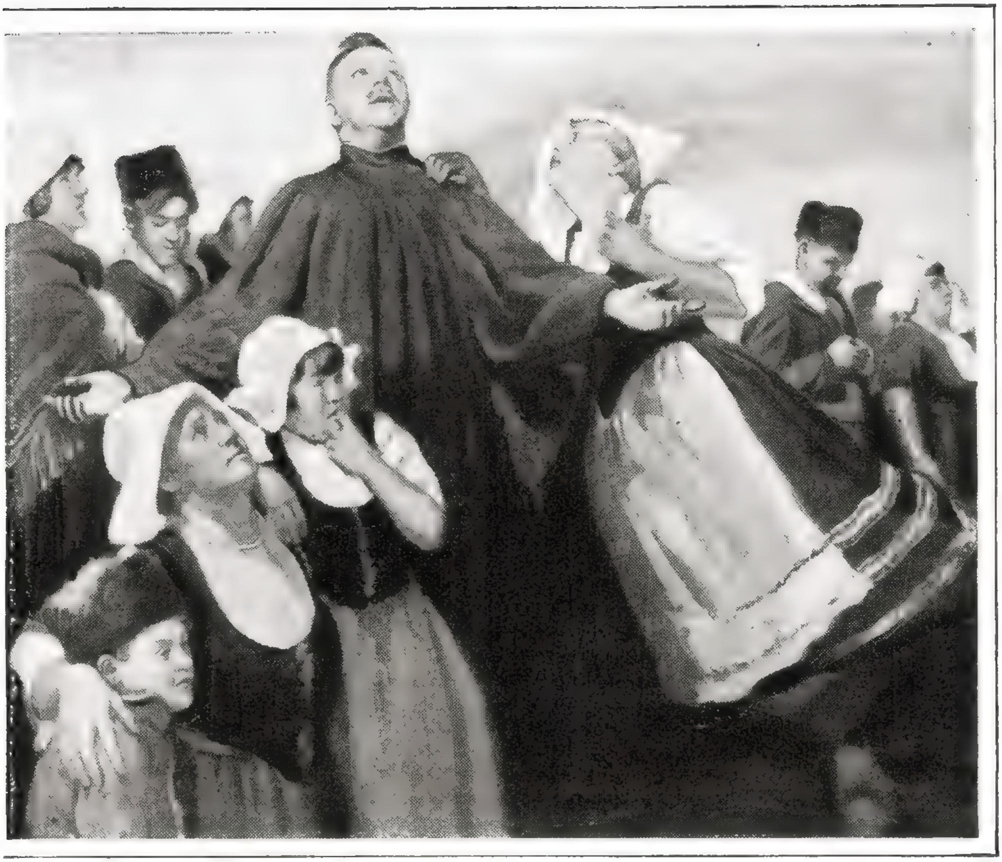


hung against his shoulder to catch the words and to give them weight with her passionate amens!

answer always fit the question after such long lapse of time.

"A ship!" the fool would say suddenly, gazing away to the dull horizon.

Twenty minutes later, perhaps, "Where?" would say the idiot, who possessed no sight worth speaking of. The fool would not answer; it may be doubted whether the idiot always cared for a reply.

There was a great difference between the two, as the villagers were aware, who had rebaptized them. The village philosopher—old Paul Rubbels, who understood everybody—would have told you that the fool thought nonsense, while the idiot did not think at all. The village was proud, in its own way, of the pair; interested, to say the least. It would have missed them.

The village, of course, had a minister, and the minister, as in duty bound, extended his care to the most backward as well as to the most advanced of his flock. The most advanced, according to the curious developments of Dutch theology, were those who had lost all hope of their own salvation; the most backward were those who took no interest in salvation at all. And here the distinction between the fool and the idiot became manifest. For the fool always maintained that he was going to heaven in a boat, and the idiot, whatever remark you might make to him about supernatural subjects, invariably replied, "Yes."

Herein he proffered an interesting contrast to all the learned professors of his day and country, whose response, under similar circumstances, is equally unalterably, "No."

The origin of the boat theory never transpired. Some mere chance must have fixed it in the fool's apology for a brain. Unless it was connected with his early shipwreck, the one event of his life. Neither he nor the idiot could have got their eschatological ideas in church—which they regularly attended—for neither of them ever understood a single word of what went on there, as the minister very well knew. The fool had learned to read, but he had long forgotten; the idiot had never learned at all.

THE fool, however, occasionally said "God." It was not the common oath, as he daily heard that—from his wife, for instance—for he said it by itself reverently. He did not say it to the minister, as such, or to anybody in particular. But he would say it, all alone, between long pauses, without any explanation why. To hear him say it thus made you feel uncanny. And when a good lady, lodging in the village, once asked him, with some fluttering of heart, why he said it, he only made answer: "Ship."

THE idiot had nothing disagreeable about him—at least, not when sitting out in front of the poor cottage with his pannikin—nothing but his laughter. Even that was inoffensively silent. But he would sit doubling up, for whole periods at a time, with inaudible continuous merriment, wriggling and twisting his idiot face and limp frame, as you hurried by. People—the strange summer guests especially—disliked that even more than the fool's loud, unexpected call—if it was a call—on the Deity.

The village was a small seaside resort with a little pier and boats. In the summer there was a line of bathing-machines on the beach; in the winter there were fishing smacks. The two cottages stood rather far up the dyke, by themselves, some minutes' walk from the central cluster of fisher dwellings and the still more distant "Grand Hotel." The burgomaster had moved the old women and their charges out yonder. "So far, so good," said the burgomaster.

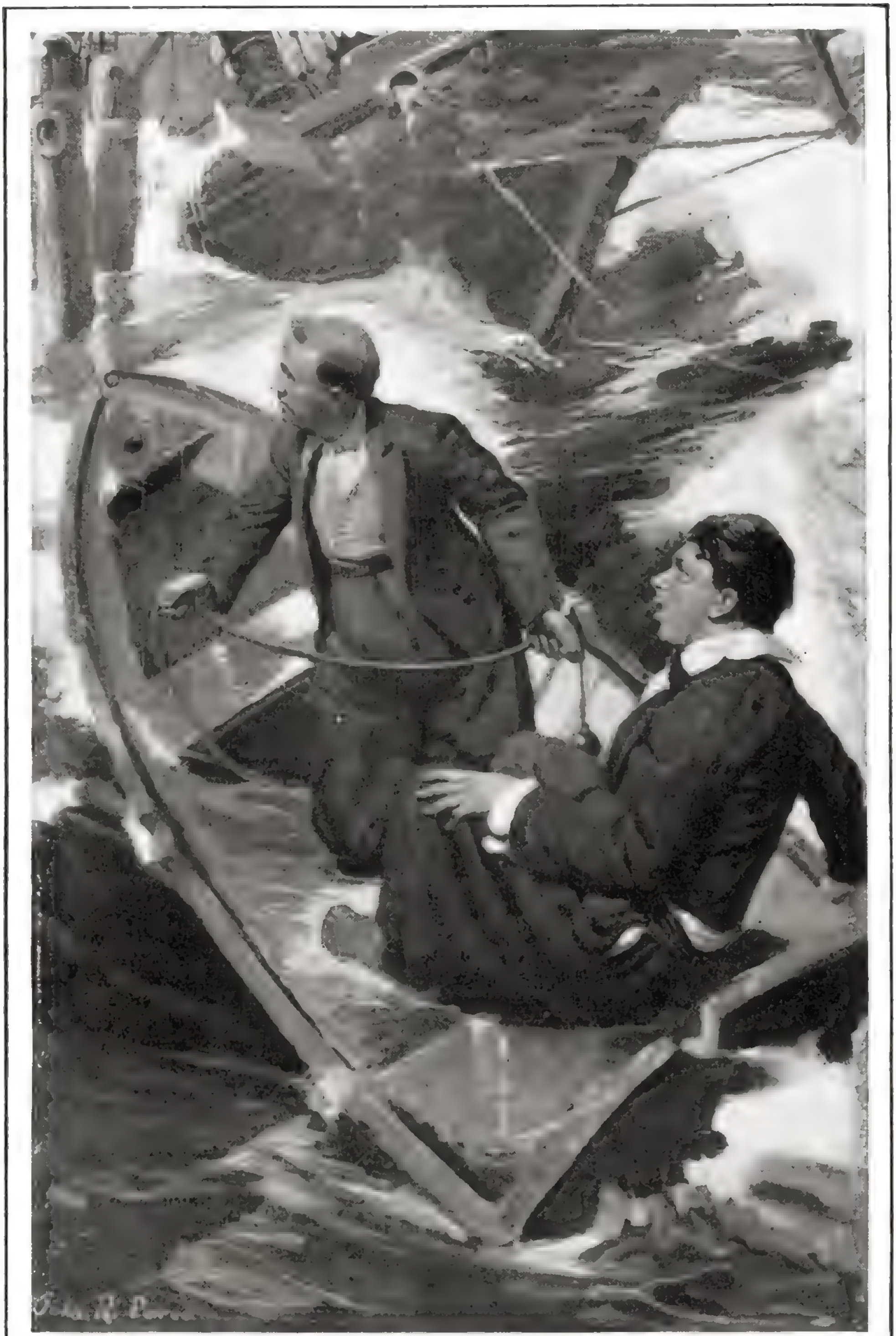
Various people had at different periods tried to teach the pair to do something. These endeavors had failed. Contrary to what one might have expected, the idiot was willing (but unable); the fool refused. In one of his most lucid harangues the latter explained to his wife that it was wicked to do anything at all that could be construed as work. He was unable to give reasons, and his theory must therefore (probably) have been some atavistic development of Calvinism. "Not work," he said. "Work wicked. Die. Not work." He said this over and over again at least a hundred times in the course of half an hour. For, while the idiot seldom said anything and never more than a word or two at a time, the fool would grow suddenly voluble, repeating the same sentence or half dozen sentences ceaselessly, till his wife threw something at him hard enough to make him stop.

One amusement they had and that was watching the ships. They never tired of it. A good many vessels, large and small, go by and sail in and out. Coasters, ocean liners, fishing smacks and pleasure boats. On this subject the fool was very clear, in an incomprehensible way of his own. He knew what he had seen, and he had seen a great deal. Correct information—names, for instance—he had none, for nobody had ever vouchsafed him any, nor would he have had the audacity to ask for it. Before his marriage he had worked, with early buffetings and later mockery, on a trawler; no one, in those old days, before he had been able to discover that work was wicked, had labored more assiduously in his own rough trade than he. Then had come the amazing selection of the fool, among a dozen, by the servant girl, returned to the village with her legacy, and the fool had proved what a fool he was by dropping arduous drudgery as soon as he no longer needed to perform it. The fool, who had never had an enemy, only mockers, made a lot of enemies by this selection of the servant girl's. She herself often taunted him with it. He was far too much of a fool to mind.

In a phraseology of his own, then, and with terms which were not understandable of any one but the idiot, the fool studied ships. Now and then the pair would wander down to the pier, where the pleasure boats lay, and stand gazing at them, speechless, for hours. But the boys jeered at them and, frightened, they would slink away home. The idiot would have liked, of all things, to go on the water—so much his gurglings plainly showed—but the fool, who had experienced a shipwreck in his sailing days, turned red with annoyance and alarm at the suggestion.

Shipwrecks were of rarest occurrence on that coast, but the fool, after his own distressful adventure, was perpetually expecting one. He had lived through several hours' agony on a plank among the billows and been ultimately saved by a rope from a passing brig. The one dramatic terror of his life had eaten itself deep down into his dull soul forever. Supinely he lived through his tranquil days, but even the far approach of a storm seemed to thrill through his whole frame with some voiceless electrical warning. He would wake with what his wife called his "tantrums." All the time he would wander about, restless and wretched, fidgeting his wife till she tried her first remedy, her cushion, and her second remedy, a block of peat. The latter he did not always dodge, and, once, when it knocked him senseless, she had a fright, and occasion to meditate on degrees of "sense." Of late the old woman was stiffening in her chair with "the rheumatiz" and beginning to discover that her husband was not so absolutely lumbersome about the house as she had always screamed. But she screamed it, on that account, all the louder.

When the storm burst—the natural one, outside the house—the fool would shrink at the door—shrink—until with a sudden irresistible impulse he rushed out and faced it. The sea! the sea! the tumbling, roaring, terrible sea! His eyes started from their sockets as he stared into the turmoil of winds and waters. He ran along the beach through the tumult; if he shouted in his loneliness he often could not have heard his own voice. The idiot came after him, but he hooted him away. When it was all over he



The idiot's soul leaped up in him, full of fierce joy, with every leap of the waves. The fool, hard at work, had not once uttered his cry. One thing only he knew: there was a wreck in the storm.

would creep back, in the stillness of nature, draggled and drenched. His wife would abuse him, but he never noticed that. "Saved," he would repeat, often and often. Evidently his thoughts were of his own escape.

The idiot, rebuffed by his single comrade, would weep wildly, and the idiot's mother would thereupon also turn against the fool. One of her most curious ways of showing affection to her idolized son was, after the lad had spent a solitary sorrowful storm-day indoors, to put out a pail or two in the dark for his home-coming friend to break a leg over.

ONCE the fool had stumbled and hurt himself badly. He limped for several days, but, although he realized that the pails had been left outside by the idiot's mother, in this as in other matters he was too great a fool to take offense.

The idiot had not his patience. On the contrary, he nursed a second grievance. It was that the fool would not go out with him in a boat. Of such expenditure there had never been any question, until one disastrous day, when a tourist, strolling along the dyke, had stopped and handed the idiot, probably because he was a lad, a whole silver florin. The idiot had kept the coin, unbroken, hidden even from his mother. Only the fool and he knew of it. When he was certain that his mother had departed for the day, the idiot would draw the piece forth from its latest cunning hiding place and, laying it on his knee, would sit contemplating it steadily for hours. The fool, whom his wife never gave a halfpenny (she paid for his baccy), would sit contemplating it, too.

It was not that the idiot wanted to keep it. He wanted to spend it. He wanted to buy a boat with it. But he could neither buy the boat nor navigate it without the help of the fool.

And the fool would not leave *terra firma* on any account. So much the two had made clear to each other, step by step. From this difference of opinion resulted day-long discussions and still longer *bouderies*. The discussions consisted of a word or two now and then, like the strikings of a crazy clock. The *bouderies* consisted, as they ought to, of nothing at all.

But the idiot's feeling deepened, as the empty days passed by, and the florin still lay useless in his lap. He was not malicious by nature as so many of his kind; he showed affection to the cat in a stupid sort of manner (rubbing her fur the wrong way), and even to his harassed mother. But the injustice of his friend, the fool, rankled in his mind. He went so far as to put one of his mother's pails, in broad daylight, near the neighbor's cottage door. The fool's wife laboriously stumbled off her chair and took the pail inside and kept it. The charwoman looks for it, in her bare little house, to this day.

Thus matters went on and nothing happened. Nothing ever happened; the idiot and the fool were aware of that, as well as any one else. Nothing ever happened in their lives, except the fear of the fool for the storm-wind, and the longings of the idiot for the sea. One Sunday as the lad was sitting moping in the pallid winter sunlight, a lady, a stranger to the place (she belonged to the Salvation Army) paused in front of him, and asked him if he loved Jesus? True to his rule, when he didn't understand, he answered, "Yes." Thus gratified, unable to get more out of him, she turned to the fool with the question, "Do you know who has taught him that?"—and the fool, under the impression of the long morning blank in church, after the inquiry had been vigorously repeated to him, said, "God." In the light of subsequent events, when the names of the fool and the idiot—John and Peter—were suddenly blazed forth to the world in a nine-days' glory, this little incident achieved paramount importance, and it cannot be considered irreverent to state—for the veracity of the fact is manifest to all who care to trace it—that the simple story of John Lots and Peter Harden has become the means, on many an earnest platform, of giving strength to the feeble-minded and encouraging even the poorest in spirit to come in!

The early spring of 1907 was, as all will remember, confused by such tempest and rife with maritime disaster. The German ocean, tortured between two coasts, rent its own heart asunder and flung itself from shore to shore. And the cockle-shells it tossed on its bosom fell splitting right and left, strewn in fragments, like chestnuts on a country road. As the outrage of the elements continued, day after day, with thunder-cloud and whirlwind, the fool's frenzy seemed to tear him soul and body, like a storm within a storm. His wife said it was pitiful to see what had become of him—"such a clever man when I married 'un," she said.

On the ninth of March, at daybreak, when the gale was at its worst, the fool, staring out into the grayness, pressed tight, under the dripping eaves, in the blinding rain, against the wet wall of the cottage—"stark, staring, raving mad!" cried the wife from the inside—the fool, with eyes straining and hands working, saw a sight—a sight that froze his blood, for he understood it—a sight that he perhaps, at that dead moment, was the only man on shore to see. He saw a large schooner that was struggling in a mist of foaming waters rise up suddenly, mast high and more, on a great black wall of water and come down crashing, right out of its course, on the head of the pier. He thought that, in the uproar of wind and sea, he heard the crash, as she split in twain, breaking right across the middle, like a twig a child snaps on its knee. He saw, and he knew and understood, as if forty years had been suddenly bridged over; perhaps they required no bridging over in the memory of a past which was today.

HE WAS gone, at a mad pace, along the dyke, against the sleet, to the village, to the beach, to the pier. The idiot, watching behind the window, was after him, breathless, catching him up, ignoring the command to desist, hurrying on, the silver florin clutched tight in one fist.

A gun had been fired from the schooner—or a revolver shot; already the beach was alive with half-dressed villagers. Men were rushing to and fro crying out and giving orders, inaudible for the most part, in the unbroken bellow of ocean and hurricane. All were talking and screaming—the women and children—but all, whatsoever they were doing, had their eyes fixed irrevocably on one point against the inky horizon. Over the great gloom of the grim dawning a torn tangle of black clouds came flying, like masses of cobweb lacework, drooping wet toward the shore. And far up into the sinking heavens the infuriate deep dashed its towering tumult of waters, filling the intermediate air with whirlpools of blackness and cataclysm and thunderous spray. Vainly, madly the alarm-bell began swaying in the steeple; for the moment the frightened faces turned toward it as it swung, unheard, in the roar. The damp houses, huddled round the church, seemed to listen, open-eyed, hiding, with the draggled thatches over their ears, out of sight, low as they could get, behind the dyke. A man in uniform was telling others to get out the life-boat. At least that was what he was presumably busy with. The rain and the wind struck against the scared figures. And yonder, in the distant dash of the waters, two gray hulks glimmered faintly through a veil of cloud closing and breaking, incessantly, pitilessly dark against the dark. The midgets on the shore hummed for the life-boat. The waves and the winds howled their challenge in derisive reply.

The fool, with the idiot close behind him, reached the shore.

The fishermen were getting out the life-boat; the work was slow, and it monopolized the attention of all. The boat was not the most modern construction of its kind; the crew were brave men, but unaccustomed to their task, for no shipwreck had occurred on this harmless sand-coast within the memory of man. There was confusion, but that there would always have been, in so intimidating an emergency, before that gaping, shrieking, waiting hell. But in a few minutes—only that the minutes were hours—the inner turmoil, the mental disturbance calmed down; with set faces and strong hands the volunteers fell into double line and did their work, in the teeth of the thunders of sea and sky.

A faint cheer went up—it sounded faint—as the life-boat, after various vain attempts to launch her—and from one of these attempts they carried a married man badly hurt—the life-boat, unwieldly, uncertain, rose with a first heave, and shivering shake, upon the crest of a wave. It was the sole chance of salvation for the shipwrecked. Rockets there were none; the only one, already fired, had fallen short.

Not till the life-boat had fairly started on her staggering course did the crowd on the beach, dropping back from its concentration, realize what had occurred a few paces off. How the fool had got his boat—somebody's boat—down to the water fifty yards from the boat shed, with the help of the eager idiot, it was easy enough to explain. But nobody had observed him, in the crush round the life-boat and nobody understood now, how, or why, he should be rowing, with the idiot, in that little skiff of a thing, right into and over—oh, my God, over!—that yawning gulf. A rampart of shaking ebony rose up before the tiny speck, rose, tottered and crashed down upon it. It sank, disappeared and soared up to heaven again. A woman or two shrieked. The minister folded his hands and bent his head; the crowd, as one man followed his example.

The idiot's soul leaped up in him, full of fierce joy, with every leap of the waves. At last, after waiting so long, in the sickness of hope deferred, at last, suddenly, unexpectedly, he achieved his despaired-of desire. Of the shipwreck, the danger, the crowd on the shore, the issue at stake, he understood nothing, nothing at all. But he was out on the sea with the fool. At last! There was triumph in his clouded intellect as well as satisfaction. The fool had given in at last, at last. He was out on the sea with the fool.

As for the scream, and the swirl of the tempest, he cared little, certainly not realizing the danger and the steadiness of his gorge, the harvest of a long line of seafaring ancestors. He shouted as he flung up his oars, following by intuition the careful guidance of his companion. Not that guidance went for much in such a sea. There was really nothing but the foolhardy struggle forward into the opening jaws of death.

None but a lunatic would have attempted it. And what did it all mean? asked the crowd. Why had he begun it? Ah!—one man noticed—then they all suddenly saw; there was at least method in his madness, hopelessly mad as it might be. One of the long ropes had been taken from the life-boat-house and fastened securely to a stake outside the building. It trailed away down the beach into the smoking caldron of the ocean. And in the midst of that caldron the little nutshell tossed recklessly, as a leaf that curls up for a moment on an eddy and then disappears.

The life-boat, broad-beamed and heavy, on the other, and, as it proved, the wrong side of the jetty, clashed against the tall broadsides of water, shipping great quantities and shivering back with every shock. A sailor was knocked down and washed overboard before the horrified eyes of the onlookers. Anxious hearts asked who it might be, in vain, amid the darkness, and the noise and the rapid whirl of white fog.

And again, with a thud, the cumbersome tub struck down into a shoal that had formed underneath it, and pitched forward, to a wild creaking and straining and breaking, righting itself in a long tremble, and heaving up sideways, as a vast roller slid, curling, against it, just before a cataract, icy cold and brazen, plunged all over it in a deluge and destruction of watery death. The boat shrunk back, staggering; three of her crew were overboard.

ON THE other side, in the foam, like mist among the mountains, the little black speck could be seen at intervals, as it rose and fell. The minister prayed aloud. The idiot's mother, who had found her way to the shore, hung against his shoulder to catch the words from his lips and to give them weight with her passionate amens! In the little boat, as it pulsed up and down, like a boy's body tossed in a blanket, there were no prayers—the fool, hard at work, had not even once uttered his cry. On the hulk at the pier-head, settling down, growing less with each impulse of the breakers, were such prayers as rend heaven.

And indeed, but for prayers such as these the thing were impossible. The life-boat had put back for fresh volunteers. Already the beach listened to lamentations which even the rage of the wind could not quell. Yet the light little skiff, with the long rope hidden behind it, plodded on as if it held a charmed existence—it must have done so—through the shifting mountains and valleys of perdition, down to the abysses where the sea-devils lie in waiting, up against the impregnable cloud-fortresses of heaven. Two thousand eyes were straining toward it; a thousand hearts were beating against that sky of adamant.

To the pair in the boat no such thoughts would have come if they could. Had the idiot's sight been as keen as his comrade's he could not have seen more than he saw. One thing only the fool knew: there was a wreck in the storm, and a wreck in the storm needs a rope. The wind shrieked around them, the clouds fell upon them, the whole sea boiled over.

Suddenly, close before them, rose the black hulk, frothed with soap-suds, in a wide circle of surge and spume. At the same moment a receding coil of water struck full against an inrushing torrent and whirled up the little boat in a white spout on high. The fool, clinging to her bows, whizzed the life-saving apparatus into the air over the side of the wreck. And the breakers, sinking swiftly back, infuriate, in a vortex, dashed the little boat, as if it had been matchwood, to pieces against the timbers of the pier.

The owner of the lost pleasure-skiff, two days later, on a morning of blue sky and blue ocean, found a bright silver florin wrapped up in brown paper, in his empty shed. But nobody on earth ever knew that the idiot had bought the boat in which he and the fool went to heaven.

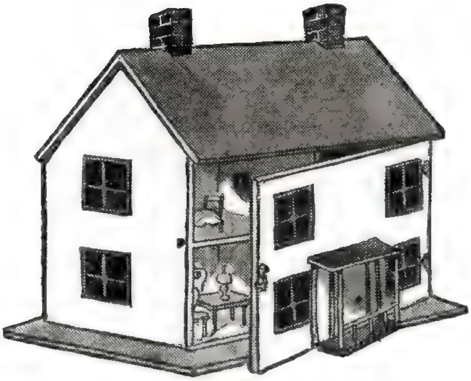
"Keep Up the Good Work"

writes a school-teacher who has read many old favorites of hers in Old or New. "I have been a reader of fiction for more years than I care to confess. I thought I knew most of the good short stories written in English, but you have added some treasures to memory's store."

Readers who share this interest in fiction that has been tried by the test of time and successfully passed the critical eyes of thousands will find a variety of stories worth remembering in forthcoming issues of EVERYBODY'S.

The man who wrote such funny stories that he converted American reading audiences to a taste for cockney dialect (W. W. Jacobs) will be represented in the July issue by "Hard Labour," a title that doesn't in the least suggest the humorous predicament of a husband who is a fugitive from justice as represented in the wrathful person of a red-haired policeman.

Along with it will be published one of Joseph C. Lincoln's famous Cape Cod stories, "A Legitimate Transaction," one of the most amusing of the early tales that placed this author high in the ranks of American humorists.



The Doll's House

By Katherine Mansfield

Two little outcasts catch a glimpse of forbidden beauty

(Reprinted. See announcement on page 120.)

WHEN dear old Mrs. Hay went back to town after staying with the Burnells, she sent the children a doll's house. It was so big that the carter and Pat carried it into the courtyard, and there it stayed, propped up on two wooden boxes beside the feed-room door. No harm could come to it; it was summer. And perhaps the smell of paint would have gone off by the time it had to be taken in. For, really, the smell of paint coming from that doll's house ("Sweet of old Mrs. Hay, of course, most sweet and generous!")—but the smell of paint was quite enough to make any one seriously ill, in Aunt Beryl's opinion. Even before the sacking was taken off. And when it was . . .

There stood the doll's house, a dark, oily, spinach green, picked out with bright yellow. Its two solid little chimneys, glued on to the roof, were painted red and white, and the door, gleaming with yellow varnish, was like a little slab of toffee. Four windows, real windows, were divided into panes by a broad streak of green. There was actually a tiny porch, too, painted yellow, with big lumps of congealed paint hanging along the edge.

But perfect, perfect little house! Who could possibly mind the smell? It was part of the joy, part of the newness.

"Open it quickly, some one!"

The hook at the side was stuck fast. Pat pried it open with his penknife, and the whole house-front swung back, and—there you were, gazing at one and the same moment into the drawing-room and dining-room, the kitchen and two bedrooms. That is the way for a house to open! Why don't all houses open like that? How much more exciting then peering through the slit of a door into a mean little hall with a hat-stand and two umbrellas! That is—isn't it?—what you long to know about a house, when you put your hand on the knocker. Perhaps it is the way God opens houses at dead of night when He is taking a quiet turn with an angel. . . .

"O-oh!" The Burnell children sounded as though they were in despair. It was too marvelous; it was too much for them. They had never seen anything like it in their lives. All the rooms were papered. There were pictures on the walls, painted on the paper, with gold frames complete. Red carpet covered all the floors except the kitchen; red plush chairs in the drawing-room, green in the dining-room; tables, beds with real bedclothes, a cradle, a stove, a dresser with tiny plates and one big jug. But what Kezia liked more than anything, what she liked frightfully, was the lamp. It stood in the middle of the dining-room table, an exquisite little amber lamp with a white globe. It was even filled, all ready for lighting, though, of course, you couldn't light it. But there was something inside that looked like oil, and that moved when you shook it.

The father and mother dolls, who sprawled very stiff as though they had fainted in the drawing-room, and their two little children asleep up-stairs, were really too big for the doll's house. They didn't look as though they belonged. But the lamp was perfect. It seemed to smile at Kezia, to say, "I live here." The lamp was real.

The Burnell children could hardly walk to school fast enough the next morning. They burned to tell everybody, to describe, to—well—to boast about their doll's house before the school-bell rang.

"I'm to tell," said Isabel, "because I'm the

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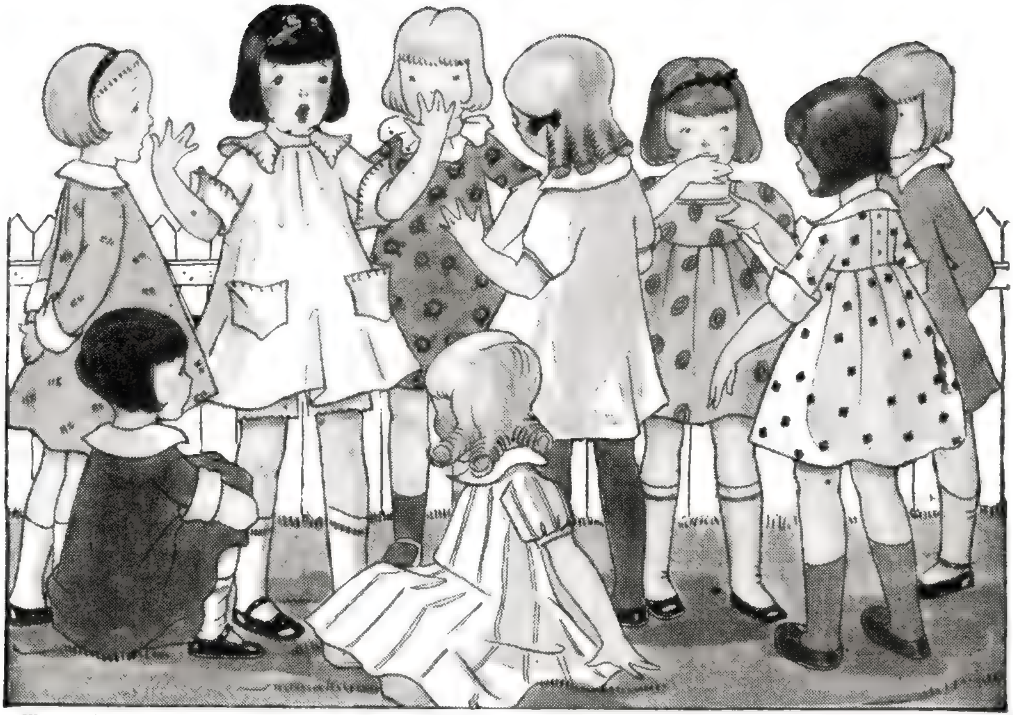


Illustrated by Janet Smalley.

Nudging, giggling together, the little girls pressed up close. And the only two who

eldest. And you two can join in after. But I'm to tell first."

There was nothing to answer. Isabel was bossy, but she was always right, and Lottie and Kezia knew too well the powers that went with being eldest. They brushed through the thick buttercups at the road edge and said nothing.

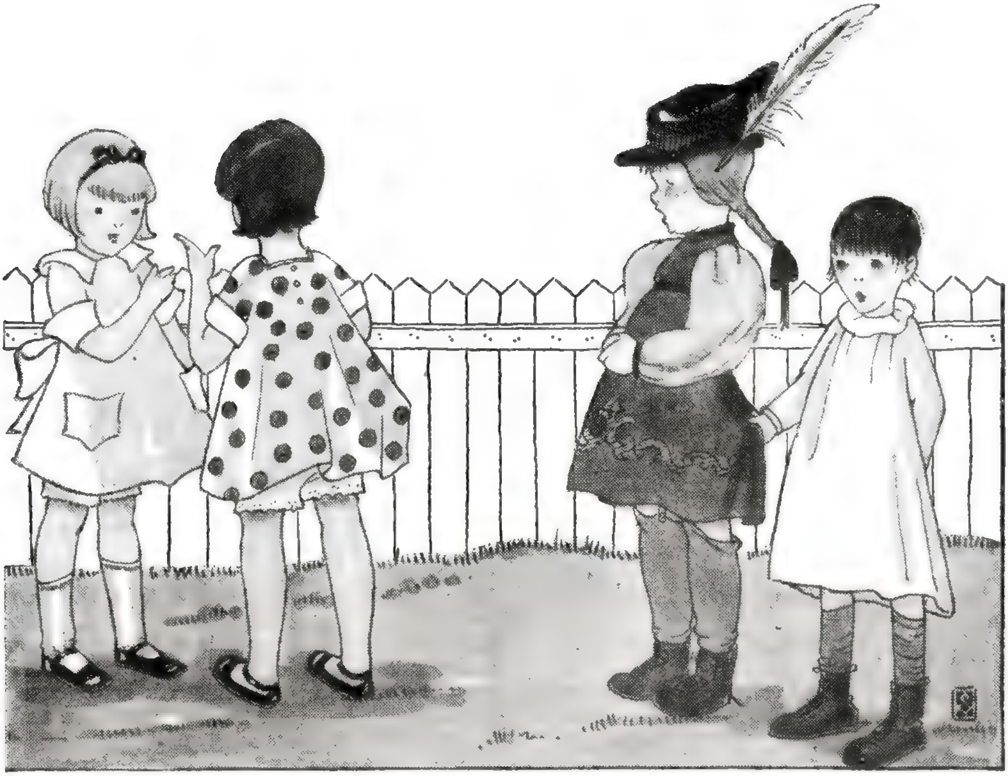
"And I'm to choose who's to come and see it first. Mother said I might."

For it had been arranged that while the doll's house stood in the courtyard they might ask the girls at school, two at a time, to come and look. Not to stay to tea, of course, or to come traipsing through the house. But just to stand quietly in the courtyard while Isabel pointed out the beauties, and Lottie and Kezia looked pleased. . . .

But hurry as they might, by the time they had reached the tarred palings of the boys' playground the bell had begun to jangle. They only just had time to whip off their hats and fall into line before the roll was called. Never mind. Isabel tried to make up for it by looking very important and mysterious and by whispering behind her hand to the girls near her, "Got something to tell you at playtime."

Playtime came, and Isabel was surrounded. The girls of her class nearly fought to put their arms around her, to walk away with her, to beam flatteringly, to be her special friend. She held quite a court under the huge pine trees at the side of the playground. Nudging, giggling together, the little girls pressed up close. And the only two who stayed outside the ring were the two who were always outside, the little Kelveys. They knew better than to come anywhere near the Burnells.

For the fact was, the school the Burnell children went to was not at all the kind of place their parents would have chosen if there had been any choice. But there was none. It was the only school for miles. And the consequence was all the children in the neighborhood, the judge's little girls, the doctor's daughters, the storekeepers' children, the milkman's, were forced to mix together. Not to speak of there being an equal number of rude, rough little boys as well. But the line had to be drawn somewhere. It was drawn at the Kelveys. Many of the children, including the Burnells, were not allowed even to speak to them. They walked past the Kelveys with their heads in the air, and as they set the fashion in all matters of behavior, the Kelveys were shunned by everybody. Even the teacher had a special voice for them, and a special smile for the other children when Lil Kelvey came up to her desk with a bunch of dreadfully common-looking flowers.



stayed outside the ring were the two who were always outside, the little Kelveys.

They were the daughters of a spry, hardworking little washerwoman, who went about from house to house by the day. This was awful enough. But where was Mr. Kelvey? Nobody knew for certain. But everybody said he was in prison. So they were daughters of a washerwoman and a gaolbird. Very nice company for other people's children! And they looked it. Why Mrs. Kelvey made them so conspicuous was hard to understand. The truth was they were dressed in "bits" given to her by the people for whom she worked. Lil, for instance, who was a stout, plain child, with big freckles, came to school in a dress made from a green art-serge table-cloth of the Burnell's, with red plush sleeves from the Logans' curtains. Her hat, perched on top of her high forehead, was a grown-up woman's hat, once the property of Miss Lecky, the postmistress. It was turned up at the back and trimmed with a large scarlet quill. What a little guy she looked! It was impossible not to laugh. And her little sister, our Else, wore a long white dress, rather like a nightgown, and a pair of little boy's boots. But whatever our Else wore she would have looked strange. She was a tiny wishbone of a child, with cropped hair and enormous, solemn eyes—a little white owl. Nobody had ever seen her smile; she scarcely ever spoke. She went through life holding on to Lil, with a piece of Lil's skirt screwed up in her hand. Where Lil went our Else followed. In the playground, on the road going to and from school, there was Lil marching in front and our Else holding on behind. Only when she wanted anything or when she was out of breath, our Else gave Lil a tug, a twitch, and Lil stopped and turned round. The Kelveys never failed to understand each other.

Now they hovered at the edge; you couldn't stop them listening. When the little girls turned round and sneered, Lil, as usual gave her silly, shamefaced smile, but our Else only looked.

And Isabel's voice, so very proud, went on telling. The carpet made a great sensation, but so did the beds with real bedclothes, and the stove with an oven door.

When she finished, Kezia broke in. "You've forgotten the lamp, Isabel."

"Oh, yes," said Isabel, "and there's a teeny little lamp, all made of yellow glass, with a white globe that stands on the dining-room table. You couldn't tell it from a real one."

"The lamp's best of all," cried Kezia. She thought Isabel wasn't making half enough of the little lamp. But nobody paid any attention. Isabel was choosing the two who were to come back with them that afternoon and see it. She chose Emmie Cole and Lena Logan. But when the others knew they were all to have a chance, they couldn't be nice enough to Isabel. One by one they put their arms around Isabel's waist and walked her off. They had something to whisper to her, a secret. "Isabel's *my* friend."

Only the little Kelveys moved away forgotten; there was nothing more for them to hear.

Days passed, and as more children saw the doll's house, the fame of it spread. It became the one subject, the rage. The one question was, "Have you seen Burnell's doll house? Oh, ain't it lovely!" "Haven't you seen it? Oh, I say!"

Even the dinner hour was given up to talking about it. The little girls sat under the pines eating their thick mutton sandwiches and big slabs of Johnny-cake spread with butter. While always, as near as they could get, sat the Kelveys, our Else holding on to Lil, listening, too, while they chewed their jam sandwiches out of a newspaper soaked with large red blobs. . . .

"Mother," said Kezia, "can't I ask the Kelveys just once?"

"Certainly not, Kezia."

"But why not?"

"Run away, Kezia; you know quite well why not."

AT LAST everybody had seen it except them. On that day the subject rather flagged. It was the dinner hour. The children stood together under the pine trees, and suddenly, as they looked at the Kelveys eating out of their paper, always by themselves, always listening, they wanted to be horrid to them. Emmie Cole started the whisper.

"Lil Kelvey's going to be a servant when she grows up."

"O-oh, how awful!" said Isabel Burnell, and she made eyes at Emmie.

Emmie swallowed in a very meaning way and nodded to Isabel as she'd seen her mother do on those occasions.

"It's true—it's true—it's true," she said.

Then Lena Logan's little eyes snapped. "Shall I ask her?" she whispered.

"Bet you don't," said Jessie May.

"Pooh, I'm not frightened," said Lena. Suddenly she gave a little squeal and danced in front of the other girls. "Watch! Watch me! Watch me now!" said Lena. And sliding, gliding, dragging one foot, giggling behind her hand, Lena went over to the Kelveys.

Lil looked up from her dinner. She wrapped the rest quickly away. Our Else stopped chewing. What was coming now?

"Is it true you're going to be a servant when you grow up, Lil Kelvey?" shrilled Lena.

Dead silence. But instead of answering, Lil only gave her silly, shamefaced smile. She didn't seem to mind the question at all. What a sell for Lena! The girls began to titter.

Lena couldn't stand that. She put her hands on her hips; she shot forward. "Yah, her father's in prison!" she hissed, spitefully.

This was such a marvelous thing to have said that the little girls rushed away in a body, deeply, deeply excited, wild with joy. Some one found a long rope, and they began skipping. And never did they skip so high, run in and out so fast, or do such daring things as on that morning.

In the afternoon Pat called for the Burnell children with the buggy and they drove home. There were visitors. Isabel and Lottie, who liked visitors, went up-stairs to change their pinafores. But Kezia thieved out at the back. Nobody was about; she began to swing on the big white gates of the courtyard. Presently, looking along the road, she saw two little dots. They grew bigger, they were coming toward her. Now she could see that one was in front and one close behind. Now she could see that they were the Kelveys. Kezia stopped swinging. She slipped off the gate as if she was going to run away. Then she hesitated. The Kelveys came nearer, and beside them walked their shadows, very long, stretching right across the road with their heads in the buttercups. Kezia clambered back on the gate; she had made up her mind; she swung out.

"Hullo," she said to the passing Kelveys.

They were so astounded that they stopped. Lil gave her silly smile. Our Else stared.

"You can come and see our doll's house if you want to," said Kezia, and she dragged one toe on the ground. But at that Lil turned red and shook her head quickly.

"Why not?" asked Kezia.

Lil gasped, then she said, "Your ma told our ma you wasn't to speak to us."

"Oh, well," said Kezia. She didn't know what to reply. "It doesn't matter. You can come and see our doll's house all the same. Come on. Nobody's looking."

But Lil shook her head still harder.

"Don't you want to? ' asked Kezia.

Suddenly there was a twitch, a tug at Lil's skirt. She turned round. Our Else was looking at her with big, imploring eyes; she was frowning, she wanted to go. For a moment Lil looked at our Else very doubtfully. But then our Else twitched her skirt again. She started forward. Kezia led the way. Like two little stray cats they followed across the courtyard to where the doll's house stood.

"There it is," said Kezia.

There was a pause. Lil breathed loudly, almost snorted; our Else was still as a stone.

"I'll open it for you," said Kezia kindly. She undid the hook and they looked inside.

"There's the drawing-room and the dining-room, and that's the—"

"Kezia!"

Oh, what a start they gave!

"Kezia!"

It was Aunt Beryl's voice. They turned round. At the back door stood Aunt Beryl, staring as if she couldn't believe what she saw.

"How dare you ask the little Kelveys into the courtyard?" said her cold, furious voice. "You know as well as I do, you're not allowed to talk to them. Run away, children, run away at once. And don't come back again," said Aunt Beryl. And she stepped into the yard and shooed them out as if they were chickens.

"Off you go immediately!" she called, cold and proud.

They did not need telling twice. Burning with shame, shrinking together, Lil huddling along like her mother, our Else dazed, somehow they crossed the big courtyard and squeezed through the white gate.

"Wicked, disobedient little girl!" said Aunt Beryl bitterly to Kezia, and she slammed the doll's house to.

The afternoon had been awful. A letter had come from Willie Brent, a terrifying threatening letter, saying if she did not meet him that evening in Pulman's Bush, he'd come to the front door and ask the reason why! But now that she had frightened those little rats of Kelveys and given Kezia a good scolding, her heart felt lighter. That ghastly pressure was gone.

She went back to the house humming.

When the Kelveys were well out of sight of Burnell's, they sat down to rest on a big red drain-pipe by the side of the road. Lil's cheeks were still burning; she took off the hat with the quill and held it on her knee. Dreamily they looked over the hay paddocks, past the creek, to the group of wattles where Logan's cows stood waiting to be milked. What were their thoughts?

Presently our Else nudged up close to her sister. But now she had forgotten the cross lady. She put out a finger and stroked her sister's quill; she smiled her rare smile.

"I seen the little lamp," she said, softly.

Then both were silent once more.

Next month's offerings in the Old or New series will be two humorous stories, "Hard Labour," by W. W. Jacobs, and "A Legitimate Transaction," by Joseph C. Lincoln.

Making a Man of Jackie Coogan

IMAGINE the problem that faces the parents and tutors and advisors of the juvenile motion picture star. Jackie can't remain a boy forever, yet all his popularity and his huge income are based on his ability to play child parts. The question of what the future holds for him is the weightiest concern of his family.

A unique educational program has been worked out for young Jackie—a plan of training designed to fit him for the responsibilities of his approaching independence, to teach him self-reliance, and to prepare him for the wise handling of his accumulated wealth.

It is one thing to evolve such a plan and quite another to apply it in the case of a restless, high-spirited boy who has been idolized by motion picture fans for years. There is a very human story of a real boy in this account of Jackie Coogan's training for manhood. Look for it in EVERYBODY'S for July.

This Jockey Can Take Dictation

DOWN the stretch they came neck and neck while the twenty-five thousand folks at the fair grounds came to their feet with a roar that could be heard in Spokane. One horse had come up from behind at the turn and now as he came thundering down the track the jockey was lifting him along with every ounce of energy left.

"Come on, come on, Helen!" yelled the crowd. Helen? Yes, by George, it was a woman jockey riding that wild brute. And even as the crowd let out one more cracked yell, she flashed by the post, winner by a quarter of a second.

Thus Helen Johnson, a pretty nineteen-year old stenographer won her race for the third consecutive year in one of the most gruelling contests a jockey can possibly enter—a six-day relay horse race.

Every morning during the week before that race she had gotten up at five o'clock, climbed into her riding togs, hopped on a taxi and dashed out to the fair grounds. There she had sprinted her horses around the track, leaped from one to another in pony express rider style, and gotten herself in fighting trim for the six day battle. Then she would have breakfast and dash back to the office in time to take the boss's morning dictation at eight-thirty.

The last three days before this particular race, Helen had picked up a bad cold, but she was on the job bright and early Labor Day, the morning of the first race. She was up against two veteran riders, among the best in the Northwest, Josephine Sherry and Louise Larowe. From the very start, Josephine Sherry took the lead. When Helen vaulted her fourth horse, Josephine Sherry was fifty yards ahead. But Helen caught her at the turn and nosed her out by the narrow margin just described, in the time of four minutes flat for the two miles on four different horses.

Then the stenographer-jockey hit her stride. Every day after that she won her race, the time running: Tuesday, 3:56; Wednesday, 3:56; Thursday, 3:58½; Friday, 3:55, and Saturday, four minutes flat. Her total time for the six days was twenty-three minutes, forty-five and a half seconds, while that of her nearest competitor, Josephine Sherry, was 25:16¼. After this hectic week of racing was over, Helen Johnson went back to her job.

Fifty weeks in the year you will find her busy at her desk in a Spokane office in the State of Washington. But once a year she slips the cover over her typewriter, clambers into her riding outfit and enters the thousand dollar purse, six-day women's relay race at the Spokane Interstate Fair.

For the last three years Helen Johnson, a pretty nineteen-year-old stenographer of Spokane, has won the annual $1000 Relay Race.

In 1923 she won this race for the first time, then again in 1924, and once more this last year. She now holds the unique record of having won that thousand dollars and fame that amounts to much more, for three times—three times consecutively at that.

This has meant riding four horses for two miles every day for six days. And it means a change at each half-mile post—three changes in all—when the 118-pound stenographer must pull up her madly-running horse, slide him up to the post on all fours in a cloud of dust, and vault swiftly to the back of another horse held in waiting. And she disdains stirrups—her style is to leap directly into the saddle.

The story of Helen Johnson's fame as a relay rider rivals fiction in its many amazing angles. She had never ridden a horse on a track until 1923 when she stepped out and won the Interstate Fair relay races for the first time, capturing

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A Master of Inside Baseball

FEBRUARY wind was driving snow into the face of New York's noontime crowds. It had been falling from leaden skies for two days, and now lay upon the city like a vast soiled white blanket. Streets, buildings, and humans were all in an icy grip of winter such as freezes the very fondest memories of green and open seasons.

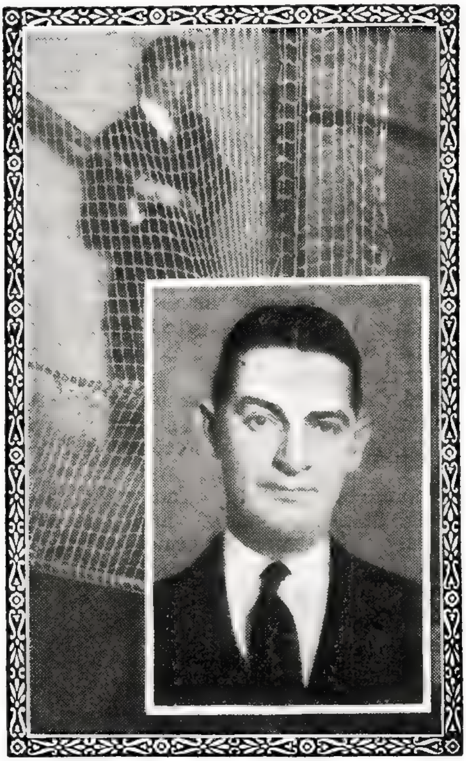
But, under the frozen shadow of King Winter, summer was making a last stand on Sixth Avenue where the "L" trains roar like thunder trapped in a canyon. For in an old store facing this thoroughfare between Forty-third and Forty-fourth streets, a motley collection of New Yorkers were playing baseball—America's national game.

Not exactly as the game was played between the Pirates and the Senators last October for the championship of the world, to be sure. Nor yet after the fashion that it is played upon sand-lot diamonds. But still, being played in the way most players love to play it—from the batter's box!

Years ago shrewd baseball men originated winter diamond contests which were staged in the sunny South. Winter leagues sprang up in Florida and other states for the benefit of the fans who wanted the game as a year-round affair on the southern sports' menu. But, only those who lived below the Mason and Dixon line, and the rich who spend the cold months in the South, were able to benefit by such winter baseball. Lovers of the national pastime, stuck in the frozen fastnesses of the snow countries, had to grumblingly content themselves with reading about baseball in the South. They did until this winter when it was offered to them on the half-shell in New York regardless of sleet, ice, wind and zero temperatures.

How the most important and appealing feature of the great American game—batting—came to within a throw of Babe Ruth's mighty arm from Broadway is the story of the inventive ability upon the part of one man, and of a keen understanding of human nature (species American) upon the part of another.

Not so long ago Robert S. Turnbull was strolling along the main street of a strange city. He came to a store that had been converted into a place similar to a practice batting cage. A man was standing inside of this netted arena batting at balls which were being thrown out of a small hole in a canvas curtain at the far end of the room. The pitching was inaccurate, and the batter had very few fair chances to connect with the ball.



Robert S. Turnbull has invented a way for office workers to get an hour's snappy batting practice even in the cramped quarters of a metropolis.

Young Turnbull had played his share of baseball, and like all of us had enjoyed the batting feature of the game most of all. If you will remember back to your diamond days, or to the annual summer outings of recent years, you will recollect how eager we all were, and still are, to be the batter. Everybody is quite willing to stand up and hit the old apple. But, few like to chase the balls in the field. The natural desire to hit a baseball swept over Turnbull as he stood on the sidewalk watching the performance within the cage. He went in and found that he might try his luck with a stick at the cost of five cents for nine cuts at the ball. He had invested three dollars in batting practice before a little twinge in an over-exercised shoulder muscle caused him to stop.

He had parted with three dollars, and some energy. But, he had bought a great idea! He knew enough about his country's human nature to realize that there were thousands and thousands of other Robert S. Turnbulls, young, in-between-ages, and old, that nursed an inherited

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She Bakes Cakes for Every Bride

NEXT to an engagement-ring, a wedding-cake is perhaps the most romantic thing on earth, according to Mrs. Horace Craig of Kansas City, who has made thousands of cakes and thousands of dollars from their sale, and who is as eagerly sought after by the potential bride as is the minister or the lace. In fact Mrs. Craig is often the first person outside of the family to hear of an engagement, since no woman, no matter if she is a Lucy Stoner and believes in a going-away suit instead of a veil, wants to take any chances on her wedding-cake. It is ordered months before the ceremony.

Mrs. Craig started out making cakes as a pastime and is now doing it as a profession. Twelve years ago each cake was achieved in her own kitchen, in an old-fashioned oven and with only a colored boy to help. Today she employs several trained assistants, varying in number with the open season for brides, as well as an array of electric beaters, thermometers, and an oven as big as a good-sized room. Her cakes are baked in a specially constructed kitchen in Kansas City. They sell all the way from ten to one hundred and fifty dollars apiece, and are from ten inches to three feet in size. She supervises every detail from the preliminary batter to the real flowers and the miniature bride on top.

Contrary to impression, all wedding-cakes are not white.

"They look too much like tombstones," Mrs. Craig explains. "The only time I use a dead white cake is when the weather is very hot, and then I overlay them with silver or green leaves, or with white roses and lilies. In the fall—and so many of the modern generation prefer to be married in the fall—my cakes are aglow with yellow and pink flowers, or with flame-colored butterflies. My theory is that people eat as much with their eyes as with their mouths, and I spare no expense in making my cakes radiant with colored flowers, with gold and silver lace or with dainty quivering butterflies. The florist calls me up before the wedding for the size, shape and color scheme of my cake. Then he cooperates so that the cake and the floral decorations generally blend with the bridesmaids' gowns."

All brides, of course, do not choose the big one hundred egg cakes, thirty-six inches in diameter, which take up so much room that they have to be baked in sections. When there is no one present but the family and a few friends, some prefer the small ten-egg, heart-shaped cakes, but each craves that little touch of individuality that Mrs. Craig can give.

No Kansas City bride would dare marry without one of Mrs. Craig's wedding cakes which range in size from ten inches to a yard.

A prospective bride once cabled her from Europe and the cake, like the bridegroom and the ring, awaited her arrival. There is scarcely a fashionable Kansas City wedding at which her cakes are not an important part of the ceremony. Several times when she has started out on trips, a wire from Kansas City has necessitated her return.

"And because I know no woman wants to be kept waiting on her wedding-day, I always come," says Mrs. Craig. "The average bride chooses her own cake, though she may leave the other details of the occasion to her family. It is a funny thing, they may be unconventional and prefer a tailored suit to white satin and a veil, but they always feel that they are not properly married without a cake. Because people so often hate cutting into a handsome cake, I generally arrange the favors attached to a flower or a butterfly so they can be pulled out."

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Bossing a Hundred Workmen From a Cell

DURING the summer of 1924 a ship sailing between Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, and San Francisco was bearing a passenger of whom Philadelphians had heard much. Louis Edwards was being brought back to prison! On July 14 of the previous year he and a number of prisoners had scaled the great walls of the Eastern Penitentiary in the Quaker City and made a dash for liberty. The wild automobile ride, the dramatic exchange of clothes with a Maryland farmer, seemed more like scenes from a thrilling scenario than events in real life.

Edwards' very soul was dead as he went aboard ship to return to Philadelphia. The prospect of spending from ten to twenty years—the period of his sentence greatly augmented by jail breaking—seemed worse than death itself. Two or three years before he had gotten into trouble over an automobile. The hardships of life, however, are oftentimes not so difficult as they seem and so it was in Edwards' case.

On shipboard while reading one of the leading weekly magazines he noticed an illustration of a Spanish galleon, her sails outspread, her proud bulk skimming over the seas. The picture fascinated him and he at once set about reproducing the ship in wood. Every one admired it and it was soon sold for a good round sum. He made a second and a third and sold them all. This gave him an idea. Why not make ship models and sell them? If he only had a jig saw to do the rough work! He spent a few days thinking the problem over, then he asked for the pedals from an old bicycle and some other materials and in a short time had made a cutting device equal in efficiency to any that could have been purchased upon the market. Back in prison in Philadelphia he was permitted to continue with his model-making. Every time he made a miniature vessel an order for half a dozen came in. The ship model craze was at its height. He hired a number of his fellow prisoners to help him. More machinery was installed and more employees taken on. Soon his cell was crowded and he was provided with a second and a third. Today he has a workshop filled with the most efficient machinery, saws and jigs and buffers of every kind, and there are nearly a hundred men on his payroll. Each month he pays out fifteen hundred dollars to his employees.

Needless to say this business could not have been built up without the sympathetic assistance of the prison officials. Circumstances favored Edwards. The regular prison factories can furnish work for only about half of the thirteen hundred men quartered there; neither would it be good policy to provide new workshops, for the Penitentiary will shortly be torn down and moved into the country. Hundreds of men were idle and the prison officials welcomed any plan whereby the prisoners could pass their time. Incidentally, Edwards is permitted to retain all the profits of his business.

Eight different types of ship models are being turned out in quantity by Louis Edwards and his fellow inmates of a Philadelphia penitentiary.

About eight types of ship models are being made: *The Mayflower;* Hudson's *Half Moon;* Columbus' *Santa Maria;* a Greek Man o' War; a Venetian Lapanta; a Viking ship, not to mention several reproductions of galleons that sailed with the Spanish Armada.

The miniatures are not mere approximations but duplicates of the originals in every last detail. His models are masterpieces of historical research, dozens of old books having been consulted for the needed data. Consider the *Mayflower*. The first set of plans

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Everybody's Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE: Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

Unsuspected Talent

The country judge had been solemnly warned against picking up strangers in his flivver, but he had a gun on this trip to Los Angeles and for once he was reckless. He picked up a timid looking little man and they rode amicably for miles. But when the judge looked for the time, his watch was gone!

Pulling up alongside the highway, he shoved his gun into the little man's stomach and growled in just as tough a voice as he could muster under the circumstances:

"Hand over that watch!"

The passenger turned a sickly yellow, but he protested feebly.

"One word more, and I'll plug yuh," shouted the judge valiantly. With trembling fingers the offending party hauled out a watch and passed it over. Then he clambered out of the car and scuttled off into the chaparral.

Back safe in San Bernardino County, the judge told his wife the adventure with pardonable pride. She regarded him coldly and remarked: "You left your watch on the dresser this morning."

Shortest Speech in History

Serious though President Coolidge appears in general, his sense of humor lies very close to the surface, as his old friends know. Once, when the President was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, a certain member who was noted for his long-winded speeches, addressed the house for an hour in support of a measure, during which he used a succession of affirmations always beginning with "It is—"

When Calvin Coolidge rose to speak on the question he said, "Mr. Speaker, it isn't," and sat down.

Just the Cook for Santa Claus

A new variety in servant girls turned up in New England. She was from Iceland and she wanted to do general housework.

"Can you sweep?" asked the prospective mistress.

"Na."

"Do you cook?"

"Na."

"Do you know how to make beds?"

"Na."

"Do you know how to wash laces and dainty things?"

"Na."

"Well, what on earth can you do?"

"Vell," grinned the applicant, "please, lady, Ay can milk reindeer good."

Filipino Justice

George A. Fairchild, publisher of the Manila *Times*, tells this story:

"A tourist woke up one night just in time to see a thief climbing out of the window with his clothes.

" 'Stop, thief!' he yelled, and jumped through the window in pursuit. After a hundred yards or so the thief dropped his booty. The tourist gathered it up and was hurrying back to his hotel with it when a Filipino policeman arrested him as a suspicious character.

"In the police court the tourist told his story angrily to the magistrate. Then he said:

" 'And now, I suppose, I can go.'

" 'No, Señor,' said the Filipino magistrate, 'We have to hold you. Alquazil, lock him up!'

" 'Hold me! For heaven's sake, why?'

" 'Because,' said the magistrate, 'we don' know yet if you tol' us truth. We have to hold you till de thief identify you as man he robbed.' "

Making It Snappy

"Widder Jones," said an Ohio farmer as he bustled into her house one morning, "I am a man of business. I am worth $10,843 and want you for a wife. I give you three minutes in which to answer."

"I don't want ten seconds, Si Biggins," she replied, shaking out the dish-cloth. "I'm a woman of business, worth $18,000, and I wouldn't marry you if you was the last man on earth! And now, I give you a minute and a half to git."

Instant Effect

The proprietor of a large business house brought a number of signs reading "Do It Now," and had them hung around the office hoping to inspire his people with promptness and energy in their work. In his private office one day soon afterward a friend asked him how the scheme affected the staff.

"Well, not the way I thought it would," answered the proprietor. "The cashier skipped with $30,000, the head bookkeeper eloped with the private secretary, three clerks asked for an increase in salary, and the office boy lit out to become a highwayman.

Saints Befriended

Something in the church at Second and Main Streets caught fire and a volume of smoke issued from the doors and windows.

A drunk was seen to stagger by in the midst of the tumult. He looked up at the carved images of the saints leaning out of their niches over the windows and shouted:

"Don't jump, boys, they're bringing the nets!"

A Lesson for All Concerned

An Irishman came into the office of the president of the Illinois Central Railroad one morning and said:

"Me name's Casey. Oi worruk out in the yar-rds." Then he paused before saying: "Oi'd like a pass to St. Louie."

"That is no way to ask for a pass," said the president. "You should introduce yourself politely. Come back in an hour and try it again."

At the end of the day back came the Irishman. Doffing his hat he inquired, "Arre yez the man I seen before?"

"I am."

"Me name is Patrick Casey. Oi've been workin' out in the yar-rds."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Casey. What can I do for you?"

"Oi've got a job an' a pass to St. Louie on the Wabash. Ye can go to hell."

Sure Proof

A party of Americans were touring Scotland and lost their way. Presently they found themselves in the outskirts of a good-sized city. Stopping their car they asked a boy the name of the town.

"I'll tell ye if ye gie me saxpence," replied the youth.

"Drive on!" said one American who was sitting in the back seat to the man at the wheel. "This is Aberdeen."

His Master

A Chicago firm advertising for a salesman received a reply from a man who said that he was the greatest salesman in the world. They engaged him and gave him three lines of goods to sell anywhere in the West. They expected him to do great things.

After he had been away a week, and they had received no orders, they were surprised to get a telegram saying:

"I am not the world's greatest salesman. I am the second best. The greatest salesman was the man who loaded you up with these goods."

Uncertain

In a New England town not long ago the champion local liar was brought before the justice of the peace for stealing a hen. It was a pretty plain case, and, on the advice of his lawyer, the prisoner decided not to argue at all about it.

"I plead guilty to the charge brought against me, Judge," he said to the man on the bench.

The Justice was visibly staggered; he looked over his glasses at the defendant very doubtfully. "Si," he said, after a moment, "I guess I'll have to have more evidence than that before I sentence you.

Fair Warning

In his campaign speeches ex-Governor Neff, of Texas, loved to tell this one:

A large, domineering colored woman, who was serving a sentence in the penitentiary for killing her husband, had been assigned to cook for the warden's family. As her helper she had a no 'count, under-sized man of her race whose ornery habits frequently aroused her wrath. On one occasion the warden's wife surprised her in the midst of an ultimatum. She was flourishing a butcher knife at her retreating helper—storming: "Look heah, niggah, you know why I'se in heah? Dey sent me heah fo' ten yeahs fo' killin' a niggah man, an' ef you don' watch out Ah's tellin' you dis is gwine to be mah pehmanent home!"

Mike Donovan of Ireland

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Early on a June morning, before it was light, shadows creaked along a winding lane. It twisted and turned, wide wagons stirred dew-soaked leaves on the ledges, lamps glimmered, tired horses strained.

The van of the column came to the main road and wheeled toward Cowbridge. Stars powdered the sky. In a caravan Joan was asleep; in a cart her father and Knocker Donovan were talking.

"It's done with the dirty blackguard I have, God forgive me. He's got on, and never a thought to his old father who taught him everything and worked the flesh off his bones to nurture his son."

"Oh, we're all the same, Knocker. You were and I was. We go out into the world, and it takes hold of us when we're young. He's not forgotten—he'll write."

"You're wrong. He won't write at all. I know him. We're not good enough for him now."

The clown thought of his girl. She had not had a letter answered for many a month. She pretended not to care.

And they creaked on—slowly through the dark.

Knocker said, "Where are we?"

"God knows."

"Arrah, it's a funny life traipsing our stiff bodies through the night like a funeral procession to make a lot of cows laugh in the next village."

"Optimist."

Saying which, Dannie shut his eyes and the exhibition boxer turned on the other hip with a groan. "Oh, hell! The blasted rheumatism."

While the morning was still starlit the circus turned into a field by the river that was five feet wide. And in no time by naphtha lamps, men ran to and fro unwinding canvas, hoisting masts, hammering pegs. The marquee rose before dawn. As daylight came the last man was asleep.

And by the river one who had arrived from London by the last train overnight was sleeping, too.

Sunshine woke him. He rubbed his eyes and sat up. The circus had come. There were the horses grazing, there the bell-tent his father shared with the clown—and there the gray caravan Joan shared with Ninon.

The familiar sights, his conscious, the nearness of his dear ones brought a lump to his throat. He had forgotten this! Gazing at it wistfully as he passed Joan's sleeping-place, he came to the bell-tent. It was empty—but he could hear talking. He moved round to the back. It must be later than he had thought—much later. There on the grass sat Joan pouring tea, and the clown, her father, with bald head perspiring—and that little dried-up man with the wild gray hair who had taught him to spell and to walk and to box.

It was he who looked up.

"Glory be to God if it isn't himself."

Mike saw Joan's white face, the clown's red one.

"Thought I'd surprise you," he said.

"Arrah, it's an honor I'm sure," rejoined his father, sarcastically. "And have you brought your trainer and your car with you?"

HIS native sensitiveness was wounded at once, his warm feelings ousted by Irish pride, love turned to bitter resentment in the flash of a second. "I have not."

There was a silence. Then Joan said, "Better have breakfast since you're here."

Her voice was colder than the river. He forgot how he had neglected them, only remembering that they had not seen him for a year as he flung himself down.

"It's a welcome you give one. I feel full of love, I do. Coming back home—" His voice choked.

"And it's the hell of a fine son you've been," cried Knocker who was equally hurt.

"Hush!" said the clown.

"Hush yourself, Dannie, for I'll be damned if I will. I've done with him I have, as I've told you." The boxer turned to his son. "Sure you're a fine boy making good and ashamed of your father."

Mike drank his tea, his head and his heart were aching. He had hesitated about coming. Will Godden had made him. "It's a change you want," he had said. "Run down and see your people." *His people.* His father reviling him, Dannie keeping peace, Joan distant as Ireland.

He thought he'd go back to London and Totteridge where the boxing "camp" was. He was welcome there. Hell, Godden loved him better than his own flesh and blood!

"They don't love me at all," he thought. "Not at all they don't. . . ."

"The papers are full of you, Mike, and your fight against Blacksmith Webb." It was the clown speaking.

Joan laughed. "You'd better eat something, hadn't you?"

"No, I'm not hungry."

"Only sulky he is," said Knocker.

"Och, get away out o' that."

Then Mike noticed the pain on his father's face, the age of him, and smoldered the more that he loathed himself.

Dannie rose. "Come, Knocker. Let's leave them to put things right."

"I'll leave him, I will, the ungrateful beast," said Knocker, getting up with difficulty.

Joan frowned at her father. "You needn't go. There's nothing to put right."

But Dannie led Knocker away.

Mike looked at nothing. A slab of bread and butter falling on a plate brought him to earth.

"I'm not wanting it, I tell you."

"I don't think you know what you want."

He knew all right. She was so near to him yet so far, so dear to him because of the fool he had made of himself.

"You're as cross as the divil," he said.

"Not a bit."

"Faith an' you are. Ice is no colder. And myself going into training tomorrow for the stiffest fight of my life."

"I hope you win."

"By the powers, I hope I'm killed."

"That's a shame, Mike."

"What have I to be ashamed of?"

"I told you you might have written to your father."

"I'm no hand at it. It's boxing and traveling I've been all over the country."

"Don't lie," she said. "That wasn't the reason."

"It was, indeed."

"Mike, did you get tired first—or did she?"

"God help me, she knows," he thought, but said, "It's daft you are. She? Glory be to God, what woman is it?"

And as Will Godden had replied to the same question, so Joan answered: "You know."

He did. He went red with shame. Oh, hell!

Then she said, "I loved you so. What a fool I was."

"Joan—"

"Yes, a fool."

"Och, Joan."

"You couldn't go away without falling for the first pretty face you met."

He bit his lip. What was the use of trying to explain? She wouldn't understand. He said hoarsely, "Is it happy you think I am?"

Her voice broke. "I know I'm not."

"I'm not at all. It's never happy again I'll be!" He knew he must explain—or lose her. He made a wide sweep with his arm. "They looked at me. Into the ring they came and ruined me. A woman's eyes—a lady of the quality she was but she had none whatever."

A woman's eyes. Joan's mind went back a year. She remembered that fight in the circus when Mike had been knocked out. He had declared then, so his father had said, that a woman's eyes had defeated him. What else had they done?

He was staring at her helplessly. "She was bad—and she hypnotized me. She made me forget you she did, as she made me forget everything I had learned, and I was hit to hell."

"Why?" It was incomprehensible to her

"There are things," said he, "feeding on leaves, and things feeding on blood. O Alanna, she was feeding on mine."

SHE gazed at him with horror. His eyes were dilated, on his face was absolute fear.

"Mike—were you—everything to her?"

He shook his head, "She's coming to Olympia," said he, "three weeks today when I fight Blacksmith."

"To try and make you lose?"

"Och, Honey, she is. And my entire life depends on my winning."

"But, Mike, Mike, you must fight her as well as Blacksmith. Don't you understand?"

He crossed himself. "God between us and harm."

She said presently, "Do you love me still?"

"Faith an' I do. I was just mad—mad to kiss her—and I did. There, you know the truth. But I loathe her now."

"Poor Mike." Then she added, "Oh, it's rotten to think a woman like that should have spoiled our lives."

There were tears in his voice. "Am I never to come back?"

Her eyes gazed over his shoulder at the bell-tent. "Mike, I've never stopped loving you, but I must be the only woman—or nothing."

As nodding he looked out, canvas gleamed and bellied in front of him, and suddenly a double-bass murdered the air.

"Old windbags is awake, acushla."

She smiled as if she remembered.

It was night. He stood on the platform waiting for the last train. A wonderful peace was his. He had confessed and been absolved. Joan's good-by flashed to him.

"When you've won, come back."

And she kissed him.

"*When you've won, come back.*"

He was to fight for victory—and Joan.

The great day had dawned—the greatest day of Mike's life up to now—the day on which hung his whole future.

His training was over. Last week to the satisfaction of the critics he had wiped the floor with sparring-partners down at Totteridge, yesterday he had come to town with Godden. Driving across London he had seen posters the size of a house which had taken his breath away, for they announced—

OLYMPIA.

BLACKSMITH WEBB OF ENGLAND.

V.

MIKE DONOVAN OF IRELAND.

"Faith, it's fighting for Ireland I am," he had said.

Early that afternoon Godden accompanied his colt to the weigh-in; now Mike saw his opponent for the first time since they had signed articles. He had taken to Blacksmith; somehow every one did.

The smith was a simple fair-haired man of magnificent physique. Like the one in the poem, he was brawny and had muscles of iron. "There were no horses left," he had once told a reporter, "all cars—and there was mother to keep." He had kept her pretty well, for he had leapt into the limelight in a few short years, and had never been knocked out.

That was the man Mike saw stepping in the scales without moving the stipulated weight. He followed suit with no qualms—he was a good seven pounds lighter.

They shook hands before leaving.

"Tonight," said Blacksmith. "May the best man win. We'll be mates, anyhow."

"Sure."

And now Mike was lying on a bed in the hotel unable to doze, a queer feeling in his stomach. The clock seemed to stand still. Who would win? There was no one in the world who could say.

"Godden dear, I feel as sick as the day I left Ireland, I do."

"Don't think about it."

"I wish I was back there planting potatoes."

BUT time is inexorable. Toward seven that evening the crowd surged outside Olympia. The promoter's vision had been startlingly clear. This fight had grown in the minds of the people of both countries, out of all proportion to its worth. It was no longer a match between heavyweights, it was a contest between nations. Ireland was fighting England. To the Englishman in the street England was fighting Sinn Fein; to the hot-headed Irishman, it was Parnell who had come back to earth and was fighting King George.

And in the sloping road between Olympia and the railroad they assembled, from Dublin and Tipperary, from Connaught and Cork and Clare; Irishmen from England, Irish Guardsmen and priests. And they rubbed shoulders with police sent to keep order by a Home Secretary with a legitimate wind-up, and in the crowd were those leather-faced gentlemen who follow the race-meetings and live on jellied eels.

"How much is it at all? Is it a seat for five shillings you have?"

"Cheapest a pound. Nothing left under £3.10."

"Then, God help you, it's thieves you are and nothing less. Sure, I'm after crossing the water to my own countryman. Now, come on with it."

"Pass along," said a policeman.

"I will not at all."

He was pushed. A leather-faced came up. "Like a pound seat for forty-five bob?"

"I would not, you thief."

"Forty then?"

"Well, take it and bad luck to you."

Soon the road became almost impassable. A woman drove up with a man. Eyes turned to her. That spiritually lovely face, that milk-white skin, what was it doing at a boxing-match? She sat regardless of stares and comments as her car moved forward.

Two work-girls watched her, their coarse clothes and hands contrasting with her own.

"Lovely, ain't she?"

"Not 'arf. Like an angel."

So, the Praying Mantis came to her feast.

Inside, in the packed hall, the preliminary bouts were on, and they were won and lost while wagers were made on the top-liner. Weight of Irish money had made Donovan a temporary favorite—and the bookies smiled.

In his dressing-room Mike lay on a couch, his trainer massaging his legs.

"It's winning this fight I am, Godden dear."

Will nodded.

A boy entered. "Mike Donovan."

Mike opened a telegram.

"All thinking of you. Acushla."

He tucked it in his shoe.

At last a mighty roar rose up in the hall. Bowing from the ring in a green dressing-gown was the brawny Blacksmith. He smiled. It was nice to know you were popular. Better than shoeing horses, anyhow. And yet he didn't know. He went to his corner, sat down.

The M. C. said through a megaphone:

"Mike Donovan of Ireland."

There was a hushed stillness, and then a voice shouted:

"The old country forever."

And they let go.

Cheers, yells, frantic waving of arms and hats and handkerchiefs, and Mike stood there, hands on the rope, looking out, and one face singled itself out from thousands, a face smiling, a woman's smiling surely with derision, and he looked at it and was conscious it was looking at him. And just for a moment, under the gaze of the eyes of that face, Mike felt a tremor go through him. God, she was beautiful. She could not be evil. Yet she was, she was. . . .

THE ovation died down. He was in his corner now, Blacksmith opposite, seconds busy, preparations in hand, the M. C. making an announcement. It had nothing whatever to do with the fight.

"Get on with it," cried a voice.

And then at last the ring was cleared, and Mike and Blacksmith sprang up together, met half way, padded hand touched padded hand and the fight had begun. Two stripped men, the polish of perfect training upon them, their skins gleaming like moon-stones in the glare of the arc-lamps, face to face on that roped stage within view of a multitude, each waiting for an opening.

A silence but for the quick thuds of their feet on the canvas and the dull thumps of parried blows. And then a sharp knock, its echo, a roar as Mike's left connected with the smith's chin—and another as the Englishman's right got through the Irishman's guard—and yet another as Mike landed again to his face. Now one side-stepped, now the other ducked, now the Celt was in at close range whipping in a salvo of blows to the Saxon's body, now the Saxon was bearing down on the Celt smiting him as he had smitten shape into white-hot iron.

The crowd yelled, for it was both boxing and fighting, clean, hard hitting with the knuckle part of the glove, the Blacksmith's advantage in weight and reach discounted by Mike Donovan's pull in years.

Indeed, the heavier man tried his damnedest in that first three minutes to land a knockout blow, as he tried in the next round and the next. But he confounded the critics by failing just as Mike did by not showing a sign of nerves. The fight went on to mounting excitement.

"Fine," whispered Godden at the close of the fifth round. He cried, "Great," at the end of the eleventh. And Mike answered as he had done several times already.

"It's there she is, Godden dear—and, praise God, I don't care at all."

Nor did he. He had lasted more than half the journey. Conditions favored him now. The longer the fight continued, the more his youth would tell. He knew it, he exulted in the knowledge, he was perhaps the only one there who was not the least surprised at his form. He was winning—he had said he would. And now with a one-two to the mouth and eye he drew blood. Blacksmith licked it away like a great lion, and planted a shaker at Donovan's jowl. But he was winning—and slipped it as he had been taught by his father—and Blacksmith swung over the ropes.

"Hurrah, hurrah, for awld Ireland boys. It's murtherin' him he is. . . ." And he was. For a full half-minute he did. Webb swayed defenseless under a rain of blows, threatening to go down—he might have gone down—but the gong saved him.

A cheer broke out which lifted the roof of Olympia. For in that twelfth round, with eight more to go, Mike Donovan had asserted his superiority. Now he leaned back in his corner, eyes closed, heart hammering while he was being toweled.

"He's the boy, he's the *boy* he is."

"Oh, shut up, Pat."

But the amazing Blacksmith rose to the next ound with a smile, not one of conceit but of good humor in battle. That way he had won all his fights. The thirteenth round—an unlucky number. The thought wirelessed through his brain as Mike rushed in. He stepped back and uppercut. At the contact a spectator moaned, "Oh, Mike felt he had no teeth."

"Break," cried the referee. And now Blacksmith led and Mike somehow fought a rear guard action to the ropes. But he was up against it. The rope sawed his waist—Blacksmith pummeled the breath from him.

"Who's winning now, Paddy?" The answer was drowned in the clamor of the multitude, for not only were the tables turned, but all seemed to know a crisis in the fight had arrived. Then to the despair of the Irish, Mike Donovan of Ireland, crushed against the ropes, under a hurricane of savage blows, screwed round and appeared to be helpless.

He was—for he stared into a pair of eyes.

They took on undue proportions, they grew and grew till they paralyzed him. He was impotent under attack and they gloated, he was in pain and they laughed at him, he was bloody and they laughed the more. Then they seemed to come nearer so that he trembled, and they were laughing, laughing, laughing, shining into his with a strange fire that had an unearthly radiance.

He was being murdered and knew it. He had no breath—his vitality, his life was going into *her*. Crash. Crash. It was as if no human being could live under such punishment. Crash. He couldn't see now for blood. Blinded, he felt the effect of those eyes diminish. He seemed to see Joan sobbing, breathed a Hail Mary, wheeled somehow and held.

THE referee warned him—warned that bloody mess that was Mike Donovan of Ireland, so that, though he only did his duty, the crowd booed. And that piteous figure with crimsoned face and chest waited staggering for the punch that was to send him to oblivion.

It came—it caught him on the temple. He rose like a cat shot through the head, then seemed to droop in the air and fell to the canvas on his knees, his gloved hand round the waist of Blacksmith. Stayed there. Up went the smith's arms at once to avoid a foul. And that was the picture. The black-haired Celt kneeling in defeat, the gold-haired Saxon standing over him a giant with arms stretched wide to the roof.

A tense silence.

On the silence a woman laughed.

Then came a man's shout. "Throw in the towel."

And Godden, standing on his toes, outside the ropes held it ready to throw.

But the gong went—and Mike Donovan was not out. It had saved him as it had saved Blacksmith in the round before.

Groans were louder than cheers as his seconds carried the limp body of Mike to his corner. It seemed certain that nothing could save him from defeat. Through Forth's mind, as in moments of emotion flit ridiculous things, ran the nursery jingle of Humpty Dumpty. "Sat on a wall—had a great fall—and all the king's horses, and all the king's men, couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again."

He said, "Poor devil." Looked around. The heat was stifling. Many sat in their shirt sleeves and were fanning themselves with programs as those chaps in that corner were fanning their youngster with towels. Then his eyes stopped on the woman who had laughed. Amazing. She sat there with her beautiful face turned to the bespattered ring—a face of almost spiritual loveliness, arms uplifted on her white breast.

Mike, struggling for breath under the best part of a bucket of water, woke up to hear.

"It's murdered him she has. . . ."

"Am I out?"

"No," said Godden.

"Then, God help me. I will be. For her eyes—"

"Mike—" Godden gripped his arm—"you've not lost. You can win yet. You've got to win. You're fighting for your soul—do you hear me? Fighting for your soul."

"My soul is it?" With blank expression he stared at his friend. And then his face lit. "It's my soul I'm fighting for." And he tried to get up. "Then to hell with her eyes."

"Wait."

They pushed him back. Fanned him, rubbed him. And when they were gone and he was free to rise, it was a man with set face stained alone by an eyebrow which was still bleeding. Yes—it was another man who met Blacksmith and drove him hither and thither with lefts and rights. The smith was surprised, as the English were astonished and the Irish amazed. For they saw a man who had been "dead as mutton," a man against whom the bookmakers had offered a hundred to one with no takers, wiping the floor with Webb.

"Glory be to God, it's the Archangel Michael that's in him."

Crash, crash, and the blows were from Donovan. Donovan of Ireland. Round the ring after Blacksmith. The lad using feet and brain and fists in glorious symmetry. Packing punches, slipping them. Dancing round Blacksmith, sending blows where he liked.

THERE was a continuous roar. The Irish had gone mad. The English went mad, too. Their man was good, this lad was better. He was British to them, now. And he was putting up a fight they could talk of tomorrow as something they had seen instead of something handed down from another generation. Mike Donovan of Ireland who had been whacked to the wide and gone on to victory.

For five more rounds he entertained them. And then, in the nineteenth, with the years telling on the game Blacksmith, who was beginning to breathe heavily and miss, Mike rose like a panther and a corkscrew left flashed to his opponent's face, connected—and the fight was over.

They knew it before the big man who lay on the canvas had been counted out for the first time in his life. They knew it and stormed the ring. Officials, police, were powerless to stop them. English and Irish swarmed on to the stage to hoist the victor. Arms waved, women wept. Cries rose.

"God save Ireland. Mike Donovan of Ireland. . . . Long life to you."

And he sat there on the shoulders of a Saxon and Celt, his face smeared and trickling with blood, but the light of victory in his eyes.

So, she glimpsed him who had risen to go. So, thousands saw him. So, his photograph appeared in the newspapers of the world. For it was known he was made, it was known that whatever his future might hold when he took on Dempsey or his successor, he had made a name which would live in the annals of the ring.

They got him to his dressing-room, Forth and Godden and the police. He collapsed on the sofa—pulled something from his shoe.

"My God," said Forth. Godden was trembling.

In half-an-hour they led him outside Olympia, where he was again mobbed. They somehow reached the viscount's car, shoved him in, closed the door.

"Where to, my Lord?" asked the chauffeur.

Said Forth, "Somewhere between Eridge and Tunbridge Wells there's a circus. Get him to it."

The car drove off. The peer linked arms with the trainer, and they walked up the slope toward the main road.

"She tried to damn him and she's made him," said Forth. "Astonishing, that."

"God, what a chap."

"Lost a pint of blood. Would join his people. His father and girl. Hell, an Irish peasant."

As they walked on, a hum of voices floated from the multitude ahead waiting on the bridge for busses, and a shout rose up.

"Mike Donovan of Ireland. Long life to him."

The peer and the trainer laughed happily, and mingled with the crowd.

This Jockey Can Take Dictation

[*Continued from page 134*]

the thousand dollar purse. She had never expected to win a race.

Her inspiration came from her older brother, the noted jockey Alfred Johnson of the Samuel D. Riddle stables of Belmont Park, New York. When her brother Alfred piloted Morvich to win the Kentucky Derby of 1922, Helen decided then and there that perhaps she could add a little more honor to the family name.

A FEW days before the Spokane Interstate Fair of 1923, Helen Johnson, then seventeen years old, wandered out to the stables at the fair grounds to look over the horses and satisfy her craving for a glimpse at the thoroughbreds going through their paces. She noticed a girl trying to mount one of the horses of a relay string and, with childish nonchalance, she turned to a man near her and remarked that she could do better than that.

The stranger happened to be the owner of the relay string. At his suggestion, Helen mounted a horse—disdaining the stirrups she vaulted straight up and into the saddle. The race horse owner asked her to come back that afternoon and she did.

Then she borrowed a pair of breeches from one jockey, a cap from another and entered the women's relay race against the experienced Ollie Osborne. She won every day for six days and annexed the thousand dollar purse.

In 1924 she again entered the women's relay race at the Interstate Fair, riding the same horses she had ridden in 1923, and she again won the thousand dollar purse, defeating the experienced Indian rider, Josephine Sherry, and also Mabel Nelson.

Last summer her brother invited Helen to be his guest on a trip to New York and a sojourn at Saratoga Springs. She went East and saw the "big town" and enviously eyed the great thoroughbreds at Saratoga Springs. She was crazy to take one of them for a little ride. But by now, her vacation used up, she had to go back to Spokane and her job—taking dictation and pounding the typewriter.

Just the same she was to have her innings again a little later. For George Drumheller, owner of the Drumheller string of race horses from Walla Walla, asked her to ride his horses in the relay races that year. Helen was busy with her work and was in a soft condition physically after the long train journey to the East and back. But she thought she'd like to race again—and the boss said she would be excused from duty during the week of the races.

Thus it was that she came to take on that double job of preparation before the race and then once more go through the grueling six days. And for the third time she emerged triumphant.

Helen is only an amateur at relay racing, in the sense that she only rides once a year, at the Spokane Interstate Fair. While her competitors at the fair races spend most of the year at the game, she is at her office work. The only practice she gets is a little riding on the horses at her father's ranch where she spends a week-end or two during the year, and then a week's practice before the races.

"I'm just crazy about riding—that's the only reason I go into the races," Helen says. "But it's awfully hard—it takes so much strength in changing mounts. Sometimes when I pull my horse up to make a change I am so tired I just want to sit down and rest. But I grit my teeth and go on."

"Would you like to follow it as a professional?" she was asked.

"Yes, and no," was the hesitating reply. "I would like to follow it because I am in love with the sport and the horses. I'm just wild about horses. So is every one, I guess. On the other hand, you have the feeling that the public will always look on it as a more or less tough game, regardless of whether it is or not.

"I wish they could meet more of the race followers, that is those intimately connected with racing. I know their minds would be changed greatly."

The little jockey has a kind word for all her associates and the best of sportsmanlike respect for her rivals. But greatest of all is her pride in her brother Alfred.

"I began riding when I was about ten years old—out on father's ranch," Helen explains. "Alfred loved to ride and he wanted me to learn. He used to put me on a horse and then get on his horse and ride with me. He told me not to dare fall off. And so I hung on."

It seems that Alfred's ambition had always been to become a jockey. And so it wasn't long before he went to Montana and began his career there, riding at 90 pounds. Then he went to Tia Juana where he became a great favorite. Later he went East and won the Kentucky Derby on Morvich. This year he won the Belmont Stakes on American Flag. He has also won a number of cup races on Exterminator.

And it is about Alfred that Helen talks, not about herself, when any one brings up the subject of horse racing. Her eyes flash and she throws back her head:

"Am I proud of Alfred, well you tell them!"

—EDWARD J. CROSBY.

Giving the Charity Child a Fighting Chance

[*Continued from page 68*]

and happiness. Since 1898 it has written the stories of over four thousand children and "foster parents" such as Robert's have been to him. Many of the stories tell the history of citizens—made "social wealth" to the community, instead of "social waste." In that the real magic of this work lies.

The organization is the New York State Charities Aid Association, and its spirit and aim come from the vision and the personality of its head. Homer Folks—one of the first of the American professional social workers, has helped establish many of the traditions of social service in this country. Since the day he graduated from Harvard he has brought to pass, or has helped bring into effect, such public benefits as the establishment of tuberculosis work, mental hygiene work, probation for offenders against the law. He made the survey in Cuba which resulted in the plan and method by which the sick, the criminal, and the poor are being treated there to this day. With a staff of fourteen hundred assistants, he spent four million dollars monthly during the war, relieving the problems of tuberculosis, child-welfare, and the distress of the crippled and the homeless in France. After the war he made a survey of the needs of Italy, Greece, Serbia, Belgium, and France as well, for the use of the Red Cross in their war-relief program in Europe. His books are standard records upon social problems. But since that day, thirty-six years ago, when as a young college graduate he chose the new profession of social work as his life-work, the happiness and welfare of children have been his main interest.

THE Association which he heads has tuberculosis and mental hygiene departments. It teaches the handicapped how to earn their living. Its range covers the whole state—the slums of New York City, the little manufacturing towns north and west, tiny isolated villages, desolate mountain communities, and prosperous cities from Albany to Niagara Falls. But perhaps it is natural that no part of its huge program is so appealing as that with children. Part of that work is helping mothers who wish to keep their babies—obtaining employment for girls and women who have children, and wish to keep and support them. But youngsters like Robert have not even a mother, not a living human, to care for them. There are other children, for whom it would be a happier thing were they motherless, fatherless. It is their twisted little lives that are brought to Homer Folks and his staff, and they build results which would seem incredible were there not the substantiated facts, the living people, to prove each story a true story. He does so by finding for these children homes, and mothers, such as were found for the baby Robert years ago.

It is necessary to bear in mind the sort of children they are, and their background. Some are infants left in boarding-rooms, hospitals, and dark alleyways. Some are discovered in lonely farm houses, with parents unfit to have their guardianship. Mr. Folks's workers have found out, as have all social workers, that vice and cruelty flourish in the sunlight of the country as lustily as in the towns. The babies they find are truly the "despised and the rejected," little creatures who have never had the first heritage of childhood—gentleness, peace, love.

No responsible community accepts poorhouse care for children now, not even for its "least desirable." In most states there are public funds set aside to be given to widowed, poor, or deserted mothers, that they may keep their homes together, and their children under the mother's care. That is because, after all the wise things have been said by educators and child-experts, they come to one conclusion. A child must have opportunity for play, for health, for education. But above all else he needs what one who loved children best once described in a phrase used elsewhere: "The greatest of these is love." It is accepted now that a child needs the personal interest and affection of a good mother, the warmth and love of a home. That, above all else, makes fine men and admirable women.

They call it by a technical name: "Placing children in foster homes." But to forty hundred children that phrase means a quiet house that is clean and happy and secure, and a woman with understanding eyes, and a firm friendly voice that answers, when one calls "Mother." For, of the four thousand boys and girls he has placed in "foster homes," about half have already been taken into the family "for keeps," legally adopted as sons and daughters.

In the fall of 1924, Mr. Folks published a report on their "child-placing" work. Miss Sophie van Senden Theis, a Vassar graduate, and in charge of this department for fifteen years, made a complete survey of 910 "foster children" who are now past eighteen.

Have these "foster children" made good?

Of the nine hundred and ten who are now grown-up men and women, Miss Theis found that eighty-seven per cent have become worth while men and women—that means practically, nine out of every ten.

Two hundred and seventeen were foundlings, nothing known of their families. Of the entire number, approximately nine in every ten came from "bad" homes, homes in which either surroundings, mother, or father, were undesirable. Half the children were taken away from homes in which both parents were "bad." Mr. Folks made it clear what was meant by "bad"—the father was either alcoholic, lazy, or did not support his family; the mother was shiftless, immoral, or alcoholic. Certainly those of us taught to believe in heredity would find in children such as these very unpromising material for adoption.

However, Mr. Folks insists definitely that this study of their foster children does not answer the question of the relative value of heredity and environment.

WHAT Mr. Folks feels he can answer, however, is what happened to these children, almost a thousand of them—in spite of the most defective heredity, and after the most inauspicious environment—when once they were given a chance to enjoy a home and the influence of good parents. Like plants, they needed only repotting in good soil.

"This report," says Mr. Folks, "shows many instances in which a strong and sympathetic adult personality seems to have entirely changed the trend of a child's development, and to have been stronger than the inherited tendencies and the early environment put together, at least up to the age which these children had reached when the study was made, namely—eighteen to forty years of age."

Some of the stories show how the change came. There is Sally. Sally was found in a family of four sickly, bruised, starved children, neglected by their mother, brutally treated by their father. For Baby Sally, who was only four years old, a cultured, beautiful woman one day made application at the hospital. Sally is eighteen now. She has just completed a year in a girls' finishing school in New England. She has all the high-bred, distinctive ways of her foster-mother, whom she is said to resemble, in her lovely height, her poise, and her gift for music.

In another part of the State lives John T——, who was found one morning twenty-two years ago on a bundle of hay near a deserted barn; his parents have never been discovered. John graduated from grammar school, but he likes farming, and he works with his "father," for he was adopted by the people who found him. It is understood that naturally the farm is to be "Son's," some day, when he has children of his own.

On another farm lives Lillian, who was picked up one night, twenty-five years ago, by a policeman who came upon the little girl sound asleep on a bench. Her mother had left her forever that night. But Lillian has been for twenty-four years the daughter of a couple who own a little store in a small town, and who live and build their dreams about "Sister" and her new baby.

"The larger number of the children," says Mr. Folks, "do not make their success in a spectacular way. They become, for the most part, that best part of American life—the workers. They are farmers, mechanics, houseworkers, office-workers. A number of them are married and have children of their own. Many are supporting their foster-parents in their old age, as they would their own parents."

The story of Christine is characteristic, Christine, whose mother had tried four times to kill her before she was a month old. At eighteen months Christine was adopted by a simple, wholesome, country-couple who said they wanted a daughter. It is the country people who are so generous in opening their hearts and their homes to friendless children; it is they who oftenest effect the magical change made in these small lives. Christine grew into a healthy, rosy girl in her new home, robust and sane and sweet, like one of the apples her foster-father grew and sold. Then one day he died. The mother broke down under the tragedy, and it was Christine who took charge of the family's affairs, who has been managing the estate, whose steady eyes survey and command, who cares for "mother." She had planned to go to the State University, but she cheerfully holds an office-job, and is studying at home. She's twenty-one only, she points out, and "there's lots of time for everything." Of course she knows she is an adopted child, but that has made no difference in her loyalty, as it made none all through the years in her foster-parents' love for her.

A more remarkable story is that of Ethel, who at ten lived in her own home with a father who was a drunkard, a mother, uncles, and aunts, known as the worst members of the community. Surely nothing less promising could have been chosen than Ethel, whom the Smiths consented to "try" when they came to ask for a "little girl ten years old, old enough to be company for Ma there." But, at fifteen, Mr. Folks's visitor heard, Ethel had completed grade school, with "Pa's help evenings." At sixteen Ethel held a job. She's been promoted twice in two years by her chief, earns twenty-two dollars a week, and is a self-reliant, honest girl, popular in the little town where her foster-parents live, and the center of their home. It is hard to believe that eight years ago the pleasant girl who lives a simple, happy life in a home where work and plain comfort are the precepts, was living in that other household. She's just an "average nice girl," this Ethel whom the Smiths have made their daughter.

However, the end is not accomplished so

simply as would seem by the phrase "finding the right home for a child." It means care, patience, wisdom, and the most delicate gauging of child, parents, and community, for Mr. Folks's staff, to find that home. Even after the home is found for a child, and the foster-parents declare they wish legally to adopt the youngster, a whole year must pass before they may do so. In that year the most exact supervision is held over the child by Mr. Folks's visitor, that there may be unquestioned certainty that the child and the home really "belong together."

But whether the child remains a "foster-child," or is legally adopted, the procedure at the beginning is the same. "Every child," said Mr. Folks, "is first held by us, treated and cared for until he is well and strong. Mental and physical tests are made which help us to determine, in a measure, the sort of home, and the kind of environment, for which each child seems best suited.

"It is surprising how many requests for the children come. Parents of an only child, who want a companion for it; parents whose children have died and who want another to fill the empty place in their homes; childless people; mothers and fathers whose own youngsters have grown up and who want a baby in the house, are among those who come to us. Girls are adopted much oftener than boys, and babies readily find homes.

"If every foundling, every deserted child, were a little baby girl between the ages of two and three, with curly yellow hair and blue eyes, the work of finding foster-homes would be much simplified," he smiled. "But homes must be found for boys as well as girls, for older children, even for boys and girls of ten or more. After the application for a child is filed, we send a trained investigator to investigate the home, the neighborhood, and the entire background of the applicant for the child. Only after we are completely and unqualifiedly certain that it is wise do we place a boy or girl in it."

Wealth is not found to be a decisive factor in the choice of a foster-home, but there are qualities which Mr. Folks expects each foster-home to possess. It must have peace and serenity. The home in which bickering and quarreling exist is not one in which children flourish. The mother must approximate the age the "real" mother would be.

The aim is to place a child in as advantageous atmosphere as possible. But the great number of people who helped make the successful lives of those foster-children have been folks of simple education. Many were farm-people. They were average Americans; they could offer nothing more than the average American home.

"It is almost certain," says Mr. Folks, "that the part played by the foster-parents, particularly the mother, is immeasurable, in the lives of the children. Several of our foster-parents have been people with understanding and advantages above the average. But we have found that simple people of little education may give their children as good a chance as homes of a higher level. And some of our boys and girls brought up in the plainest way have proved as competent and as worthwhile as if they had been given greater advantages."

To have foster children turn out well nothing more extraordinary is needed than the unpretentious atmosphere of the ordinary American family-life.

HUNDREDS of children have been made, and are being made, citizens and workers and leaders, in the four walls of the simplest American homes. It is not without interest to know that those children taken into these homes—even those who remain "foster-children" and are never legally adopted—are cared for, clothed, educated, trained for professions and trades, at the expense of the foster-parents. Whether legally adopted or not, they are invariably "part of the family" in every way.

Lest it appear that only the child and the community receive the blessings that come from this work, part of a letter from "Dr. Harrison" (not his real name, of course) may be quoted. Dr. Harrison and his wife took their daughter from a foundling asylum ward, and named her Helen after the baby they had lost. Dr. Harrison, in a recent letter to Mr. Folks's office, wrote of a conversation between two girls at the college, who said: "Helen Harrison's brilliant, a shark in economics, and all that. What would you expect? She's Professor Harrison's daughter." And at the end of his letter Dr. Harrison added: "Indeed she is in deepest ways our daughter, in our love, and in our life as she has enriched it by coming into it."

We on the outside may marvel and see humanity salvaged. Scientists may seek to find in the lives of these children data for the problem of the superior influence of heredity or environment. To the small child, however, there is only one thing obvious and interesting. The tall man with the gray hair, Mr. Folks, and those who work with him, know what it is: The child cares only whether he is wanted, protected. The social and scientific problems he represents may go by for all he even knows of them.

What he does know is enough. Has he not folks to be loved by—and to love?

And that is what those who take these forlorn little people into their lives and homes seem to find enough, too. They feel as did the poet Mr. Folks spoke of—Masefield—who said:

He who gives a child a treat
Makes joy-bells in Heav'n ring;
But he who gives a child a home
Builds palaces in Kingdom Come.

He Pays Fortunes for Books

[*Continued from page 86*]

their entirety, libraries valued into the millions of dollars. Then, he was but a curious student. Now, according to informed reports, he is the biggest buyer of books in the United States, England, France, Italy, or any other European country.

His most sensational exploit to date is, of course, his purchase of the famous Gutenberg Bible for $106,000 at a book auction this February. For four hundred and fifty years these two famous calf bound volumes had been owned by the Benedictine Monastery of Melk, Austria, and their odd pages of dark and shapely type are as glossy and crisp and clean as if they had come only recently from a publisher. In the opinion of experts this sale marks the highest price ever paid for any book in the history of book-collecting, and comes close to putting this vocation in the category of "big business."

This particular Bible, of which there are only four other copies in private hands in the world, really marks the beginning of printing. For its appearance was what demonstrated the practicability of Gutenberg's new invention. It is over four hundred and seventy years old, having been printed in Mainz, shortly after 1450, by Johannes Gutenberg, the inventor of movable type. There hovers a romance about this book associated with no other. For the whole of the Reformation has the printed Bible as its background.

LITTLE did young Rosenbach at that first book auction in Philadelphia dream that he was to purchase what will probably be the last perfect copy of the world's most famous book ever put up at auction. But even at his first sale he showed his mettle. That he had the temperament of a genuine collector, and so was able to understand the collectors who later became his clients, is demonstrated by his tenacity of the find for which he had paid a fraction of a dollar. Seasoned bookmen tried to get the *Prologue* from him by offering considerably more than its weight in gold. Even in those days, when prices for rare books were less fabulous than now, he was offered five thousand dollars. "A terrible temptation to a young student!" confesses Doctor Rosenbach.

"I have always refused to part with it," he added the other day, when he was interviewed on the second floor of his shop in Walnut Street, Philadelphia, where, one book-writing collector has said, he "has a stock of rare books unequalled by any other dealer in this country."

"I trust it will always remain in my private collection," he concluded.

It was a fit beginning for the career of a bookseller, of whom Joseph Pennell speaks approvingly as making more money by the sale of one book than ordinary booksellers make in the course of a year's business; and whom A. Edward Newton, in his distinguished *Amenities of Book Collecting and Kindred Affections*, describes as "the most scholarly bookseller in this country today." "Don't," advises Mr. Newton, "expect to 'discover' anything at Rosenbach's except how ignorant you are. Rosy does all the discovering himself."

The stage was well set for Doctor Rosenbach to begin his business, which he did immediately upon receiving a degree as Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Pennsylvania in 1901. There had been founded a publishing business in Philadelphia in 1778, by Jacob Johnson, a business that was still intact and in the possession of an uncle of Doctor Rosenbach, Moses Pollock, to whom it had descended. Mr. Pollock dealt in books relating to America, known technically as Americana.

It was part of this uncle's stock that Doctor Rosenbach acquired in order to start business. Later the old firm was entirely merged with his own enterprise, so that the great bookselling business of today is directly in line with the original one founded in 1778.

"It is curious to note," the doctor relates, "that some of the books published by Jacob Johnson remained unsold and are still in our possession. Some are now worth considerable money, while others are about as unsaleable as when they came from the press in the days of the Revolution."

The chief factor in the business that has brought Doctor Rosenbach his fame could not have been transmitted by inheritance, nor even by heredity. Continual study is the price of success in knowing books, and the perils of "flunking" a lesson are severe. When, as often happens, a dealer spends several thousand dollars for one yellowed book, it is a grievous thing to learn afterward that the volume has no value, or practically no value as a collector's item. And to the uninitiated or sometimes to the initiated eye, a worthless volume looks but little different from one of great value. Dealers themselves occasionally lose out.

Whether Doctor Rosenbach has ever lost out, he did not say, although he remarked that collecting is "a great sporting proposition, and the quest for rare volumes more fascinating and exciting, and quite as dangerous as a lion or tiger hunt." Later, he explained that the danger of paying too much was the peril to which he referred.

Doctor Rosenbach has twice established

records for the highest price paid for a single English book. In both cases it was for the first edition of Shakespeare's works, the First Folio, printed in London in 1623. He has an interesting prediction to make, further, about the future price that will be paid for such a volume—a prediction out of the ordinary, for it is founded on special knowledge that will cause such book-collectors as read this to receive it as gospel truth.

"I believe," Doctor Rosenbach said carefully, "that in the near future a very fine copy of the First Folio will sell for more than $100,000, as nearly all the fine copies are now in public libraries and can never come upon the market.

"Being interested as a student in English literature," he said, "I always wanted to possess a copy of the first edition of Sheakespeare, the First Folio. It was printed seven years after the death of Shakespeare.

"In 1907 I made my first trip to England, making the voyage with Alfred Quaritch, the great English bookseller, one of my dearest friends. At the sale in London of the library of William C. Van Antwerp, he purchased for me at the then record price of thirty-six hundred pounds (about eighteen thousand dollars) this long desired volume, which is now one of the glories in the Harry Elkins Widener Memorial Library at Harvard.

"Fifteen years later, on May 16, 1922, we purchased the famous copy of the First Folio which belonged to Baroness Burdett-Coutts, for eighty-six hundred pounds (about forty-three thousand dollars). This remains to date the record price for the most famous of all English books. It is interesting to note that this volume brought seven hundred and sixteen pounds at a sale in 1864.

"Although most of our buying is done privately, from book-collectors or dealers," Doctor Rosenbach explained, "and often of volumes for which we have a specific demand from a client, we have in the last twenty years bought over fifteen great collections. Two of these, the library of Marsden J. Perry of Providence, R. I., and that of Louis Roederer, the champagne merchant of France, were valued at more than two million dollars. The collection of James W. Ellsworth, of New York, was another notable one. We prefer to buy whole libraries, rather than single volumes.

"Of course we have agents all over the world, and we receive catalogues from every portion of the globe, through which we keep tabs on discoveries or rare volumes that are available. Collectors, dealers, authors and literary people in general serve as our agents, and sometimes we find things in quite out of the way places.

"We found the Day Book kept by Benjamin Franklin when he was a printer in Philadelphia in an antique shop at Mount Holly, N. J. It contains the entries in Franklin's ledger, with the inscription of each pamphlet printed by him, the cost of the type, the cost of the paper, and so on. In an old house at Bordentown, N. J., we found some very early laws of the Colony that had remained unknown."

Doctor Rosenbach, incidentally, is a great believer in rare books going to public institutions. He shares the inexplicable passion for ownership of them which is constantly increasing the number of collectors in the United States, but he believes such volumes should always be available to students and scholars.

"The noble example of Mr. Henry E. Huntington in giving his library to the State of California, and of Mr. J. P. Morgan in giving his to the people of New York," he said, "places at the disposal of scholars a wealth of material. It is a real pity that the United States Government does not make a greater attempt to collect the early memorials and history of this country and its people.

"Book-collectors will make almost any sacrifice to obtain a desired volume," said the doctor. "They will borrow money to buy books. They will deprive their wives and daughters of spending money. I have known collectors who lived austerely, in order to accumulate on their shelves costly volumes that were worth fortunes.

"Although it is not a hobby to engage in for profit, book-collecting, nevertheless, has proved a wonderful investment. Even in panic years, such as 1907, when stocks and bonds are falling steadily, the auction prices of volumes rise. Men who could not realize on their securities in 1907 were able to get 100 per cent. or more for rare books, which sell as well in bad times as in good.

"The greatest collectors of the United States are W. A. White of Brooklyn, whose collection is early English, J. Pierpont Morgan, H. V. Jones of Minneapolis, William Andrews Clark, of Los Angeles, whose collection covers all periods of English literature from Chaucer to Conrad, H. C. Folger of New York, who collects Shakespeareana, and of course Henry E. Huntington. Harry Elkins Widener was one of the most intelligent collectors who has ever lived, and if he had survived would probably have become the greatest book-collector of all time. In fact he had a copy of Bacon's Essays, of the second edition, 1598, in his pocket when he went down on the *Titanic*.

"These are the big, the stupendous collectors, but there are a great many smaller ones, whose chief demand is for modern first editions.

"For example, people are collecting the first editions of Thomas Hardy, John Masefield, H. G. Wells, Rupert Brooke, Arnold Bennett, Bernard Shaw, Joseph Conrad, George Moore, Max Beerbohm, John Galsworthy, Rudyard Kipling, James Stephens, W. H. Hudson, Maurice Baring, Hugh Walpole, E. V. Lucas, Walter de la Mare, John Drinkwater, Christopher Morley, James Branch Cabell, Theodore Dreiser, Amy Lowell and many others. Men of moderate means cannot compete with collectors like Huntington and Morgan, so this is a way in which they may gratify their passion without too severe a tug on their purse strings."

First editions, it may be explained here, are just what their name indicates. They are the volumes comprised in the first edition of any new work that is run from the press. There may be a limited number of volumes in such an edition or the promise of the books may be such that a large number are printed. Sometimes errors in printing, which occur in certain volumes of a first edition and are later corrected, make the volumes printed first more valuable to a collector than those that are correct.

An expert book-collector must be acquainted with the dates and "points" of various editions of rare books, in order to know what estimate to place upon their value. He must also be thoroughly read in the literary history of the period concerned. Or he may engage an agent who has this knowledge, and depend upon his agent's advice. The latter course may be safer when there are involved large sums which might be endangered by amateur bargaining.

"America is in the position that England was in the Eighteenth Century, when collectors from Great Britian swarmed over Italy, France, and Spain, purchasing the greatest books and pictures that they could find—books and pictures which remain the great art treasures of England today. We are a creditor nation now, as England was then, and our people are making the Grand Tour and buying the greatest rarities. Good books have increased in value twenty-five per cent. since the close of the war.

"There is an increase in the number of collectors all over the country. There is quite a colony of enthusiasts in Texas and California, but there are some in every State in the Union.

"In the near future there will no longer be an opportunity to secure a manuscript of the Canterbury Tales, a complete Caxton (the first English printer) or a First Folio of Shakespeare."

THE intrinsic value of a writer and not altogether the rarity of the books themselves is the chief test of whether his books are worth collecting, according to Doctor Rosenbach. "A book may command a price on account of present vogue, or because it meets the public taste, but to keep up its value it must have inherent merit," he explains.

"On account of America's entrance into the war, and the increased interest in navigation, a great demand for naval books, prints and manuscripts has arisen. There is a demand for anything relating to the sea. While Shipping Board vessels are rotting in abandoned shipyards, ship models that used to be sold for a song, now bring thousands of dollars. Melville's *Moby Dick*, printed by Harper & Brothers, in 1851, could be bought for ten dollars ten years ago. Now it is worth more than one hundred dollars. The success of Joseph Conrad is due not only to his great ability, but also to the great interest in the subject matter of his stories, which is chiefly of the sea."

But here is a tip to writers who may take a cue from Doctor Rosenbach, and begin to turn out sea tales. Do not write them on a typewriter! Original manuscripts of great authors, written in ink, sometimes bring small fortunes at auctions, but no one, says the Doctor, will collect masterpieces that are typewritten. They lack the personal touch, which is so noticeable, for instance, in Oliver Goldsmith's letters.

Doctor Rosenbach's own collection of rare books covers a field, as might be expected, that other collectors have neglected. Of course his collection comprises many rare volumes of English literature, but his specialty is American children's books.

Booksellers, especially when sitting in auctions, strive as a rule to keep their identities and bids secret, though Doctor Rosenbach considers their strategems as of no value.

"It is better to bid quickly and concisely, without any attempt at concealment," he says. "In the London auctions the buyers sit about a long table, and each book put up is passed from hand to hand before it is knocked down. In America it is more theatrical, because there is a stage, and a flashlight is thrown on the volume as it is exhibited in front of the audience. Frequently the prices are much higher here than in England.

"American bookmen are quicker in their bids. The English always start at a low figure, even though the book will sell eventually for thousands of pounds. The Americans start quicker, that is, higher.

"Bids are not as a rule called out, although I think that would be better. The intending buyer signifies assent by a wave, a wink of the eyelash, by playing with a pencil, by putting his hand up to his coat lapel, or by some other signal that the auctioneer will recognize."

One may leave the doctor sitting in one of these auctions, where the drama is quiet and unnoticeable, but at which hundreds of thousands of dollars are bet upon the knowledge of the few men about the table. Or one may fancy him, as he appeared at the interviews that made this article possible, sitting straight and thoughtful in a period chair in his shop in Philadelphia, surrounded by the fruits of many such sales.

There is something timeless in either picture, for book-collecting and treasure hunting belong to the centuries.

She Bakes Cakes for Every Bride

[*Continued from page 136*]

Reared in Nashville, Tennessee, Mrs. Craig is typically Southern by birth, tradition and training. She frankly likes cake baking because it does not carry her into the business world. Thus she is able to live at her country place in Merriam, Kansas, and motor to the city for her baking where she has a house and an oven.

"I fear I am too much of a clinging vine at heart to crave a regular nine to five job and active competition with business men," she admits. "I wanted something that would permit me to stay at home with my husband and son. After all—cakes are a woman's specialty, and I am only capitalizing what our mothers and grandmothers have been doing for generations. The purely commercial side of it never would have appealed to me, but I have always had a passion for color ever since I was a little girl, and my idea of Utopia was to wear something like a pink shroud and sit on an opalescent cloud in a bright blue sky. In every cake I can satisfy the craving that most of us women have in our hearts for something that is dainty and delicious and lacy and delicate.

"The real beginning of my career was very prosaic. While my young son was away at school I took a few lessons in the use of frostings and icings just to give me something to do. My teacher, by the way, was Betty Lyle Wilson, the famous caterer of the White House cakes who had made the White House Christmas fruit-cakes ever since Roosevelt's administration. On the day my son returned I made a cake in his honor, and a neighbor who sampled it asked if I would not make a big wedding-cake for her young niece. I refused, of course, saying that I had never done anything on so large a scale, but she insisted that it was no harder to bake a cake for two hundred people than for twenty. I had no conception of the requisite number of eggs or butter or the size of the pans needed to supply so many people. I was ten miles in the country with no one but a negro boy to help me. Between us we got the batter into the pans. Dampers and drafts were mysteries to me then, but I just sat on a stool in front of the oven and trusted to Providence. As I am now making thousands of dollars a year on my cakes he—or she—is evidently still on my side.

"From that first cake the orders came in steadily. My friends called on me for wedding and birthday cakes for their children, and due to their kind words, I have never had to do any actual advertising. I deliver directly to the customers, and my cakes can go out anywhere in the state within easy shipping distance.

"My first cakes were not always successful. Eggs and butter react differently to their environment just as human beings do, and sometimes no one can predict accurately whether a cake will rise or fall. Then when they were finished, they were sometimes disappointing in appearance. I remember one ambitious cake I shed tears over because after I had decorated it with graduated hearts, it looked like nothing so much as an Ohio River steamboat without the whistle! The wedding was to be that afternoon, and I was in despair. So I took some little wires, covered them with green icing, and hung lilies-of-the-valley all over to break the harsh outline."

June is still the most popular month for brides, according to the marriage records, and September and October follow closely in its wake. Nor have the rising tide of divorces or the high cost of living impaired the demand for wedding-cakes. The good old tradition still lives, and in many households bridesmaids still sleep on bits of Mrs. Craig's confection, fully convinced that their dreams will come true. Brides cherish bits of her cake done up in tin foil, long after their second and third babies have arrived and grown up into school children. In the twelve years she has been making them, fashions in wedding-cakes have varied as have styles in hats. One year they would be draped in tulle, another year in silver bugles, sometimes in bells or doves, then again in white ribbons. The rainbow motif is the most popular at present, she asserts.

She also claims that there is nothing noteworthy about her profession, and that any woman with a knack for cooking can undertake it.

"Heaven knows I had no particular training," she explains. "I was about as useless and frivolous as the average Southern girl who doesn't have to earn her living. Of course I liked to cook or I never would have succeeded, but sometimes I am amused myself when I think that a hobby which I took up just to pass the time has proved so absorbing and so profitable. Birthday cakes are a part of my job, too, and when you consider that every day of the year some one is being married or born, and that the majority of the human race make a festivity out of these two events, you can see the endless possibilities of the work. Then, too, after you have studied cake-making from the ground up, and built mere eggs, flour, and butter into a work of art, after you have learned the chemistry of cooking, concocted new recipes, and improved the old, mastered the trick of making attractive icings, and from sugar and the whites of eggs have learned to build castles and swans and cupids and pink doves—you find that all cooking ceases to be a drudgery and becomes a joy.

"I am convinced that many women all over the country feel as I do and are anxious to find some way of earning money without leaving home. Moreover—there is a certain joy about weddings that never fades no matter how many you have attended or how many brides you have seen, and to be responsible for as important a part of the event as the bridal cake—no woman can resist the thrill of it! Nor would I be human if I didn't like a job that allowed my own hours and independence. I work only on consignment, so when there are no weddings in prospect I can travel or take my leisure. When a cake is once ordered, I attend to many details personally, and the nervous strain doesn't relax from the minute I break the first egg until the cake is completed and sitting on the wedding table."—BEATRICE WASHBURN.

The One Who Gets Slapped

[*Continued from page 34*]

every reason to believe purported to be "The Old Gray Mare"—terribly spavined from a musical standpoint—the driver shouted "Tree." One of the fill-in clowns on the outside seat of the second row atop the wagon failed to hear the warning and was struck in the face by a fair-sized limb of a low-spreading tree.

Boys and girls on the sidewalk howled in high glee.

"See," said Pete. "The clown got slapped. To make it all the funnier, he got slapped unexpectedly. It couldn't have been funnier unless he had broken his neck.

"Once in an Ohio town, a clown was lifted clear of the clown band wagon by a heavy cable strung low across the street. It caught him under the chin as he sat on the back seat of the wagon. How the punks howled!

"All punks, and most grown-ups reason, 'You can't hurt him because he's a clown.'

"Sometimes, these scared punks, as they get older and discover that we never get down off the clown wagon while on parade, recover from their fear. Learning that we won't hurt them, they become real brave and decide to get back at us for scaring them all those years.

"There are at least two towns in the South where the punks' idea of clowning with the clowns is to throw brickbats at us as we ride through the streets."

ANOTHER interruption while "In the Good Old Summer Time" was rendered or rended. It takes more than one swallow to make a summer, and it takes more than one faithful cornet among a dozen brazen trombones to make an "In the Good Old Summer Time."

"Once," said Pete, "I was parading with a troupe in a Middle Western city when the roof of a parade wagon caved in with a band.

"That was in the days when most of the menagerie wagons were boarded up during the parade. It so happened that this wagon was the traveling home of three very robust lions. When the dozen clowns went crashing to the floor of the cage-wagon, I don't know who were worse scared—lions or musicians.

"At any rate, it was a great joke on the clowns.

"But to get back to the punks and the clowns, there are at least three towns on almost any circus route where the kids prepare weeks in advance to give a royal welcome to the clowns.

"When the clown band wagon rolls along the street, the kids let go at us with bent pins, fired by means of a gum-band, wrapped about two fingers as a sling-shot. When those bent pins hit you, they sting as though you had been shot by a bullet. Oh, boy! What fun that is for the punks! Clowning with the clowns."

More music, at the conclusion of which Pete spotted an Italian restaurant.

"I've been on the trail of spaghetti for a week," he said. "Tonight we'll drop in and visit that bird on the way to the coaches."

The parade was countermarching in Superior Street, for the return to the lot. It was a long parade haul—eight miles into town and back—but the baggage stock, patient, steady, good-natured, stepped out briskly as only circus horses can; the fan wheels rumbled, and from behind one could hear the blare of the side-show band and still farther back, the screaming steam calliope. Most of the towns and cities on the lakes are but a few blocks wide and miles long. This means a heavy haul for parade. In Duluth, the inspiriting procession left the lot at nine-thirty o'clock and did not get back until after twelve.

As we rolled out of the main business section, the clown band "tunes" became less frequent, and Pete told me more about towner kids from the clown's standpoint.

"Another bit of fun encountered usually on the Fourth of July is the kid's practice of tossing lighted firecrackers on top of the band wagon.

"Sometimes they make a direct hit, so to speak, and that is a time for every one to die laughing. The horses may run away, the wagon upset, and the clowns be maimed or killed, but—you can't hurt a clown. Haven't we been shot from cannons? Haven't we been knocked down by slapsticks? Haven't we been gorged by 'property' bulls? Nipped by alligators? Fallen off trapezes twice daily, rain or shine? Doused with ice-water? Wrecked in collapsible automobiles? Flattened by steam rollers? Haven't we exploded cannon crackers under each other? Ah, you can't hurt us—we're clowns and made out of different stuff from humans! Ha! Ha! Ha! And a couple of tigers!"

We were nearing the outskirts of Duluth, now, and the magic city of canvas—more wonderful than the palace Aladdin and his genii wrought overnight for his princess—loomed against the mountain-side.

As we passed a parked automobile whose family tree was directly traceable to Detroit, Michigan, a little girl looked up at Pete, clapped her hands and let out a whoop of wonder and delight. Her father, a stolid individual, whose life must have been a prosaic procession of farm duties, grinned broadly, and there was much of the wonder of a child in his tired eyes.

Pete shouted some tomfoolery at him, and I know that for the moment, the farmer had forgotten that his mortgage payment was due next month, that rust was threatening his wheat and that he had just lost a prized cow which had to be replaced. He was just a "punk" again, come to town to see the parade, just as years ago, he had come to town in the high-seated spring wagon, when the man had shouted to his father. "Watch your horses—the elephants are coming."

"Not that I mind the kids that try to clown with us," said Pete. "It's all part of the game—part of the clown business. You've got to get slapped by another clown, a dummy lion, bull, alligator, or something."

The parade was passing a hospital. Nurses and some of the convalescent patients were out on the lawn near the sidewalk.

In a wheel-chair sat a little girl with thick, golden curls and a pale, wasted face. She gasped with joy at sight of the clowns.

Pete Mardo waved at her, and she—a wondrous smile erasing the traces of suffering from her thin face—threw him a kiss.

"That's part of the game, too," he said, and his voice was very good to hear.

A little farther on the clown band wagon passed a group of young women standing on the steps of a garment factory.

"Ever notice," asked Pete, "that a red-haired girl always keeps herself looking neat as a pin?"

I was forced to admit I had never remarked the fact.

"Well, they do," said Pete. "Observe them from now on, and see if I'm not right."

And I have observed them in all propriety since, and Pete's observation was accurate.

The first time I met Pete Mardo was in Clown Alley. He had applied the clown white and was blocking and lining with grease paint, preparatory to a walk-around in a big, green watermelon. Eddie Jackson, the press agent, had introduced me as a gentleman of the press.

Gentlemen of the press are always shown every courtesy in Clown Alley, as, for that matter, are all visitors. Pete answered the few questions I put to him, assuming, no doubt, that I was from a local newspaper.

THE next afternoon, standing in the padroom, I fell to chatting with a well-dressed chap whose highly intelligent observations, sensitive mouth, and serious eyes led me to wonder why, if I had met him before, I had not taken better mental note of him.

After we had talked for some time, he sensed the fact that there was something wrong.

"I guess I have the better of you," he said. "I'm Mardo, I was climbing into a property watermelon for a walk-around when you met me yesterday."

We talked of books and people and the news of the day. The conversation turned to fishing.

Had I ever fished? I had. For trout? Yes. It appeared it was his life's ambition to kill a rainbow trout.

And kill one he did. The thing happened in the American Soo in the rapids back of the locks. He had just bought a new wooden plug, some three inches long, which for color rivaled the heavenly phenomenon from which the great species of trout is named.

Along about the fifth cast, after he had reeled the gleaming plug about ten feet, something struck it. At first Pete thought the great Soo locks must have broken. Then began a battle royal, and just as the air calliope was giving the evening concert on the circus lot—always Pete's cue to disjoint his rod and strike for Clown Alley—his wish was a fish. It was an altogether beautiful specimen of rainbow trout, weighing four and one-half pounds. As for its length over all, Pete can show you with his hands.

From that time forward, during my visit with one of the last of the independent circuses of America, one that goes back to the days of the old road shows that footed it across country, I rode daily with Pete Mardo atop the clown band wagon in the parade. I went fishing with him at the Ford hydro-electric plant on the Menominee River whose left bank at Iron Mountain is Michigan, and whose right bank is Wisconsin.

The day we fished it, we must have been in the wrong State. While two men on the Wisconsin side were hauling in bass at surprisingly regular intervals, Pete and I were losing expensive plugs, snagging our lines, or falling over the rocks of the Michigan shore.

"I always figure fishing is like anything else," he said as we rode back to the circus lot. "For this day of snagged lines, skinned knees, and wet feet, there will be another day of fast strikes, big kills—maybe, even a rainbow trout.

"And if there is a rainbow trout day, then there will be a day some time later when I'll be lucky if I don't lose my rod or my shirt.

You can always depend on the law of compensation, whether you're clowning, or fishing, or writing."

Sure enough, it was but a few days later that Pete killed that first rainbow trout.

Pete Mardo has been trouping with the circus—with the exception of six years spent in business—since he ran away from home as a boy and started in as an amateur acrobat almost thirty years ago. He has performed with several inches of snow covering the big top. He has come through tornados that reduced the big top to shreds. Wrecks, fires, clems, run-offs, blow-downs—all come within the realm of his experiences. During this time he has been with all kinds of circuses from Ringling-Barnum to little road shows that toured only in the sticks.

HIS only regret is the six years he spent away from the tops. Auto-intoxication—a very serious case of it—finally drove him back into the profession.

"Once a trouper, always a trouper," he told me. "It gets into your blood, this gypsying, with the smell of sawdust, the blare of the band, the flap of the canvas, the dependable cookhouse, and the allure of 'the next town.'"

Pete took up fishing four seasons ago, for the same reason men of other professions or business take it up. He wanted to get his mind off his work.

And don't for one minute think that a producing clown's work doesn't keep his mind fairly well occupied during his waking hours.

Responsibility rests rather heavily on a producing clown. Not only must he be constantly on the lookout for new ideas for himself—it is also his job to furnish laughable antics, walk-arounds, run-arounds, and gags for the men in his employ. For it is the producing clown, not the circus management, who hires the "fill-in" Joeys, also known as the First of Mays or Johnny Come Latelies.

A good producing clown must be many things besides a man with a funny make-up, a bizarre raiment, and splayed feet. In the first place, he must be a keen observer of human nature and a past master in crowd psychology.

He is given but a minute or so to carry his gag to thousands of persons, to make them see the point of his gag and get a laugh from it. He must give the crowd something unexpected, but at the same time obvious, clean, and spontaneous.

To do the walk-arounds and run-arounds with property paraphernalia, and the antics before the starbacks, he must be both an athlete and an acrobat.

No one but an expert mechanic could develop the properties and dummies used in clown gags, so that ludicrous situations may be presented in the arena wherein bulls are cut in two, crocodiles and tigers pursue the funny men, farmers, armed with shotguns, chase human watermelons, automobiles collapse or run forward or backward at beck and call.

The watermelon with which Pete Mardo wins laughs twice daily is ribbed at both ends after the fashion of an umbrella. The ribs collapse, and the watermelon—at least five feet long and three feet in diameter—folds into a neat little package which occupies but a small corner of his property trunk.

Pete made the watermelon himself. All he started with was the idea that the kids of these United States might see something funny in a rustic trying to make away with a watermelon twice as large as himself, while the irate owner of the melon patch sought to overtake him, or at least get within shotgun range. For there are but few kids or grown-ups who haven't been caught in the melon patch.

Most producing clowns make their own dummies and other properties. So they must be cabinet makers, moulders, painters, seamstresses, and all-around tinkerers.

Patience is another requisite of the producing clown. Time no end is required to prepare the physical aspects of a gag for the public. And when the thing is ready for the hippodrome track, there is a very good chance that it may be a flop.

Several years ago, when a certain popular automobile was the butt of about two out of every three American jokes, Pete had an idea. The idea entailed considerable expenditure, as even a producing clown cannot be expected to manufacture an automobile—parts and all.

For several months during the winter season, Pete busied himself with what appeared to be a sure-fire laugh getter—expensive but worth the expenditure as it would undoubtedly pay big dividends in laughs.

Finally, the gag was ready for the public. The circus left winter quarters, and Pete was all eagerness to spring the gag, which he had guarded more carefully than a military secret.

The cue in the music came and Pete and his fill-ins started around the hippodrome track, stopping in front of the "starbacks" (the reserved seats) with a huge machine, which appeared to be a cross between a concrete mixer and a sausage grinder.

The fill-in clowns began feeding great quantities of tomato cans, salmon cans and peach cans into the maw of the infernal machine. Then Pete pulled a lever and out popped a miniature replica of the automobile which has made walking seem expensive.

Pete cocked his ears for the deadening roars of laughter, confident they would roll down the starbacks and the blues and inundate the miniature automobile, born of tomato cans, and a clown's ingenuity.

The spectators could not have laughed less had they not seen the gag.

All but stunned, Pete ran the miniature model back into the rolling factory, and the gag was tried again a little farther down the hippodrome track.

Again the chagrin of a silent reception by the spectators. Pete had misfired. He estimated later that the laughs he got from his tin can automobile factory cost him about fifty dollars each, if yóu leave out the laughs his wife got out of the gag beforehand.

Mrs. Mardo—Florence Harris Mardo, mistress of the high-school horses and high-jumpers—always laughs at all of Pete's gags. When this particular one flopped, it was Mrs. Mardo who convinced Pete that it was over the heads of the towners.

And so Pete pocketed his loss, swallowed his disappointment, and patiently went to work developing another idea which did get laughs.

IT WAS along about that time he conceived his famous flower gag. It brought laughs galore at a financial outlay of a dollar or so. Pete, in faultless attire, passed along in front of the reserved seats and the blues, carrying a bunch of very beautiful flowers. At intervals, espying a comely damsel in the front row, he would bow and present her with one of the beautiful blooms—almost.

For just as she reached toward it, and grasped the stem, Pete would slide his hand up to the flower, leaving the expectant young lady holding a small stick in her hand, while Pete carefully placed the bloom on another artificial stem, and solemnly proceeded to the next tier.

Pete has used this gag for several seasons now, and it still goes big in every town.

It is built on the same principle as the famous picture gag. You recall the photographer who would stand the gullible young swain and his lady fair in the center of the hippodrome track, spending fifteen or twenty minutes in posing them for a free photograph. Then the photographer would disappear, and the bumpkin and his bride-to-be would stand in an awkward and rather compromising posture for another ten minutes before discovering that they were the cause of the uproar from the seats.

Pete, who conceived and put on the gag of the inebriated man in evening clothes doing a walk-around with a lamp-post, told me that prohibition has had no effect on gags dealing with the man who drinks well but not wisely. In other words, town inebriates are just as familiar figures to the kids of today as they were to the kids of ante-prohibition days. And when the word kids is used, it means persons young enough to enjoy a good circus.

Topical gags are to be avoided where possible, as their very timeliness causes them to die quickly.

Gags establishing personal contact between the clowns and the spectators must be carefully chosen and produced, as the clowns realize that, after all, the spectators are the real salary-payers. Nothing of an offensive nature is ever used by a first-class producing clown.

Pete Mardo bases most of his clown gags on actual human experiences. And since all grown-ups have been kids—and few kids have ever been grown-ups—he finds much of his laugh material in the experiences of boys, knowing that if he has a gag which will make kids laugh, his battle is won, as the grown-ups will hark back to their childhood, too, and laugh the more heartily.

There are a few elemental gags which never cease to be funny in the eyes of the towner. The slapstick, wielded against another Joey from an unsuspected quarter, the bucket of cold water that spills from the ridge of the tent to drench a dude clown, or the clown cop who falls over the ring curb while pursuing a fleet-footed miscreant—these gags are always dependable. They never grow old.

But in framing new gags, the producing clown never knows what will succeed, or fail dismally.

One of Pete's gags which always gets a laugh is his falling-trousers stunt. At one time or another, nearly every man has had hard luck with his suspenders and found himself in a very embarrassing position. Pete does a walk-around in a boiled shirt, a high hat, black coat and a pair of trousers which give every indication they have broken from their moorings and are about to leave their owner. Concealed safety-pins save the day, but the spectators are certain the trousers are about to play a trick on Pete, and the laughs are plentiful.

One day, while doing a walk-around, the safety-pin proved anything but safe and as Pete made a grab for his trousers, the audience laughed more than usual, for there was a look on Pete's face, and a panicky something about that grab for his trousers that was funnier by reason of its spontaneity than any studied action could have been.

ONE of the things about Pete that surprised me at first, was the seriousness with which he regards his profession. The problem of new gags is almost constantly on his mind. He never reads a book, sees a picture, witnesses a street incident that he doesn't seek to turn it to account under the big top. In a loose-leaf book he carries in his trunk are hundreds of ideas which he has gathered in just the last few months. On certain of the pages of that interesting book are sketches of the property that would be necessary to present this or that idea in gag form.

It is this constant questing for fun material that has led Pete to find an avocation which will enable him to "get away from his work" for a couple of hours a day. Hence the costly tackle, the advance information on fishing water in the next town, and the hurried supper in the cookhouse directly after the matinée is ended, that every possible minute may be put in at Pete's favorite sport. Needless to say fishing has grown popular with the other clowns, and the padroom now boasts an Izaak Walton Club, of which Pete is the acknowledged president. After I had lost fifty yards or so of line, half a dozen hooks and a dollar plug in the Menominee, and gotten lost myself in the next town, Pete made me a charter member of the club.

From Pete I learned that whether one is fishing, on the way to the lot, or walking to the coaches, it is not ethical for a circus performer to fraternize with the towners. In all the time I was with the circus, I never knew Pete to have anything to do with a single person not "with it." Other performers of the big top had the same view of fraternizing outside their own profession.

This aloofness, I learned, is one of the oldest traditions of the big top, dating back to the days of the traveling caravan shows and the round-tops which sheltered but one ring from the elements and the curious gazes of the lot-warmers. A lot-warmer, be it known, is a person who wanders about the big circus lot, listening to the bally-hoos, getting a free earful of the free band music, and peeping into this corner and that, without buying a ticket for the big show.

Naturally, lot-warmers are no more popular with circus folk than they would be if they cluttered up the aisles of a department store without making a purchase.

The aloofness of circus performers toward towners should not be misconstrued as an indication they are anti-social. They are, on the contrary, as sociable as their hurried, busy life permits. Whenever possible, they hold dances under the big top, organize beach parties—if there is a beach—and are as sociable among themselves as any community of three hundred and fifty or four hundred persons possibly could be.

There is, of course, some professional jealousy among performers—even in Clown Alley. But it is not so marked as among theatrical folk. And there is one characteristic of the circus performer that is universal—his or her willingness to help a newcomer to the white tops who is learning the profession.

As is pretty generally known by this time, the romances of the "Polly of the Circus" type, wherein the beautiful equestrienne marries the "towner" parson, are the exception rather than the rule.

It were more logical for the fat lady to marry the human skeleton and travel with him than to marry a towner and see him but three or four months out of the year. And just as the "strange people" intermarry to be together, so do the performers intermarry.

Thus a clown's wife may be the best horsewoman of the big top; the equestrian director's wife may work the elephants. The queen of the opening spectacle—who often does her own washing—may be the wife of the tight-wire sensation.

But to get back on top the clown wagon with Pete Mardo—where I belong.

The modern clown of the white tops has a much more difficult task than the mountebanks or court jesters of old. For the mountebanks could talk to their audiences, and the court jesters relied almost solely on their spoken wit for favor. The modern clown must make his appeal to the eye. Moreover, he must compete for attention with the man who slides down the wire on his head, the man working in a den of lions, or the dainty girl turning somersaults on the back of a prancing ring-horse.

Yet the modern clown must be holding his own in public favor. For while some of the circuses have done away with the parade, abolished trained wild-animal acts, and many other displays which have had an important part in the development of the American circus, there is not a chance that any circus ever will be foolish enough to endeavor to do away with the clowns.

The clowns are as essential to the big top as the elephants or the sawdust. They make it human.

Pete Mardo is one of the leading members of this honorable profession in America. He is temperate in all things, except in his eternal questing for new gags. He writes a letter every day to his wife, who this last season has been with another circus. He attends to his own business, and takes the muddy lots with the dry; the rainy days with the fair.

A PRODUCING clown must accept as part of his reward the laughter of little children—and old men—as well as good food, splendid health developed by the life in the open, and the comfortable traveling quarters where honest sleep is touchstone to a day of honest work. There is something else, too—the glamour, the smells, the noises—which probably hold more clowns and other troupers to the road than all other reasons.

Sometimes, for the clown, fame and fortune are just around the corner. Sometimes, the sawdust way leads to Broadway, as witness Pete's friend, Paul McCullough and McCullough's partner, Bobby Clark.

But even when it does not lead to fame, at least it leads out into the unknown, the next town.

And, to my way of thinking, there is something professionally eminent about a Pete Mardo who in a single season spreads a trail of laughter seventeen thousand miles long.

Prohibition Portia and Her Padlock

[*Continued from page 16*]

nemesis of rum-runners and bootleggers.

Men hurrying to Washington to "fix" things, found a soft-spoken woman with a sweet smile sitting tightly on the lid, as immovable as the Biblical rock.

"What's her price?"—a question asked time and again by those unenlightened males who believe every woman can be bought, is still unanswered. As can testify the millionaire bootleggers, captains of rum-running fleets, heads of the big liquor rings, and gentlemen tax-dodgers who are now cooling their heels in the Federal penitentiaries. All found their money and expensive legal aid unavailing, their machinations thwarted by the Master Mind of Mistress Portia!

Equally unavailing have been threats of physical violence. She has received all sorts of blood-curdling anonymous letters, but she goes on her serene, courageous way. Most of these menacing communications she no longer takes the trouble to read. The literary ingenuity of such folk has long since run so thin that it does not even amuse Mrs. Willebrandt any more.

AS AN individuality, she is a fascinating study; a combination of head, heart, and hand; a woman who thinks, feels, and executes. Hers is not the vivid, torch-bearing personality that usually goes with aggressiveness. On the contrary, she radiates an inexpressible fervor of serenity—the answer to why the fire and force of her spirit and energy do not burn up her vitality. One could never imagine her rattled or rushed.

Even her attire has an air of repose, of being artfully selected with an eye to her own peculiar style, rather than the mode of the moment. The dark, tailored suits with soft white waists she wears to her office are no more characterized by masculine severity than are her evening gowns by feminine flutter.

Two forces that go to the making of her impelling personality are her eyes and hands. Rarely are finer eyes seen in a woman's head—big, wide, deeply set, gray-blue eyes underlined with violet shadows and topped with quizzical eyebrows; lustrous eyes that shine like a pool in the desert sun, reflecting as little. They are eyes that probe to the inner meaning without betraying their findings.

Above is a placid brow, from which brown hair is brushed straight back and caught in a firm knot. The lower part of the face, with its high cheek-bones, square-set jaw, and dimpled chin, is somewhat contradictory. So, also, is her close-lipped mouth, promising justice rather than mercy until it broadens—and softens, in one of her flashing, understanding smiles.

Her hands are as intelligently alert, as full of strength and character as her face. They are large, masculine hands with long, feminine fingers, which she uses in a captivating, convincing manner. Fascinated, I watched her one night at an informal dinner tell off on one hand five reasons why a certain official then in the limelight did not fit into a certain niche. As the fifth finger lifted with its final summing and came down on the table, her hand closed with the rapidity and tenacity of a sprung mouse-trap. The argument was clinched. There was nothing that could be added. When Portia goes into court, she has her case grasped firmly in her hand. As she opens it, the legal lore and logic literally drip from her fingers. The drippings from these fingers have worn down the false testimony in a number of supposedly rock-ribbed rum cases!

There is nothing mysterious about Uncle Sam's leading legal lady. She is not a super-woman, but she is that new thing under the sun for which people have been half waiting ever since woman suffrage became a fact—a self-made woman in a position of power. Like thousands of men who reached their pinnacle over a trail obstructed with seemingly impassable obstacles, she has developed under vicissitudes, as one of her biographers aptly puts it, "a swiftness and sureness of judgment and action" that give her a command over almost any situation.

Mabel Willebrandt is a true product of the West, the child of pioneers. The "fight" in her may have been inherited from a scrappy combination of ancestry—French, German, English, and Welsh, and from her maternal grandfather who insisted upon seeing the Civil War to a finish, though twice badly wounded and discharged. But there have been sufficient hardships in her own life to prove her mettle.

Four months before Mabel Walker was born, the stage began to be set for the national drama she was one day to play. The famous Haystack Massacre occurred at Woodside, Kansas, near the Texas Panhandle, where her parents had filed on a homestead. The result was the shooting of the sheriff and his entire posse of men, including Mrs. Walker's brother. The murderers were all under the influence of liquor.

The Walkers had come West to teach school in Kansas—where they met and married. Both were well-connected. Mrs. Walker was a New York Eaton. Four of her uncles were professors in New England colleges.

Mr. Walker's ancestral roots were laid in

Pennsylvania and Tennessee. His was a family of landowners and lawyers. As a boy, he had ambitions for a legal career, but had to stand aside for an older brother—now a judge. Mr. Walker's suppressed desire cropped out in his only child, Mabel.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker were suffering from the pioneer fever. When Mabel was four years old, they migrated from what was then almost lawless Kansas to Missouri, thence to Oklahoma Territory, and then back again to Missouri where they bought a farm in Putnam County. Their travels were made in a prairie schooner. From under its hood, little, big-eyed Mabel got her first glimpse of the world she was to conquer.

In both Missouri and Oklahoma Mr. Walker edited newspapers, farming on the side. It is obvious where Mrs. Willebrandt got her "news sense." She is fine copy for the Washington correspondents. Every other department of the Government maintains a publicity bureau except Mrs. Willebrandt's. But no official ever has headlined as many front-page stories.

With her busily occupied parents away most of the day, Mabel Walker began early to stand on her own feet. She was practically the homekeeper. Her duties, however, were not confined to four walls any more than was her vision which broadened to the horizon beyond the plains. Every evening when she drove the cows home from pasture, she drank anew the beauty of the Western sunset, walking backwards so as not to miss a shade of its gorgeous coloring.

At night, she read aloud to her parents from the good books and magazines which, to them, were a necessity and not a luxury. Reading was the only one of the three R's in which her teacher parents found time to give her a thorough training. Like the dressmaker's daughter who has nothing to wear, Mabel was short on schooling. Until she was thirteen she never had worked a sum nor written a sentence!

THOSE who have attempted to decipher the signature of the Assistant Attorney General would say she hasn't learned how to write yet. It is the worst official signature on record at Washington, not excepting that of the former Comptroller of the Currency, John Skelton Williams! There is little danger of its ever being forged.

When the Walkers moved to Kansas City so Mabel could be properly "educated," it is astonishing how much she had absorbed. The little orphan girl her parents had adopted the year before as her companion had had the advantage of several years' schooling. But both girls were entered in the same grade—the sixth grammar. Mabel who had no grade card to present to the principal, was required to read and interpret a column from the morning paper. It was a sufficient intelligence test.

By hard study she made up for loss of time, and in a year had outstripped her foster sister and entered high school. Here she made the acquaintance of her second foster sister, Maud Hubbard, whom she adopted herself. Maud was motherless and practically fatherless. She was as bright as a whip and greatly attracted Mabel Walker. A strong friendship developed, culminating one day in Mabel's suggesting that Maud needed a family and had better come home with her.

With all due respect to the handsome woman Maud Hubbard is today, she was then a "plumb sight." Mrs. Walker, who was certainly no snob, held up her hands in amazed protest when Mabel brought her home, demanding to know what on earth she saw in her new friend. Mabel's all-seeing eyes had penetrated the surface. She assured her mother that Maud had more to her than all the girls at school put together. That settled it. Maud duly became a member of the Walker family.

Damon and Pythias were no closer than Maud and Mabel, then, or now, though the former is married and living in China. When the time came to enter college, the Walkers told Mabel she could either take the sum set aside for her and go to college in the East, or she could share it with Maud and go to Park College where they would both have to work part of their way.

It was the easiest decision Mabel Walker ever had to make, although it changed the whole course of her life. She and Maud entered Park College at once. In amused reminiscence she told me:

"In the mornings we did housework, washed, ironed, and cooked, and in the afternoon attended classes. At night we got our lessons with the other students in a study hall presided over by instructors who certainly were what you would call 'hard-boiled' today. But the discipline was just what I needed."

When on account of ill-health Maud had to leave Park College before graduating, Mabel left too. She went to Buckley, Michigan, where her roving parents had moved—her father to open the Buckley Bank. Here Mabel Walker, who four years before couldn't parse "cat," got a job teaching school five miles away in the country. It was the typical little red schoolhouse of song and story. The wabbly, pine desk scarred with the penknife initials of her predecessors was a far cry from the mahogany desk bristling with important official documents at which the Assistant Attorney General sits today. But I doubt if the woman of thirty-seven in her seventh-floor office at the Department of Justice feels as "set up" as that seventeen-year-old girl felt in her first position of authority.

When she was nineteen years old, Mabel Walker married the principal of the Buckley High School, A. F. Willebrandt. Married him when he was ill with tuberculosis, barely able to sit up part of the day. They went immediately to Arizona, where Mabel Willebrandt's fighting spirit began to assert itself in earnest.

Living in a tent, near Tempe, the young bride battled for her husband's life, helping to defray expenses by teaching. Along with her arduous duties, she managed to take a course at the State Normal School at Tempe, receiving her teacher's certificate in 1911.

Of course, Mr. Willebrandt got well. What man could die and leave a woman like that? He didn't. He lived—and left her. That, however, is a closed chapter in Mrs. Willebrandt's life, and is only mentioned here because of its bearing on her future course. If she had been happily married she would have been content to play woman's biggest rôle, and the national limelight never would have played upon her!

Fate has a way of kicking its favorites into astounding places of good fortune. With the necessity for making a living, and the urge to do more than that, Mabel Willebrandt went to Southern California to teach school and to study for the bar. She attended law classes at the University in the early morning and late afternoon, and at night did her housework and sewing along with the marking of examination papers and the perusal of heavy law books.

In due time, she took her degree, passed the state bar examinations, and hung up her shingle in Los Angeles.

Lawyer Willebrandt first attracted municipal attention by her unique work as Assistant Public Defender—an office sponsored as an experiment by the State Bar Association, which with her help grew into something so fine it became a part of the city government. Hundreds of young women and girls drifting through the police courts, unable to pay for proper legal aid, were defended by Mrs. Willebrandt. Many of them she saved from a life of crime; had them paroled to her, and supervised their daily activities until she could find them a job and start them on the way to making an honest living.

THE State began to feel the strength of this woman lawyer when she appeared before the Legislature with a bill involving women's property rights, put it across, and after its defeat in a referendum again had it voted on—successfully.

Several professional and business women's clubs in Los Angeles had her heading their Legislative committees. During the war she was Chairman of the city's Legal Advisory Board, with half a hundred attorneys under her.

When her name was suggested to President Harding for Assistant Attorney General, she had not only the women and legal lights behind her, but also the entire California delegation in Congress. The only thing the President balked at was her age—too young. As this was an obstacle, however, that only time could remove, he decided after an interview with the well-poised Portia to waive the regulation.

The Republicans wanted a woman Attorney General because the Democrats had set the precedent in appointing Mrs. Annette Adams, of San Francisco—an appointment that had proved popular. After Mrs. Willebrandt got to functioning, however, in charge of prohibition, prisons, and tax cases—a combination fraught with political dangers that men with an eye to political advancement frankly were afraid to tackle, it did not take long to realize that her sex was playing no more part than her Republicanism.

"She has no political sense at all," complained certain of those who had the President's ear. "Why not put her on the Federal bench?"

But that suggestion was never adopted. And without playing politics, Mrs. Willebrandt continues to hold a dominant place on the political stage. With the prohibition problem again howling on the White House doorstep, with charges and counter-charges against Treasury officials as to lack of enforcement, with the most ferocious of "devil dogs," General Smedley Butler, avowedly beaten by political powers, a lone woman has sat at her desk in Washington and by the might of right achieved what has been held impossible.

According to William J. Burns, the famous detective who used to be at the head of the Department of Justice sleuths:

"If Mrs. Willebrandt had full authority, she could clean up this prohibition mess. She knows how it should be done, has the courage to do it, and there isn't anything under heaven that could stop her once she got started!"

Last year alone, she directed the preparation and prosecution of fifty thousand prohibition cases, obtained prison sentences aggregating 4,565 years, and collected fines totalling $7,681,947. The growing tendency of judges to exercise their prerogative and refuse fines, as well as their firmness in imposing both fines and imprisonment, is largely due to the fact that stronger cases are made out. And for this Mrs. Willebrandt is responsible.

Assisting her in the collection and presentation of testimony are forty attorneys! Eighty-eight United States District Attorneys, with their various aides handling liquor and tax cases, are directly responsible to her. A small army of trained investigators is under her command in the field. Like a general with a war map before him, she studies the daily reports of these men, directing their movements accordingly.

Sometimes when a big drive is on, she borrows reinforcements from the Secret Service. One of her most spectacular triumphs, achieved after the prohibition unit of the Internal

Revenue had waged a two-year, losing campaign, was at Savannah when she broke up the Georgia-Bahamas importing ring—the most highly organized and far-reaching in the country, and convicted eighty-four men including the "Big Four" and twenty millionaires.

The ringleader, Willie Haar, who sprang almost overnight from an obscure grocery clerk to a multi-millionaire, was enjoying as much prestige and power as any potentate, when Portia got on his trail. He belonged to the best clubs. He owned a fleet of ships, private docks, warehouses, a railroad, and specially designed refrigerator cars in which he shipped his "fruit." Officers of the law from county sheriffs to city cops had been bought up by him. Enough men were in his employ to make two good baseball teams and a pavilion of fans!

His "employees" even numbered a few Secret Service men. Yet all the time he was chuckling up his sleeve at the big one he was putting over on Uncle Sam, a rapid fire of inside information was pouring into General Willebrandt's headquarters at Washington. At the crucial moment, she concentrated all available forces at Savannah, ordering them to close in and make quick and simultaneous arrests, while a certain official who might have been amenable to reason was "unavoidably detained" elsewhere.

Mrs. Willebrandt sent the whole bunch to the Atlanta penitentiary and collected enough overdue income tax from their ill-gotten gains to build a new Department of Justice. They took their medicine with good grace, however, and are now out on parole—due to the endorsement of the woman who put them in. That they consider her a good sport was voiced by Willie Haar, who rendered fine service to the Government in his clean-cut testimony at the trial of the former warden, conducted by Attorney General Willebrandt.

"Mrs. Willebrandt," he said, when she shook hands with him later in the prison corridor, "I have wanted to tell you what a wonderful woman and lawyer you are. I don't believe any one else could have put the 'Big Four' where we are. We thought we were too big for Washington; that is, we thought so until we heard you were on the job directing, and saw the net growing closer about us. We've learned our lesson, and when the Haars get out, we'll be on the job for you whenever you need us!" (Haar's father and two brothers were sent with him to the penitentiary.)

THE only time Mrs. Willebrandt admits being really "up against it," was in the recent case of Heber Nations, former Labor Commissioner of Missouri and editor of a Jefferson City paper—an organ of morality and law enforcement. Nations was furnishing immunity to brewers and bootleggers all the time he was posing as dry leader in wet St. Louis. Back of him were the Anti-Saloon League, the W. C. T. U. and other dry organizations. They got out posters protesting against the trial of this "good," this "innocent" man. Each day the courtroom was crowded with his supporters.

With this kind of sentiment against her, it took nerve on Mrs. Willebrandt's part to point an accusing finger at Nations, dubbing him the "head of a splendid grafting concern," and his story a "bluff and frame-up." But she must have had "the goods" on him, for she won the case. Nations is now pondering the eternal question, Woman, behind the bars!

To even the little fellow, the name of Mrs. Willebrandt has a meaning of its own. One Tony Pellonias (someone suggested that it should have been Fellonias) who had served time for bootlegging, happened to call at the United States Attorney's office at Los Angeles at the same time Mrs. Willebrandt was there awaiting a conference. A clerk jokingly said:

"Tony, see that lady standing over there? She knows more about the liquor business than most bootleggers have forgotten."

Tony picked up his ears. A sister in the profession, eh? Strolling over to her side, he asked in an undertone.

"Where you operated?"

"All over the country," she replied, sensing the situation. "Generally in the East."

"It's a pleasure to know you. Gosh, a'mighty, if we could only work together! Why, I've got customers . . ."

At this point the lady was called into the next office. Tony asked the clerk who she was. At the mention of Mrs. Willebrandt's name, he dashed from the office with the speed of a fire-engine and has not been seen since!

Tony's type is not what Mrs. Willebrandt is after. "Pint pinching is futile," she says. "The hip pocket cases: the truckdrivers, peddlers, curb bootleggers—hirelings that can be replaced, are not the business of the Federal courts. We are after the sources of supply, the big commercial organizations flooding the trade with liquor; the men who, under the cloak of apparent legality, withdraw alcohol on permits for industrial and other legal uses and divert it into bootlegging channels; the smuggler—the biggest criminal problem the United States ever faced on the high seas.

"The fact that we are reaching these worst types of liquor law violators, and obtaining increasingly heavy sentences for the 'higher ups,' is the best evidence of increased efficiency in law enforcement."

"You actually believe then that the Volstead Act can be enforced? In other words, that prohibition is coming and not going?" I asked.

"Of course it's coming," Mrs. Willebrandt declared. "America is no moral four-flusher. She doesn't start anything she cannot finish."

Not that she predicts a dry-as-dust Land of

Liberty ever. In the eternal warfare of lawlessness against Law, she does not believe the Volstead Act can be any more *fully* enforced than other laws on the statute books. "But at least we are going to make a cleaner and better job of it," she says. "The bootleggers will move out of our best families and be relegated to the environs of the underworld where they properly belong!

"I believe it will shortly be stylish to observe the Prohibition Law. Characteristically, many of us continue in obedience to an outrageous social requirement of which we are secretly ashamed, rather than be the first to break away and declare independence of it. However, the breaking away does come, and is beginning to be seen everywhere on this prohibition question. Perhaps no more noteworthy example can be found than in the comparative infrequency with which liquor is now served in official Washington, whereas two years ago it was almost a social *faux pas* to omit it at parties.

"The responsibility for enforcing the law does not rest wholly upon Uncle Sam," she continued, "although the public is leaving the job to him. It rests as much, and more, upon the public. Old Man Pull, the chap with the political power; Miss Sentimentality, a sniffling old maid; Mr. Bondsman, ever agreeable to the supply of money; Old Man Delay who waits for witnesses to die—all are characters that enter into cases. But the greatest obstacle is Old Man Public Indifference. Whether or not we permit this crowd to live in our own localities is the test of whether we are living up to our Constitution. Too many citizens accept protection under the American flag without knowledge or thought of their obligations toward it!"

"How can the women of the country help in enforcing this and other laws?" I asked.

"By taking up the investigation of how justice is dealt out by their local officers of law. If they keep on the job and are not afraid to say so when they find something wrong, welcoming instead of trembling at uncovered corruption of the old boss variety, they will make themselves the terror of graft and lawlessness in their home towns.

"Women can infuse clean blood into the political life of their own Main Street, providing: first, they study the way public officials are functioning, not accepting one person's word but turning up facts; second, fearlessly taking a stand against local conditions that are wrong even if in the sacred precincts of their own party; third, refusing to be a rubber stamp. The rebirth of local interest in political life is the most important need in America today!"

Now that we know the who, whence, and what of this well-balanced woman, the how of her presents itself. How does she keep sane and normal?

When she isn't traveling all over the country speaking before chambers of commerce and women's clubs, covering the Chautauqua circuit and attending banquets, she goes to dinner parties where there is stimulating talk; plays old-fashioned games with her friends, not being above even such parlor tricks as telling your fortune by reading your palm, and when she is too tired to sleep, listens in on her bedside radio.

Recently, however, a vital new interest has come into her life. A winsome little two-year-old girl, in search of a real mother, smiled her way into the heart and home of Mrs. Willebrandt. Now when she calls it a day at the Department of Justice and starts homeward, she quickens her step, knowing that a pair of chubby arms are eagerly awaiting her.

Which goes to prove that a woman can fill a man's job, but a man's job cannot fill a woman's life!

Bossing a Hundred Workmen from a Cell

[*Continued from page 137*]

secured by Edwards did not seem to be accurate; they did not seem to fit in with the descriptions in ancient books. He thereupon went to the trouble to send to Germany to get faithful diagrams of the historic old ship.

Were the larger models to be made by an individual, it would take six months to complete the job. Edwards employs big scale production. Each man makes only a certain part; one carves the keel, another the guns, a third the masts, while a fourth fabricates the sails or "antiques" the hulls. Some of the sails are painted with elaborate devices; the Venetian Lapanta has the Lion of St. Mark emblazoned upon the canvas. Were this painting to be done by a regular artist, the cost would be as much as the entire model is sold for.

Edwards, in spite of the fact that he had never done anything in wood working up to eighteen months ago, is a genius at the craft. He is an expert carver and has made and sold two high or grandfather clocks, duplicates of ones costing twelve hundred dollars apiece in the stores. Recently a combined radio and phonograph cabinet inlaid with bunches of roses brought three hundred dollars at auction. His big specialty, however, is ship models, and every week his hundred workmen turn out dozens of them. Customers from all over the United States snap them up almost before the paint is dry upon their hulls. Edwards is one of the few men who has built up a thriving business from behind prison walls.

—J. LEROY MILLER.

The Sergius Stones

[*Continued from page 61*]

best we could, that's all, depending on New York to send us a sure man. Now, if all goes well, tomorrow night will see you on your way—but I don't like this business of the man who followed you!"

"We might attend to that man here," suggested the chauffeur. "Who was he, comrade?"

Thoughtlessly, Lewis gave the names of Matthews and Harrison. The two Russians spoke together in their own tongue, then the chauffeur stopped the taxicab and alighted. The taxi rolled on westward to Kensington and stopped in a quiet side street near Prince's Gate.

Lewis followed his host into the house, unhesitatingly. He felt absolutely confident now of winning this game against such an adversary as Bantoff, who lacked all the Tartar cunning of Krenin. A manservant admitted them, a dumpy little woman came, kissing Bantoff on both cheeks, and Lewis was introduced to Madam Bantoff; then the Russian beckoned him into a library where coffee and liqueurs were served, with cigarets. The two men were alone.

"I would like to see those stones," said Bantoff almost at once.

Lewis lighted a cigaret and regarded the man steadily.

"Think well what you're saying, Bantoff," he returned. "In the first place, Krenin gave me no stones."

"Eh? What?" The Russian started up from his chair. "You—"

"Krenin gave me nothing," said Lewis gravely. "A certain Count Gregory, in the presence of Krenin, gave me six leather cases." He opened his coat and showed one of them. "I did not ask what was in these cases. I did not open them. I simply put them into the pockets made to fit them, and there they remain. If they pass out of my possession for an instant, if any stones are missing when I reach New York—then what? Shall I say that the only person to have seen the stones was a certain Bantoff in London, who brought me to his house and then made the demand—"

"No, no, no," exclaimed the other explosively. "For the love of heaven, say no more! You are right. You are not so irresponsible a man as I thought you. Keep the things unopened, by all means. But before I return the cases to you tomorrow night, before you leave England, you must make certain in the presence of witnesses that the stones are intact—after having left them in my care."

"That is only just," said Lewis reflectively. "Yes, that is only just. I'll do it."

Bantoff sighed in relief, and stirred his coffee.

Half an hour afterward, Lewis thankfully found himself alone in an old-fashioned English bedroom. Then he stopped, thoughtfully, to stare at his bag. He had quite forgotten to say anything about that bag being at the Savoy, or the room he had obtained there—yet here was the bag awaiting him.

"H'm! These beggars aren't such fools after all," he murmured reflectively. "I'd better watch my step tomorrow morning!"

Struggling into his resplendent silk pajamas, he was abed and asleep in five minutes.

Next morning after breakfast, Jim sent for his bag, and while Bantoff looked on, he put into it the six leather books. Then he locked it and turned the key over to Bantoff. After that was taken care of he left in the Daimler limousine for Gatti's, but, while on the way, he asked the chauffeur to drop him at the American Express office. He told him he would walk the rest of the way.

Lewis lost no time. He saw the car sweep around the corner below, and then walked out to the nearest taxicab on the rank.

"Croydon aerodrome, and make it in a hurry," he said, and climbed in.

Twenty seconds later, he was on his way.

FIVE minutes before eleven, Lewis alighted, paid his driver, and was seized upon by Ned Orley.

"Come along! Go in and check up and pay your passage—the bus is ready. I'm taking over a DH and we'll make time with this breeze. All well?"

"So far, thanks."

The little pilot had paved the way, and Lewis went through the formalities in quick order, an attendant taking him out to the field. A Dutch Fokker was just taking off, a Paris bus was coming in, and the field was active. Orley had already tested and approved his engine when Lewis climbed into the De Haviland and joined him. The chocks were pulled out, the machine roared, jerked into life, ran and lifted soaringly, a stiff breeze at her back. Orley was too busy for talk—he got his antenna reeled out, reported to Croydon, headed for Paris at three thousand feet, and relaxed. He gave Lewis a flashing smile.

"Looking better this morning! Gave them the slip, did you?"

"Easily enough. I wish you were going to stop over in Paris and see the end of this job with me."

"Can't be done. Better get your stuff out of my side pocket. I can't get it through for you—matter of honor. Besides, you'll not be bothered."

Lewis nodded. He felt in the pilot's pocket and transferred to his own the silk-wrapped packet of stones. Suddenly Orley whipped around.

"I forgot! Seen the morning papers? No? Half a minute—"

From beneath him, he whipped a morning paper, and Lewis caught it. He had no need to open the sheet—it was folded to give him the story. There had been a double suicide in a room at the Savoy hotel the previous night. Two Americans had turned on the gas and died; Matthews and Harrison by name, reasons unknown. The story was brief, being a last-minute report.

With a grimace, Lewis met the inquiring glance of the airman, and remembered how the chauffeur had left the taxicab, promising to attend to those two men.

"Sporting crowd, these Russians," commented Orley.

Le Bourget at last, without incident. Lewis wondered what would happen when Bantoff took a look at the leather cases in the grip, and grinned to himself.

Orley tramped in with him to the *douane*, saw him through the perfunctory examination, and had a taxicab called, as there was no bus to meet this special machine.

"My crowd are on the way here now," said the pilot. "I'll get a bite to eat, and be ready as soon as the DH is in shape to go back. Well, old chap, good-by and good luck!"

Lewis shook hands. "In case we pull through and I want to get word to you—"

"Care of Croydon. My regards to the lady!"

So Lewis started back to Paris.

It was only a little after two when the taxi passed the Gare du Nord, so Lewis directed the driver to his American branch bank in the Place Vendome, having sore need of replenishing his funds. His letter of credit was with his passport, fortunately, and with a pocketful of hundred-franc notes he returned to the taxi and directed it to the Café Madrid.

Two-thirty. Lewis paid off his driver, glanced over the throng, sitting on the terrace, and saw nothing of Jenny Gardner. He went inside, got a corner table, and ordered a hasty luncheon; asked the waiter, also, to get him the address of M. Amelin, *avocat*, of the Court of Appeals. The address came, written down—114 Rue Saint-Dominique.

Lewis attacked his meal, keeping one eye on the terrace. Three o'clock, and no Jenny. He went outside, took a vacant table, and ordered coffee. The big white clock on the opposite building marked three-five, three-ten, and no Jenny Gardner. His uneasiness passed into anxiety as he remembered what had happened to the two crooks in London.

Then, as he stared out frowningly at the boulevard, he saw her.

She was across the street, sauntering along, casting glances his way. He was sure, as he stared, she saw him and gestured. He cursed his folly, and waited—of course she was being followed! How long had she been looking into shop-windows over there, hoping he would see her?

Once more she glanced across, and he was sure now she saw him watching. He made no motion, waited. Directly before her was a *passage*—a narrow arcade, piercing the center of a long block, lined with all manner of tiny shops. Lewis laid a five-franc note on the the table, took his hat, and rose. His brain was working swiftly.

He knew nothing of this particular arcade, but knew most of them in Paris were alike, with numbers of branch passages running to side streets. If he followed the girl, he would certainly be seen by any one shadowing her. So, instead, he crossed the boulevard and strode rapidly down the first street to the left of the block. Almost before he realized it, he came to a dark little entry, with an array of shops inside—a side branch to the arcade. He ducked into it, and hastened. When he reached the main passage, Jenny Gardner was only ten feet away, coming toward him.

Her eyes widened at sight of him. Then he saw the strained, anxious look in her face, and hastily ducked back into the branch. She followed, with a swift word.

"You shouldn't have shown yourself—I'm followed! I think Krenin is suspicious of something. You're still in the same clothes—they'll recognize you at once. You—"

LEWIS cut short her breathless protests and tucked her arm in his.

"All right, you just come along with me, young lady, and forget your troubles.. Ask no questions, but walk! That's the ticket. One thing—you have absolute confidence in this Grand Duke you're working for, and his lawyer?"

"Absolutely," she said, with an inquiring glance.

Lewis nodded. Out in the Rue Vivienne again, he darted to the curb and halted a taxicab whose flag was up. Jenny Gardner climbed in, and Lewis followed, giving the address of Amelin. As the machine started off with a jerk, he collapsed on the seat beside her.

"You know his address?" cried the girl.

"Found it. This is my party, so don't get too curious. Did Krenin get any messages since noon?"

"A telegram."

Lewis whistled. "I thought so! When Bantoff missed me, he got curious or suspicious or both, and wired Krenin. And the good Cyril is having you shadowed, eh? Well, he'll have a job trailing you the road we'll take inside of two hours! Will you be content to leave everything to me?"

"Yes," she said. Lewis put out his hand and her fingers came into it with a firm grip. "But tell me—was there any trouble with Bantoff?"

Lewis grinned. "Not a chance! The poor boob was an easy mark. Hello—he's crossing the river—where's this place of ours, anyway?"

They were heading across the upper end of the Tuileries Gardens for the river.

"It's all right," she responded. "Near the Invalides. Do you think any one's after us?"

"We should worry," said Lewis coolly. "Let the heathen rage! We've bilked them neatly, and you'll earn your commission. Better give a share to Ned Orley—he's earned it. Does this Amelin know you?"

"No, but he knows I'll bring the stones if I get them, and I have my passport here for proof of identity. Tell me—have you got them?"

"I have!" said Lewis, meeting her eyes. "And since we're in Paris, and it's only right to express one's feelings in the manner of Parisians, why—"

He suited action to words, and Jenny Gardner's eyes danced. Then they sobered, and she restrained him gently.

"Jim! Twice is quite enough for reward—otherwise, it would become habit."

"I mean it shall," he announced promptly.

"Ah, but I've something to say about that," she said, and her gravity checked him. "No more, please!"

"But you can't say you don't like it!" he exclaimed in dismay. She laughed, and patted his hand.

"Never you mind, young man. You're altogether too irresponsible."

"Therefore, I need some one to be responsible for me."

"A person whom you never saw until yesterday morning?"

"Nonsense—"

"No, common sense. Stop philandering and straighten your hat. There's Sainte-Dominique—we must be nearly there."

They were. In another block or so the taxicab slowed, and drew up before one-fourteen. Bidding the driver wait, Lewis entered and opened the door of the concierge.

They told the amazed lawyer their plans, got a receipt, and five minutes later descended into the street again.

"Satisfied, Jenny?"

"It's your game," she said, a breath of excitement in her voice. "Play it!"

He laughed, and led her out to the taxicab. Giving the driver an address, he climbed in.

"There's another cab at the curb a little way back," said the girl, looking through the tiny rear light as they moved away. "I'm afraid—"

"Never be afraid. It doesn't pay—plenty of taxicabs in Paris!"

She turned dancing eyes to him. "You really mean to leave at once?"

"You bet. Is there anything you can't buy at a shop or two?"

"Nothing, given the shop."

"Right. Then we don't part company—I'm taking no chances. If you've any spare money, let me have it. I'll need all we can raise. You can have what's left for spending money—"

The girl opened her hand-bag and produced a number of thousand-franc notes, with some American greenbacks. The taxi was by this time speeding across the Place de la Concorde, and Lewis thrust the money away without counting it. Presently the taxi came to rest outside a steamship office. Lewis paid the driver, dismissed him, and entered with Jenny Gardner.

"When is your next west-bound boat for Marseilles?" he asked at the counter. The clerk laughed.

"Next one leaves Marseilles noon tomorrow—you're a bit late for it."

"Why late?" queried Lewis.

"Well, you'd have to get the eight-o'clock *rapide* tonight if you made it—"

"Where does the boat go?"

"Gibraltar, Azores, Havana and New Orleans, with a few points between."

"Get me two cabins, or two berths—myself and this lady. We'll make it."

"I'll have to wire Marseilles and hold the space there. You'll have no trouble—she's not running full."

"So much the better; won't have to spend our money until tomorrow, Jenny! Here's one of your thousands back. Come along—and send that wire for me, partner!"

Outside the office, the girl caught at his arm, laughing.

"Now what, whirlwind?"

"Come back to my hotel with me. I'll bundle up my things, check out, have the agent there get us space on the Marseilles flyer tonight, and we'll have dinner. Then we'll be off. Before we get to New Orleans, we may combine cabins and have a ceremony by the captain— Suit you?"

"All but the cabins and the ceremony—"

"I'll take chances on that! Come along!"

And laughing, Jenny Gardner obeyed with reckless excitement in her dancing eyes.

JIM LEWIS was stopping—or had been until other events intervened—at the Hotel de l'Europe, an immense tourist caravansary on the Rue de Rivoli.

Passing by the desk, he stated he was checking out and wanted his bill ready when he came down, then went on and deposited Jenny Gardner in the ladies' lounge, fairly empty at this tea-hour. Near the door stood one of the bemedalled attendants, and Lewis paused at his side, holding out a fifty-franc note which was mechanically put out of sight.

"I'm M. Lewis, in room two thirty," he said, and indicated Jenny Gardner. "That young lady is my fiancée. She has been bothered today by the attentions of a couple of Russians. If they show up here and speak to her, while I'm gone, throw 'em out—arrest them—anything!"

"With pleasure, monsieur," and the attendant grinned. He loved Russians like most of the Parisians. He saluted, and Lewis passed on to the elevator. He must pack in a hurry, for the girl wanted to visit some of the near-by shops before dinner.

Once in his room, Lewis telephoned below and ordered two tickets and wagon-lit reservations for the Marseilles express that night, then went ahead with his packing. He snapped the last lock as the boy arrived for the bags, and sent them down to the check-room. Then, going direct to the desk, he paid his bill and turned to the ladies' lounge.

Jenny Gardner was not there.

It required half a minute for this fact to soak in. Then Lewis was aware of the attendant approaching, wearing a worried expression.

"M'Sieu! A gentleman appeared—"

"Confound you!" snapped Lewis, or words to that effect in French. "What was he like?"

"A dark gentleman, young, well-dressed. I was about to intervene when the mademoiselle greeted him, and naturally I dared not make a scene. They went out together, by the Rue de Rivoli entrance there—"

"A dark man, with smooth-shaven face, high cheek-bones—like a Tartar?"

"Something of the sort, m'sieu—"

So Krenin had trapped her, after all! No matter how. The smooth rascal had perhaps frightened the girl stiff with his first words, had carried her off—

LEWIS put for the entrance. As he went, he saw by the big clock across the corridor it was just five-thirty. He saw, too, something else that galvanized him into action—the whiskered features of Count Gregory.

The whole thing burst over him with stunning force. Krenin had carried off Jenny Gardner, somehow—and now Gregory was seeking out the American with a demand for the jewels! They had been well trailed after all, shadowed from place to place; Krenin had acted swiftly and promptly. Now he was making back for Rue Jasmin with the girl, leaving Count Gregory here to bargain for the stones—

"I'll beat 'em to it!" thought Jim Lewis, emerging into the street. "I'll get there before they suspect that I'm wise to their game, and I'll go through that outfit hard!"

An alert taxi wheeled in to the curb, and Lewis flung open the door.

"Rue Jasmin, corner of Avenue Mozart. Make it inside fifteen minutes, double fare."

Such a challenge was like wine in the blood to any Parisian chauffeur equipped with four-wheel brakes and devilish ingenuity. The taxi ducked traffic, shot across the Place de la Concorde, went up the Champs Elysées in defiance of a spluttering *agent*, and roared along to the Etoile at maniac speed. Then a spurt into the Avenue Victor Hugo, and there was every prospect of the driver earning his double fee.

He earned it. With two minutes to spare, he triumphantly drew up beside the Jasmine metro station, and Lewis jumped out, paid him, and started up the short street. He did not know the number, but knew where the apartment of Krenin was located, in the second block. In his pocket still reposed the pistol he had knocked from the hand of Matthews.

He glimpsed the apartment house, ahead. A taxicab was just drawing away from the entrance—the same, no doubt, in which Jenny Gardner had been brought! He could not be more than a few moments behind, in any event. So he came to the entrance, looked in, saw no one; the concierge was not in evidence. Lewis passed the door of this guardian, took the stairs to the left, and mounted swiftly.

Third floor—right. There was no light here on the landing. He tried the door, quietly. It opened to his hand—unlocked. He was in the unlighted hallway of Krenin's flat, gloomy with the fading daylight. From the salon at the rear came Krenin's voice in French.

"What? Allo—allo! Listen, Gregory! You say he is not there?"

Lewis grinned and started for the salon. That was Count Gregory at the hotel, then!

"Find him," snapped Krenin, and then fired off a string of Russian. He evidently turned from the telephone to address some one else in the room, for his voice sounded in accents of disgusted irritation. "I don't see how the fool could have bungled! We know they were both there together—"

The door closed, losing the remainder to Jim Lewis. Drawing his pistol, he slipped along the hall, but in the other direction—toward the bedroom where he had first wakened. Two rooms here; he slipped in, found the first empty, darted to the other. Empty, likewise. Then Jenny Gardner must be in the little salon at the other end of the corridor, with Krenin!

Turning, he repassed the length of the corridor. Two doors, probably opening into kitchen and dining-room, he left closed. At the salon door he paused, listening, catching the voice of Krenin in low murmurs. Abruptly he flung open the door and entered, pistol at hip.

Krenin and another man, a stranger, sat there at the table. They turned at his intrusion and stared, slack-jawed with astonishment.

"Where is she?" snapped Lewis in English,

FAMOUS FEET

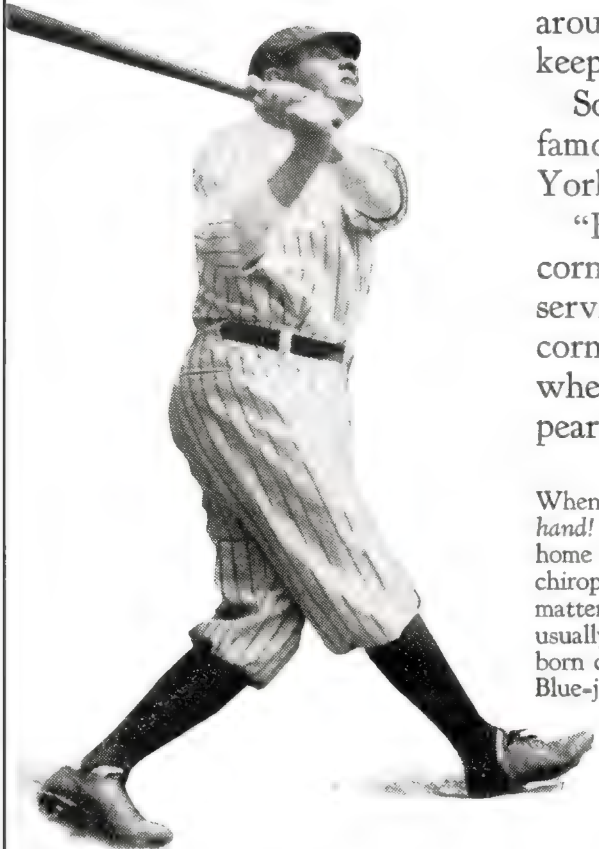
..how they're kept free from corns..

BABE RUTH'S *Home Run Feet*

"It isn't always the length of the hit that scores the run. Sometimes it's the speed in getting around the bases. So I have to keep my feet in prime shape."

So writes Babe Ruth—the famous "Bambino" of the New York Yankees.

"Ball players are prone to corns. Our feet get pretty rough service. But I keep mine free of corns by putting on a Blue=jay whenever a potential corn appears in the offing."



When trouble is *a-foot*—have Blue-jay at *hand!* For 26 years it has been the standard home corn-remover. Ask your physician or chiropodist. Blue-jay goes to the root of the matter and routs the troublesome offender—usually in 48 hours. But even the most stubborn corn seldom needs more than a second Blue-jay plaster . . . . At all drug stores.

Blue=jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

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his French deserting him for the moment. "Hurry up, there! Where've you put her?"

Krenin came to his feet.

"You—here! What does it mean, then—"

Lewis recollected himself. "It means you're a dead one, m'sieu, unless you produce Mlle. Gardner this moment! Where is she?"

Krenin's amazement became bewilderment.

"She? Produce her? But, name of the devil! That is the very thing I want—"

Lewis stood absolutely paralyzed for an instant, as over him burst full realization of his ghastly error.

There was no doubting the utter bewilderment of Krenin. In a flash, Lewis perceived how he had jumped at conclusion—how perhaps, even now, Jenny Gardner was awaiting him at the hotel! Some one else had met her, some one whom she knew—

"Why, she is at the Hotel de l'Europe! I just had word—" burst out Krenin, then broke off, recovered himself, swept into sudden anger. "And you, what are you doing in Paris? Why have you come back—why did Bantoff wire me something was wrong?"

"The devil!" muttered Lewis. He was stupefied; for once his brain refused to function. Then he woke up. He must get out of here—

A change of expression on Krenin's face, a sound from behind—the valet whom he had quite forgotten.

Lewis whirled, saw the man there behind him in the doorway. For the barest fraction of an instant, all four men were motionless, silent; bewilderment, surprise, comprehension of error, held them in a grip of shifting emotions. Then Krenin exploded in swift words. The valet flung himself at Lewis, who threw up the pistol and pressed the trigger.

He had forgotten to remove the safety catch.

Blindly grappling, the valet bore him backward, then fell over a chair and went headlong, Krenin and the fourth man piling in. Lewis hardly resisted. Upon him was the heartbreaking realization of his folly, his crass stupidity, his headlong succession of errors—the comprehension which stifles a man with its sense of utter failure.

Still gripping the useless pistol, he went to the floor under them, all three smashing at him in frenzied triumph, incredulous of their easy victory. They panted out curses, orders, showered down blows, impeded one another. The valet wrenched out one of Lewis's arms, and sat on it. The stranger flung himself across his legs and reached for his throat. Krenin, erect, launched a savage kick.

This kick brought Lewis to himself.

His right arm was pinned down beneath the valet, but his hand, holding the pistol, was free. He released the weapon, found the safety catch with his fingers, threw it off—then had the weapon in his clutch again. Twisting his wrist, he fired almost at random. With his left hand he smashed the valet under the angle of the jaw. The man fell away. Lewis fired again, and wrenched himself clear.

To the hot double report of the pistol, the little room filled with oaths and imprecations. The valet sprawled kicking on the floor. The stranger, flung from the legs of Lewis, rolled to the door and then picked himself up. Lewis saw Cyril Krenin fall, one hand grasping at his throat, death in his face—then the stranger whipped out a pistol, fired. Lewis returned the shot, missed, but the Russian fled and waited for no more. Lewis found himself master of the field—with his left arm hanging helpless and blood trickling down over his hand. That one return bullet had gone home.

The valet struggled up, flung forward blindly—Lewis stepped aside and drove out with his foot. Caught again under the jaw, the hapless valet groaned and fell backward. Lewis darted out into the corridor, but the third Russian was gone and the hall door stood open.

AN INSTANT the American stood in the doorway of the salon, hesitant. No more mistakes, now! The shots would mean uproar, police, flocking tenants—and Krenin was done for. The strange Russian had gone down the front stairs, evidently—

Swiftly, Lewis stopped for his hat, flung the pistol into the salon, and darted to the door of the kitchen, midway of the corridor. It stood slightly ajar. He slipped in, heard a mad hurly-burly of voices, then slammed the door. Ahead of him was the rear door of the apartment, opening on a tiny stairs descending to the courtyard of the building.

He went down these stairs two at a time, gained the courtyard, glimpsed half a dozen figures thronging up the front stairs, and slipped out and past them to the street—thankful for the one-entrance system of Paris apartments. Once outside, he straightened his hat, worked his almost helpless left hand into his coat pocket, and went away from there at a sharp walk. Before he had gone a hundred feet, a taxi rounded the corner ahead and came to his signal.

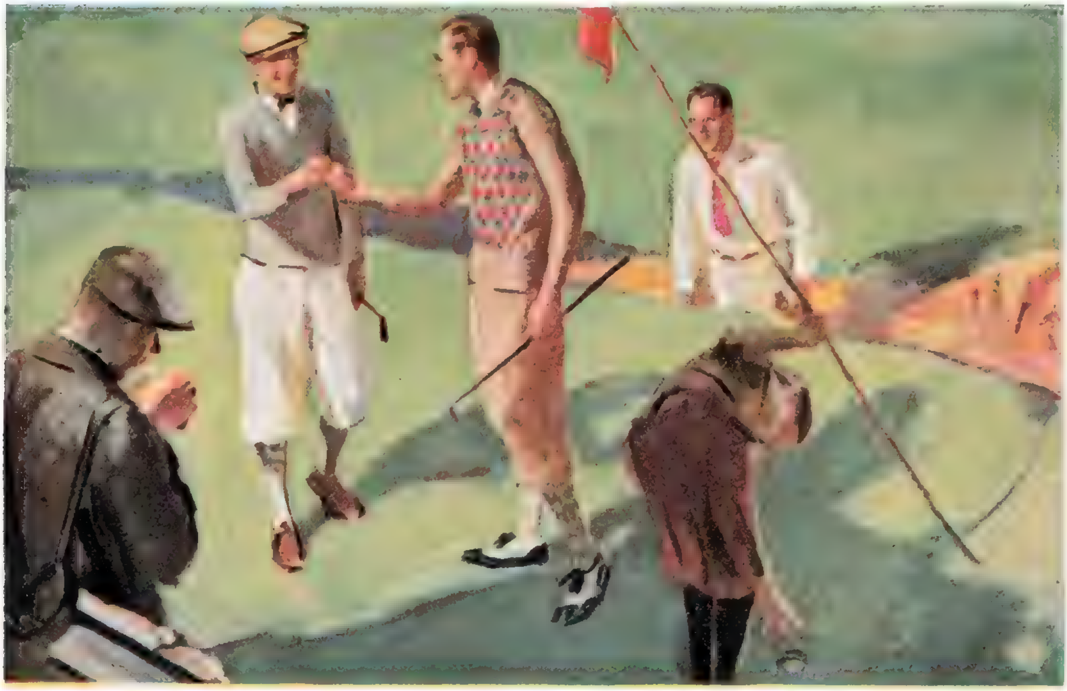
Twenty-five minutes later, with a ragged hole in his left arm rudely bandaged, Jim Lewis walked into the Hotel de l'Europe. He went directly to the lounge—and there came face to face with Jenny Gardner, as he turned a corner. With her was a slender, eager young man laden with parcels.

"Jim!" she exclaimed. "Where on earth have you been! The attendant said you had come back, then had started out like a lunatic—"

"Where have *you* been, you mean," returned Lewis. "I thought Krenin had got you—and I went to his place to find you."

When the first glorious day of golf is over—and the final putt sinks in the 18th cup—when the tense moments end in soft, mellow twilight

—have a Camel!



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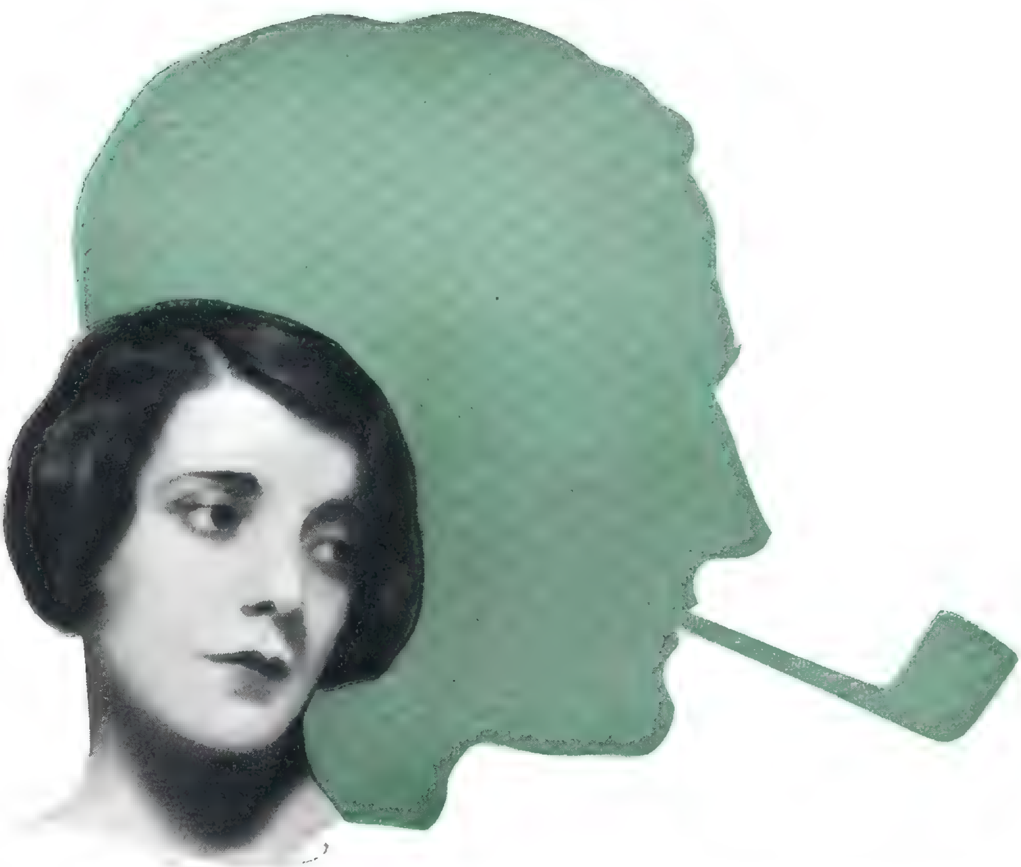

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NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

Let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. Z-29, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

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CHARLES F. WILLIS, Baltimore, Md.

"RUN-DOWN, IRRITABLE AND DEPRESSED, my nerves were in a dreadful condition. My physician recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. I took three cakes a day for two months. I noticed a remarkable change. My energy returned, my complexion regained its freshness. And I still take my Fleischmann's Yeast to keep fit."
VIRGINIA B. MAURICE, New York City.

FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

"Oh!" She whitened a little. "I never thought you'd be back so quickly—here Billy Brown, of the American consulate, blew in and I took him along as guard while I bought some things—Billy, this is Mr. Lewis, whom I was telling you about! Jim—you don't mean you went to the Rue Jasmin?"

Lewis nodded to the man from the consulate, then looked grimly at Jenny Gardner.

"Yes," he said. "Why not? The attendant said you'd gone off with a dark man—"

HE SAW the girl's face change, and turned. Approaching them, with an air of eager interest, was the whiskered Count Gregory. Lewis took a step toward him.

"So here you are! Gregory, I've just come from the Rue Jasmin," he said rapidly. "The police have discovered everything. They're searching for you. Krenin is dead, shot. Get out! You've time to make your escape if you go at once—"

Count Gregory stared at him with fallen jaw, plucked at his whiskers—then turned and was gone like a shot. Jim Lewis swung around, chuckling.

"It worked! Now, young lady, we've got to get out of France, and get quick—"

"Jim—did you mean that—about Krenin?"

He met her eyes squarely, and what he read in them made his heart leap.

"I mean it," he said.

"Look here," exclaimed Billy Brown, with some excitement. "What's wrong with your arm? Your coat sleeve's torn—why, there's blood on it—"

"Shut up," snapped Lewis, with a glance around. He turned to the girl. "Well, Jenny? Going or not?"

For answer, she gestured to the wide-eyed Brown.

"Billy, thanks a whole lot! Give me my packages—that's right. Now run along and forget you've seen us. Jim, where are the Marseilles tickets?"

"Over here at the desk, I suppose—"

"Then don't talk so much—come along!"

So Jim Lewis left Paris.

The Tryst at Tunnel Four

[*Continued from page 15*]

could have caught it easily if it had been held up as usual. But they, cleared Tunnel Four of the dummy engine when they heard the whistle for Tunnel Three, and the passenger train didn't even stop.

I stood there as it went by, thinking Phoebe might look out of a window, see me with the satchel and be able to imagine what had occurred. But I didn't see Phoebe. Instead, on the rear platform of the observation car, stood that fellow Hallow. He had run through Tunnel Three and caught Phoebe's westbound passenger train, instead of waiting for the eastbound freight. He seemed proud of having double-crossed me; waved his fuzzy hat; and the last thing I saw as the train disappeared in the tunnel was the laugh on his wide fish mouth.

Well, I could see only one thing for me to do, and that was to try to sneak back the pay-roll satchel before Adam Mock learned it was gone. That would patch things up for the moment and give me a chance to figure what to do next.

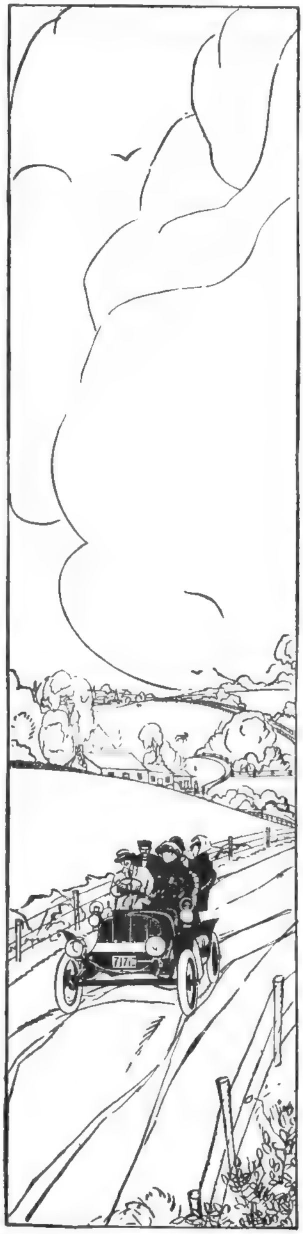
It didn't seem possible that Mock would be drunk by seven in the morning. He didn't exactly stagger, but when his big figure came out of the door into the sunshine, I could tell he had been drinking. He never drank in the mornings, no more than anybody else, and to see him like this was a shock. It took me back to that strange look of his the night before, to the drink he had taken then and the way he had gone to bed without saying a word.

Anyway, now he went down the path to the cross-roads, where he turned to the right and was lost to my sight beyond the hill. I waited for him to appear on the road leading past the rock quarry, figuring he would be going to the company boarding house for breakfast since Phoebe was away this morning. But he did not show up and I heard instead the high pleased cackle of the mulatto woman's laughter. Mock apparently was fooling around at the rock quarry again.

This looked like a chance for me. I legged it down the trail, to where the door of Mock's unpainted shack hung wide open; went in, through the living-room and to the bedroom in the rear. But here I was at a loss. Phoebe had brought the satchel out of this bedroom; but of course there was a special place for it, and the situation was bound to appear funny to Mock if I put the satchel anywhere else.

The room was like a den shared by a lion and a deer. The floor was covered by an expensive Turkish rug. A rifle, a shotgun, and an old Stetson hat hung upon respective posts of a handsome mahogany four-poster bed covered with an old crazy-quilt. This was where Mock slept; you could tell by the lumps of dried clay beneath the bootjack beside it. On the mantel sat a pint bottle, and a tumbler half filled with whisky. On this side of the room was a kind of cot, made up now with a green cover and colored cushions to look like a sofa. At its head was a delicately shaped dressing-table of mahogany, and the clear oval mirror shone a row of many-colored and curving bottles, a silver

On Sunday afternoon in 1905



WITH the family perched high on the rear seat—with father and perhaps yourself cutting the wind in front, the motor-car in 1905 stuttered and staggered its way across an incredulous countryside. The Sunday drive in those days was the high spot of the week's entertainment—the thrill of that distant decade.

Many cars and many accessories have come and gone in the ensuing years, but one name has survived them all, and still represents the highest attainment in its field. That name is Prest-O-Lite.

Today Prest-O-Lite Storage Batteries light and start millions of cars in all parts of the world—and furnish the power which brings in the finest radio programs.

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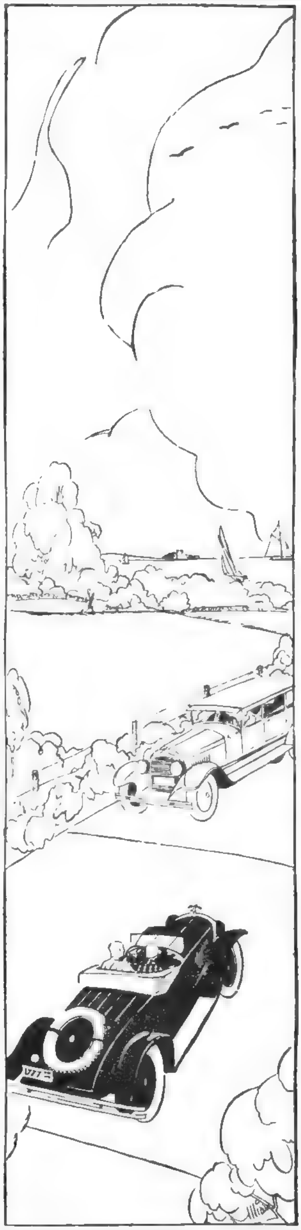

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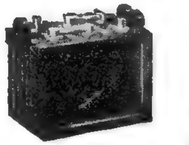

backed brush and hand mirror, and a powder puff.

I opened the door of the closet beyond the dressing-table, only to meet soft folds of peach colored silk and a fragrance so characteristic of Phoebe I felt she was in the room. In fact, this feeling of some one else in the room swelled so strong I turned around.

THERE in the doorway was Adam Mock. He was leaning forward, as if he had come a-tip-toe; his eyes were frightened and searching, like a child's. He glanced at me, but I might have been the carpet or a chair; he was seeking some one else. Then I noticed his hand was pressed to his side. Through the big fingers and down the front of his blue overalls was spreading a bright red stain.

Of course it wasn't till afterward that I found he had been chasing the guinea water boy. The kid ran to hide in the rock quarry, and every one believes the colored husband of the mulatto woman slipped the boy a gun. Anyhow, when Mock was making like he was going to kill him with a rock, the boy pulled the gun and fired. Mock, when he was hit, they say, simply kept still a minute, with his mouth pursed as if whistling, then turned and walked straight home.

There in the doorway now he wore a puzzled look.

"Why, she isn't here!" he exclaimed and looked around bewildered and as if surprised. "I have never found her, even when she was before my eyes. But I thought sure I would find her before the end!"

He staggered across the room to the bed, where he sat down heavily and threw back his shoulders. He saw me then. I mean, it was the old Adam Mock sitting up straight and staring at me.

"Tell her, everything is hers," he said in his usual strong voice. In his eyes grew that intimate shining look. "You are a lucky ——, Tootsie!" he said, and fell back.

I straightened the touseled red head on the pillow and closed the lids on the puzzled eyes. I have seen men die before, but never a man as strong as Adam Mock. It almost made you cry. Of a sudden I found that the room had filled with men.

"Mrs. Mock went over to the engineers' camp a while ago," said the rock quarry foreman.

The men in the room gazed silently at me. I guess they were right. It was up to me to tell her. While I was going through the house and taking the shortcut over the hill, I was so troubled thinking how I should break it to her I forgot to be surprised that she had not taken the Huntington train.

It didn't get any easier when I saw her slim figure come skipping up the path to meet me, the sun through the trees dappling her auburn hair with gold, and on her face that sparkle of color and teeth and eyes which made her more alive than life itself.

"Why, Tootsie Lochinvar!" she cried. She was always making up new names for me. "I thought you had escaped me and gone to that Bluefield siren—in spite of my having locked the door last night and hidden the key."

She was up to me now. Suddenly she went white. I thought she had read the news in my face. But she hadn't.

"Tootsie!" she caught hold of my arm and shook me. Anxiety showed in her face. "Tell me you're not hurt!"

"Hurt?" I followed her eyes with my hand and found the hair above my ear was matted and sticky. "No, that's just a scratch I got from Hallow. Phoebe, I've got bad news to tell you. Adam—well, the water boy shot him. He's dead."

She looked at me steadily without a change of expression. Then she turned and gazed far across the valley to where above the mountain the storm clouds had evaporated into filmy white veils. She was now free to do as she liked.

"Phoebe," I said, "Hallow took the five o'clock train for Huntington. But I think I can find him and send him back. I'll take the noon train."

It was minutes before she turned back to me, as if what I had said about Hallow had just sunk in. Then she came up close to me, and she said:

"Tootsie, we are going to be married, you and I, and live happily ever after. We'll be happy, happy, happy."

"But, Phoebe," I asked her, sort of astonished, "why should you marry a ordinary fellow like me?"

She reached up and caught me by the ears; pulled my head down and kissed me on the tip of the nose.

"Because, Tootsie," she said, "you are so dumb!"

Now can you imagine anybody in the world, except Phoebe, marrying a man for any such reason as that?

And she said: "Tootsie, open that satchel. It's locked, but you cut it open."

I had been packing that satchel all this time, and didn't even know it! I cut a V-shaped door in the leather with my claspknife and began to shake. Pretty soon the bag was empty. All I had been able to shake out on the ground was a pile of little rocks, like they use in making concrete, and each rock was wrapped in newspaper. And Phoebe was standing there looking at me with tears in her pretty eyes, but laughing, too. That's the kind of a person Phoebe is.

Without question

BECAUSE it costs us more to make Fatima the retail price is likewise higher. But would men continue to pay more, do you think, except for genuinely increased enjoyment? The fact cannot be denied — they *do* continue

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He Made This an Age of Pictures

[*Continued from page 25*]

"I had more money remaining than I could possibly spend on myself," he explained. "There is a limit to what a man can spend beneficially. I can ride in only one car at a time." Mr. Eastman's eyes twinkled at the thought of a man who would regret not being able to ride in two cars. "I can live in only one house at a time. I can consider myself at home in, at most, two or three houses, one near the plant in Rochester, one in North Carolina.

"When I reached the point where I would as soon stop making money I still went on making it, by momentum."

Not of course that money would keep rolling in without anybody's efforts. When a business stops working or growing, money begins to dissipate. In order to make big money, the young business man had built up a large, effective organization. Now it had to keep on working faster and faster, and he had to keep up with it.

To get good men, George Eastman had to let them grow, let them build up their parts of the business. The other parts had to keep pace. All of them were interested in doing their work well. Eastman had to see that they had a chance, that the other men worked smoothly with them.

Together they had built a world business with distributing outposts in all countries. They had a going business and must keep adjusting it so that it could ride over all the bumps and risks. And a million risks, each different from those already mentioned, continued to bob up every year.

By now Eastman would have been willing to retire, but his men dragged him back to answer questions and decide what was best for everybody to do. Nobody could know so well as the man who built up a business, they said, how to maintain it safe on an even keel. The most gigantic business can eat itself out of existence in a short time, just as in the days when their first big contract nearly wrecked them.

"I had begun by hiring these men to work for me," the manufacturer summed up the situation, "but in the end, it would be more accurate to say I was working for them."

In building up a business, Eastman had built up obligations—ten thousand obligations to employees, twenty-five thousand obligations to dealers and sales clerks, and an unknown number of obligations to millions of people who desired photographs or moving pictures. He might be no longer interested in money, but he felt a very great and real responsibility. If he wanted to get free of the organization, he had to perfect the organization. His men must know that they could take care of themselves.

Eastman spoke to an assembly of his employees the other day and put it this way:

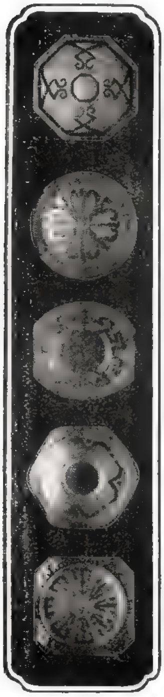
"When I was forty years old I planned to retire at fifty. When I reached fifty I found I couldn't, so I put it off till sixty. At sixty I had to decide to remain at the call of the organization. There wasn't anybody ready to take my place. But now we have a new president, and I'm only chairman of the board. Now I am ready to give myself a leave of absence." That is how George Eastman, bachelor, seventy-one years old, but young physically and mentally, happens to be on a six months' hunting trip in Africa, today!

BEFORE he felt free to go, however, Eastman found that he had to get rid of the money which it had taken him a lifetime to accumulate. A great deal of it he gave away. It happens that he has a consuming interest in art, music, and medicine. That is how he has come to endow in Rochester what may prove to be one of the country's greatest hospitals and medical schools combined. Of the art and music, more anon.

There was another even more important use for some of his money. Eastman felt under a friendly obligation to the older employees who had personally helped him to build up his personal wealth. So he sold them, for a million dollars, stock that is worth ten million dollars. They were to pay for it out of dividends, so that they really did not pay a cent out of their own pockets. He had already established wage dividends, by which, after the preferred and common stockholders receive fair dividends, the remaining dividend fund is split among the employees. Last year's wage dividend gave employees in one day, two million, eight hundred thousand dollars.

Music has a way of unfolding the mind. It hurts nobody, dissipates no energy, it refreshes and makes us appreciate the world, our friends, and our leisure. Eastman was never a musician himself, but his mother loved it so that he contrived always to have it about her. As his means increased his musical resources naturally widened, including finally the superb organ which adorns his Rochester home, and the highly skilled orchestras which he sponsors. All this naturally increased his own appreciation of music. He has helped every high school in Rochester and many of the grammar schools, to have an orchestra, or band, or both. He endowed the Eastman School of Music, and gave to the University of Rochester the Eastman Theater, providing that it be located on Main

They do notice your cuff buttons



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Bob answered the summons to the Chief's office with just a little fear and trembling, for a lot of men were being dropped—a lot more were having their pay reduced.

But as Bob came in, his employer did a surprising thing. He got up quickly from his desk and grasped Bob warmly by the hand.

"I want to congratulate you, young man, on the marks you are making with the I. C. S. I am glad to see that you are training yourself not only for your present job but for the job ahead.

"We're cutting the pay-roll. Until I received this letter, I had you in mind as one of the men to be dropped. But not now. Keep on studying—keep your eyes open—and pretty soon there'll be a still better job for you around here. We're always looking for trained men."

Won't you let the I. C. S. help you, too? Won't you trade a few hours of your spare time for a good job, a good salary and the comforts that go with it? Then mark the work you like best on the coupon below and mail it to Scranton today. That doesn't obligate you in the least, but it will be your first big step towards success. *Do it now!*

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Generous as these various dispositions of the Eastman money have been, most of them have turned out to be good business too. Even the theater pays. The employees of the Kodak Plants, now owning shares in the company, worked more zealously than ever before, and more intelligently. Eastman's remaining stock went up in value to a higher amount than the previous total. So the money kept piling up.

It looked as if there wasn't much that Eastman could do to prevent himself from becoming richer, even if he wanted to, so long as he held that stock. Here was a curious problem in philanthropy. Eastman was not the only stockholder. Most of the executives and workmen now had stock. Other stockholders needed money in return for their life investment, even if the original investor did not. Dividends could not be declared on their stock without declaring them on his stock too.

He could not cut the margin of profit because he had learned that it is not safe to disturb the quantitative relations of a complex business. A business is something like Eastman's original gelatin formula—the reasons for its successful workings can't always be duplicated, so when it is going right, don't disturb it. The margin between prosperity and loss is narrow.

Eastman dislikes the idea of personal gifts. No one likes to assume that he is so much more prosperous than another fellow as to graciously hand him money—least of all George Eastman. He realizes that people are more nearly equal than that. The essential thing about people is character. People's characters are more nearly alike than their wealth. If you should approach a young man of twenty, penniless but vigorous, with an offer of money, you should be ready to dodge a swift punch.

Here was a man willing to apply his money in the form in which it could be of the greatest use. Apart from the fact that he had earned it by toil and brains and trouble and foresight, this mass of money was in his possession and he was trustee for it. How could he spread it around most wisely?

"I had learned from my first savings of thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents that accumulation of money in small amounts is very difficult," Eastman says. "Accumulation of money in large amounts is rare."

Partial answers as to what to do with it came out of Eastman's own experience. He recalled the agonizing crucial month which had turned his hair gray, during the mysterious failure of his chemicals. Business all over the country, and future kinds of business now unknown, will need for rapid development scientifically trained brains. Rule of thumb is too costly for this country to indulge in. "Applied science has to do with comfort of living," Eastman once remarked over the radio. "It makes the earth a worthwhile place to live in."

So Eastman gave the proceeds of some of his stock to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Business problems too, like scientific problems, ought to be handled in a more logically intelligent way. So this business man set aside some money for the Harvard Graduate School of Business.

In all, this maker of cameras and films has distributed, with considerable travail of mind, always conscientious about the release of such great forces, some sixty million dollars. He could not wait until after his death. He must do it quickly. For, when all was said and done his principal interest remained in his company and his employees, and their stability. A year ago he explained his action in a letter addressed to "Fellow Employees of the Eastman Kodak Company." He announced that he had sold certain stocks to various educational institutions to the amount of about fifteen million dollars—The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, four million, five hundred thousand dollars (this was in addition to over twelve million dollars to the same institution previously), The University of Rochester, seven million dollars, including three million dollars to the Eastman School of Music, two million, five hundred thousand dollars to the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, one million, five hundred thousand dollars each to the Medical Schools and the Women's College; bringing his total gifts to his home-city university up to twenty-four million dollars, and a million dollars each to the Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes.

"This transaction includes the bulk of my remaining holdings in the Kodak Company," he told his fellow-employees. "It does not indicate in any way that I am about to retire from the direction of the company, or that my interest in its success is in any way lessened by the transaction. For some time past the accumulation of money personally has lost its importance to me and therefore my interest in the company has not been affected by the income from its shares.

"As time goes on I realize more clearly that I shall have to face the inevitable sooner or later. [No invention will prevent death!] My major interest in life is to guard the continued success of the Kodak Company and the welfare of those whom I have brought together as its employees. I have been shaping my plans accordingly. . . . You are, nearly all of you, now stockholders of the Kodak Company. . . . Things that are outside of your control might affect the stock temporarily, such as my death,

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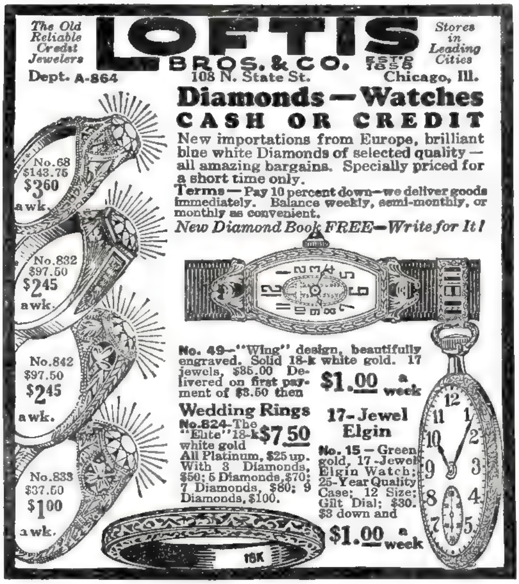

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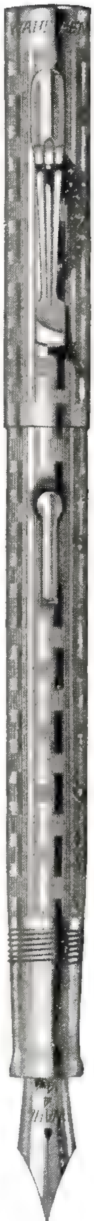

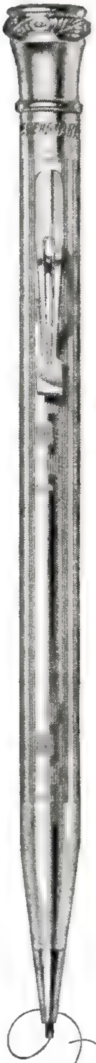

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and the unexpected throwing upon the market of a large block of stock. One of the objects of this transaction that I am telling you about is to guard against the latter event, my stock being the last great block in existence, as the holdings of the other big owners, my old partners Strong and Walker, have been distributed without disturbance of the market."

So the boy who showed so many kinds of genius in making money and creating a profitable, self-respecting business, has shown equal foresight and a sense of personal responsibility in disposing of the wealth that came to him, after money had become a sort of by-product of achievement. If ever there was a man who has held fast to his own reasoned-out conclusions, it is George Eastman. He decided long ago that one's use of leisure hours determines one's future. In his spare time he laid the foundations of several of the world's greatest industries. Years later he said: "I don't believe in men waiting until they are ready to die before using any of their money for helpful purposes." And no one has ever practiced that precept better. George Eastman's rise through a series of business crises was due to a rare combination of inventive ability, self-denying ambition, and executive shrewdness. And his handling of the fortune this brought him has been characterized by more consummate common sense than may be ascribed to almost any one of the great American masters of capital.

"Wigs by Hepner"

[*Continued from page 94*]

blonde can portray a brunette and vice versa. Many stars have wigs made especially for each part they play, until they have accumulated a great collection.

"Wigs and toupees are worn by more persons in private life than on the stage," says Mr. Hepner, "and not merely for the sake of vanity, as many suppose, but also from the standpoint of health. I have in mind the owner of one of the largest catering establishments in Chicago, who suffered from neuralgia and cold in his head. He was quite bald, and although I do not usually solicit business in this way, I suggested that wearing a toupee might improve his health. He replied that as nature had probably intended him to be bald, to wear a wig would only admit vanity, and he preferred to retain his old skull cap.

"Three months later, we were surprised to receive from him an order for a toupee. He explained that he had been forced to sit in a draft in the theater after an usher had demanded the removal of his skull cap. After wearing one of our wigs for a year, he came in to replace it with a new one, saying:

" 'Here is a toupee that I am going to throw away just as soon as I get my new one, but I pledge you my word, if I thought that I could not duplicate it, I would not take ten thousand dollars for it.'

"About twenty-five years ago, a man came to my New York establishment, and told the following story. While riding on a train from Boston to New York, he had addressed the conductor on the train in this fashion:

" 'Brother, I notice that you are a Mason, and as a brother Mason, I wish you would be good enough to see that this door is kept closed, as I am nearly out of my mind with neuralgia in my head.'

"The conductor promised that he would see that the door remained closed, but added that if the man had a head of hair like his own, he would not have to complain of neuralgia.

" 'Everyone cannot be so fortunate,' replied the man looking envyingly at the conductor's fine head of hair.

"The conductor asked the man to step into the smoking compartment for a moment, and he wonderingly followed. There the conductor raised his toupee showing that he was even more bald than his astonished passenger. Upon arriving in New York, the man came to my place of business and had a toupee made. His neuralgia left him, and I am still making wigs for him.

"Sensitiveness is characteristic of the majority of persons wearing wigs or toupees. For that reason, we could not, of course, specifically name any of our customers without betraying a confidence, but I can say that some of the greatest people in the world wear them despite the fact that there are some who feel that it is a disgrace to do so. Among our patrons are famous scientists, financiers, sportsmen, professional men, and actors. Some of the country's finest physicians wear toupees, and have sent me any number of their patients.

"For forty years we have kept a record of every wig and toupee we have made, and some of our first customers are still having their wigs made by us. We have over seven thousand patrons, some of whom have been supplied with wigs for years and years. When an out-of-town customer wishes a new wig or toupee, he need only order a duplicate by mail. We have all the measurements and information on file. If a little gray around the temples, or scattered through the piece seems desirable, the customer mentions what is wanted. Sometimes, as he grows older, a customer prefers a few gray hairs to show in order to preserve the natural appearance of the hair."

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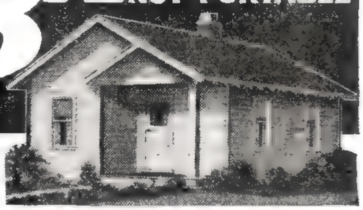

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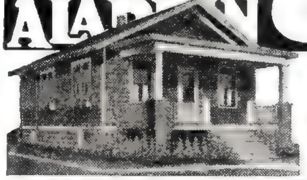

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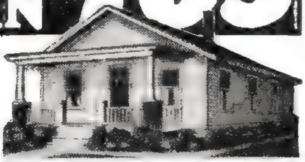

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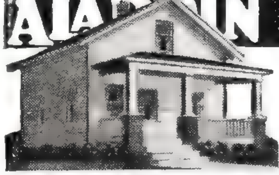

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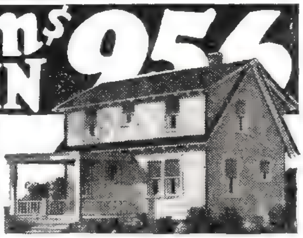

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criminal cases, according to Mr. Hepner. In fact, the records of apprehended criminals would be vastly thinner were it not for the splendid art of wig-making. Even as in the fiction of Sherlock Holmes, disguises have often been built chiefly around wigs, and false facial embellishment has been the *pièce de resistance* of amateur as well as professional detectives. Criminals, however, resort to the same camouflage so that the battle between crook and officer of the law often remains drawn.

The apprenticeship of the wig-maker depends entirely upon the individual. So intricate is the art that many never master it. A good wig-maker's salary ranges from twenty-five dollars to seventy-five dollars per week. Forty years ago, Mr. Hepner received seventeen dollars and fifty cents as foreman and manager for Gray and Roll, in Chicago. In six years, he built up a business which netted this firm approximately three hundred thousand dollars during that period, which was a lot of money at that time. After he had severed his connection, the firm's business gradually dwindled away. Although it is possible to teach men and women to make wigs, their commercial success naturally depends on such inherent qualities as personality and business ability.

William Hepner was born in Washington, D. C., and made his first wig under the direction of his parents when he was only nine years old. At the age of fourteen, he opened a small shop of his own. Today, he has three large establishments. The one in New York has been in the same location for the past seventeen years, across from the Lambs' Club and next door to the Hudson Theater. The Hepner Guild, in Washington, D. C., is the leading one of its kind in the country, catering as it does to the internationally known men and women of the capital, but it has never made a specialty of the theatrical profession. Three years ago, the Los Angeles establishment was opened. The wig-maker had contracted a cold in New York that proved so obstinate his physicians ordered him to the Hawaiian Islands. On his way to Honolulu he stopped off in California. The motion picture persuasion did the rest. The big leaguers were so insistent that Mr. Hepner had to open a branch factory in Los Angeles, and he has never for a moment since regretted it.

Naturally, after spending forty years in wig-making, Mr. Hepner is proud of his chosen life work. Just the same, he does not wear a wig himself, although on account of the abundant mop of iron gray hair he owns, he is often accused of wearing one. This not only pleases him immensely, never failing to bring forth one of his hearty laughs, but it is taken as a super-compliment to his art of wig-making.

THEY tell a story about a recent visit of Mr. Hepner's to a New York theater. The following day, a friend, who was a critic, asked him how he enjoyed the play.

"Oh, it was splendid," Mr. Hepner is reported to have replied.

The critic laughed. "I thought it was terrible," he rejoined, "but I know why you liked it. Every character in the play had on one of your wigs."

Three days later, so the story goes, the play closed down. But "Wigs by Hepner" can be found on almost every other theatrical program you see.

A Master of Inside Baseball

[*Continued from page 135*]

craving to bat a baseball. Furthermore he knew that thousands of these same fellows nursed such a craving vainly when the snow began to fly in his own teeming city of New York, and in other great centers of population.

Roughly his idea was to give them a chance to bat the ball. But, he was wise enough to know that the way which had been offered him was too crude. The balls must be thrown out more accurately so the batter would have a fairer chance to hit every pitched ball. Inasmuch as this could not be done by hand from behind a curtain, and as it was too dangerous for an unprotected pitcher to toss them up in such constricted quarters as would be available in any downtown section of a large city, Turnbull hit upon the idea of having a mechanical pitcher whose aim would always be approximately accurate.

From this moment on things began to happen. He got in touch with a friend, Hardy F. Neil, who was an inventor. Upon hearing Turnbull's idea, he built and patented a machine which successfully throws a ball through a hole in canvas at about the right height, speed, and position to allow an average batter to hit it. The machine also scoops up the batted balls which are carried back through the pitching process over and over again on an endless chain arrangement.

With a pitching machine perfected, and operated by electricity, it remained only for Mr. Turnbull to dope out some kind of a baseball game and scoring system to make the batting appeal even stronger. He was not short of ideas by any means. In fact the main point of this story is that after all it is the idea that really counts. Of course you must assume that the idea is originally worth commercializing,

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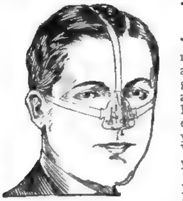

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and that you do the commercializing very successfully.

Turnbull finally devised the following interesting game:

A batter goes into the cage and takes his place at home plate. The balls begin coming over from the hole in the canvas which is the regulation distance away from the pitcher's box. If the batter hits the ball into the side or top canvas a strike is counted against him just the same as if he misses it altogether. One full game consists of nine strikes at the ball, the cost being five cents per game. Consequently, if a man went up to the plate and his batting eye was so rusty that he missed the ball nine times out of nine, he would have zero for his score at the end of the nine innings. He would have exactly the same score if he batted out nine fouls.

BUT, if he has his eye on the ball, and clouts it straight ahead into the canvas he can run up as high a total score as 36. To tally this maximum score he would have to crash the ball into the top section of the rear canvas curtain which is the "home-run" field and registers four scores every time it is hit. The section below this one counts three points. The next section counts two, and the lowest one is worth one point, as are all grounded hits. As a result of this scoring system a batter who can place his hits has a chance of running up a very big score each game.

Well, Mr. Turnbull introduced this baseball game to the Times Square district of Manhattan not so long ago, and the business of batting balls has been so brisk that the patrons have to be ticketed for turns. If you will analyze his idea from its conception to successful execution you will realize how simple, but how fundamentally logical, was its origination and prosecution. He loved to bat baseballs. It was good fun, and beneficial exercise. So did thousands of other Americans. And he wanted to bat these balls in winter when the snow was swirling down from leaden skies just as he wanted to in summer. So did thousands of his fellow-countrymen. He gave them what they wanted, and they liked it.

One of the most interesting, and certainly the most picturesque, aspects of this winter baseball game in the heart of Gotham is the motley crowd it brings together at all hours of the day. I have played quite a bit of baseball in amateur and professional circles, and it is easy for me to spot the man who has done more than merely played at the game. I know the semi-pro, the minor, and the big leaguer by his looks, his line, and his form. The first time I entered Turnbull's premises I noticed that the crowd contained many men who had played grades of baseball well above the average man's game. These fellows had been lured in by their love of the batting business, and by something else. A ball player's natural urge to play to the grandstand!

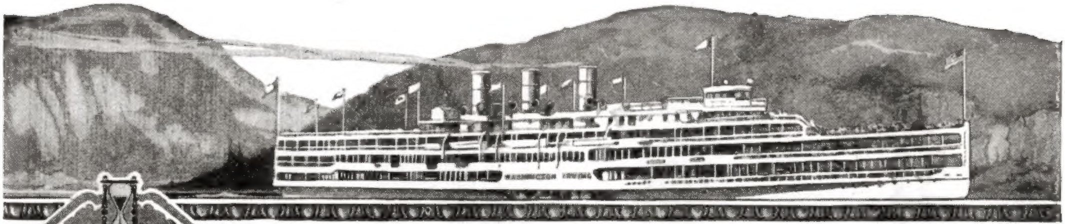
There was a little Jap batting 'em out in the first cage the day I interviewed Turnbull. He said he had learned the game in far-off Nippon and didn't want to lose his batting eye. A bookkeeper who had the cut of a fast amateur performer was in the second cage. It was his habit to spend a half-hour every day in the cage. These fellows gave way to a pair who had come in on a bet, each having kidded the other as to his respective batting ability. Both turned out to be "hams" with the sticks. However, when they were through, they went out laughing over the idea of having had some good, peppy exercise.

Batting a ball is excellent exercise. It throws the whole body into motion from the toes up. It hardens the arm, shoulder and leg muscles while twisting the liver, and abdominal muscles, efficaciously. Many business men have taken up winter baseball on Sixth Avenue for the exercise as well as the fun. These men from the skyscraper office buildings find themselves forced, however, to share the game with taxicab chauffeurs, Broadway idlers, flashily dressed actors from the Roaring Forties, and other types of New Yorkers whose freedom from systematic routine gives them much more chance to dominate the game.

THE proprietor told me about one telegraph messenger boy who spends most of his spare money playing the game. The kid, cramped by the narrow confines of his East Side section, has never played a real game on a real diamond. But, he has the ambition to be a big leaguer. It would be a romantic story indeed if some day the little Western Union boy should win fame as a major league ball player. Then there is the story of the window-washer who came to clean the panes so that the passersby might be more easily lured inside to the batter's cage. This man washed windows all morning, his eyes wistfully on the batters half the time. At noon he was paid a dollar and a half for the work. He got in line and upon giving up the bat he paid back his morning's wages plus one dollar! Now he's a regular customer of the winter baseball game which Mr. Turnbull says may be kept going on Sixth Avenue even during the regular season next summer.

Before and after theaters many men in dinner jackets, accompanied by ladies in evening dresses, come to play the game. Sometimes even the lady visitors take a cut at the apple as it floats up from the pitcher's box. Altogether, the crowd waiting to play is a complete patchwork quilt of American humanity held together by one of the great American passions—the lure of being the batter!

—T. HOWARD KELLY.



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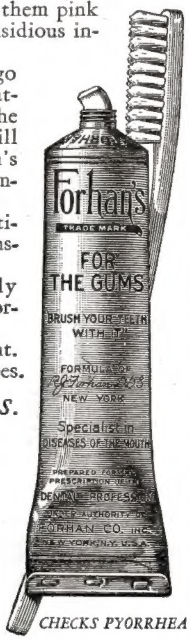
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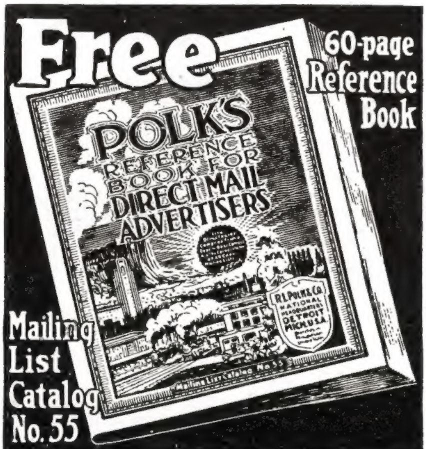
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